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THE EVANGELICAL SUCCESSION

A Course of Lectures

DELIVERED IN ST. GEORGE'S FREE CHURCH
EDINBURGH, 1882-83
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SECOND SERIES

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1883

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE special object of these Lectures is, as the title indicates, to exhibit the genius of the Evangelical Principle, to trace its manifestation, development, and vicissitudes in various ages of the Church and human history; and to illustrate its ruling and moulding power over diverse types of national, intellectual, and spiritual character. A Third Series of the same Course will be delivered next winter.

February 1883.

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JOHN CALVIN

By James S. Candlish, D.D.

JOHN CALVIN.

THE name of John Calvin has become a household word in history, both in the mouths of friends and foes; not merely or even chiefly, like those of Luther, Zwingli, Knox, and others of the same illustrious band of Reformers, as representing the principles of the Reformation, but in connection with certain particular views of theology and church polity, with which it has become inseparably associated. The Genevan Reformer has come to be generally contemplated simply as the theological heir of Augustine and teacher of the divines of Dort and Westminster, rather than as being also the friend of Melanchthon, the peacemaker of the Swiss churches, and the adviser of Edward VI. and the English Reformers. Yet, while both aspects have their warrant, the latter is perhaps the more characteristic and truly historical. For it is remarkable, that those ideas of doctrine and church life that are most readily suggested to a modern ear by the term Calvinistic, are those in which Calvin did not differ from the other Reformers, and so do not indicate the most distinctive features of

the man and of his work. That his name has been so largely associated with what was really common to nearly all the Reformers, is an unconscious tribute paid by after ages to the greatness of the man, even among a group of such great men as the Reformers of the sixteenth century must be acknowledged to be; and is due partly to the intellectual ability with which he acted as the expounder and defender of these common principles, and partly to the thorough-going consistency with which he carried them out in a positive and practical form. Calvin was indeed a plentiful contributor to the theological thought of the Church. His writings abound in original ideas that have proved suggestive and fruitful in subsequent developments of doctrine. Thus, for example, his doctrine of the testimony of the Holy Spirit gave form and coherence to a view of the evidences of Christianity, that has been felt by many to be the most profound and satisfactory. His view of the atonement forms an important link in the working out of a comprehensive exhibition of that doctrine: his doctrine of the Lord's Supper is as original as it is profound; and the use that he makes in his theology of the notions of the adoption of believers, and the kingdom of God, affords hints and anticipations of recent investigations; while his exegesis of Scripture was greatly in advance of anything that had been done before, and led the way on the true path of grammatical and historical interpretation. But great as these achievements are, if asked to say in brief what was the peculiar service that Calvin did for evangelical religion, I would not mention any of these, but rather say that it consisted in this, that

he gave a positive form in doctrine and in practical Church life to that vivid sense of the grace of God in Christ that is the evangelical element in Christianity. The special work of the first Reformers, Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli, and the others, was to free the doctrines of grace from the corruptions and misconceptions with which they had been wellnigh choked in the middle ages, and so to bring them out in a purity in which they had not been seen since the days of Paul. This was a service to the cause of true religion, the importance and benefit of which can hardly be exaggerated ; and it required a force of mind, and conscience, and resolution, such as few have ever possessed. But this work from its nature was mainly negative, consisting in the rejection of long prevailing errors, and the protest against the superstition, sacerdotalism, and legalism that had come to reign in the Church, and choke its spiritual life. To the first line of Reformers, who did that mighty work, Calvin did not belong : he was but a boy when Luther nailed his Theses to the church-door at Wittenberg, and Zwingli in Zürich denounced the paganising corruptions of the popular religion. But he was near enough in time to the first Reformers, to follow up their special work by a service almost as important to the common cause. When in the prime of his youth he was led to embrace the purer evangelical faith, it might still be regarded as an open question, whether the Reformation was to be a merely negative movement, a protest against ecclesiastical traditionalism and tyranny, or the positive beginning of a new and purer doctrine and life for the Church. On the former view, the

rationalism of the Socini, and the licence of the Anabaptists and Libertines, might be regarded as having an equally legitimate place in the Protestant camp with the reverent and conservative faith of Luther: and this view of the matter, though the healthy instincts of the German Reformers recoiled from it with almost too great energy, was still that of the Roman Church, and one against which there was no permanent and practical security. Such a security the life-work of Calvin provided. On the one hand, by his theological labours, he gave not merely an exposition and defence of the special doctrines of Protestantism, but a complete and all-round exhibition of the organic system of Christian doctrine, such as Protestant principles made possible; and on the other hand, by his practical organisation and guidance of the Church of Geneva, and his firm maintenance of its independent discipline against all opposition, he gave to the Protestantism of Western Europe an ecclesiastical constitution that enabled it to survive the shocks of the Catholic reaction in the generation that followed. In a word, he organised in a positive form the doctrine and discipline of the Reformed Church. What was peculiar to him was, not the substance of that doctrine and discipline, —they were anticipated or approved by all the Reformers; but that he put that doctrine in a complete organic system, and made that discipline not a mere paper theory, but a practical reality. This comprehensive grasp of truth and strict moral discipline have given to the Reformed Churches much of their power and durability; and these things they

owe under God, as far as we can see, to the spiritual wisdom, moral courage, and indomitable perseverance of John Calvin.

Let us see in what way he was prepared and led on to this great work. Born at Noyon in Picardy, 10th July 1509, John Calvin was trained by a somewhat severe father to habits of strict morality; and from a mother remarkable for her piety he imbibed a strong attachment to religion in the only form in which he then knew it. His father, though of humble origin and moderate means, held offices in the ecclesiastical courts, which brought him into connection with men of higher position, and enabled him to procure for his son an education equal to the best then possible. He destined him at first for the clerical profession, and secured for him, and for his other two sons, of whom John was the second, benefices even in their minority. John Calvin entered the University of Paris at the age of fourteen, just when the new learning was beginning to be cultivated there under the patronage of Francis I., and into this he threw himself with hearty enthusiasm, much regretting to be drawn away in the course of his study from the Latin classics to scholastic philosophy. In 1527, at his father's direction, he exchanged the study of theology for that of law, and proceeded to Orleans to hear Pierre l'Étoile, the most distinguished professor of that faculty. In this study too he made great proficiency. He pursued it further at Bourges, and here he also acquired the Greek language. After his father's death in 1531, young Calvin returned to Paris, and here, in the

following year, he made his first literary venture by the publication of a commentary on Seneca's treatise *de Clementia*, apparently with no other design than simply to gain a name and position in the literary world. Soon after this probably came the decisive change in his religious views which led him to resign his brilliant prospects, and cast in his lot with the persecuted Huguenots.

Up to this time, his main interest seems to have been in study and literature. His letters in that period are those of an intelligent and active-minded student to his fellows, and he pursued with enthusiasm those new and liberal studies that were regarded with suspicion and dislike by the rigid Roman Catholics. But though the teaching of Luther had by this time made its way into France, and there had been some memorable trials and executions for so-called heresy during Calvin's student days, we find no reference to these matters in his letters. Though the old form of religion had a strong hold on him, it does not seem to have given any real satisfaction to his soul, and he himself ascribes the change in his course of life to a sudden conversion by divine grace, through which he came to feel in the truths of religion the same keen interest that hitherto only his literary studies had excited in his mind. His cousin, Robert Olivetan, the earliest translator of the Bible into French, had recommended to him the study of Scripture, and it seems to have been when this touched his conscience, and brought him to a sense of sin, that he saw the truth and preciousness of the evangelical teaching of a free

forgiveness to be received by faith alone. Thus he was not like Luther, who for long after he was awakened to spiritual life had to struggle and grope his way through darkness and confusion to light and peace. To Calvin the Reformation doctrine probably was or might have been known before he was prepared to accept it; but it seemed foolishness to him, until he was aroused to more serious thought and interest in personal religion.

After his conversion he continued as before to be a diligent and enthusiastic student, and did not entirely give up his classical studies, though he now gave himself most earnestly to the work of making progress in the knowledge of religion and Scripture. He very soon became known to the adherents of the Reformed religion in Paris, and was sought after for instruction and exhortation in private and in their assemblies for worship. But he was in no haste to come forward in public, or take up the function of a teacher. He sought retirement to prosecute his studies; as he felt both that he himself needed a fuller acquaintance with the truths of the gospel, and that solid Scripture teaching was most urgently wanted by the rising Protestant congregations in France. He was not selfishly indulging the bent of his own mind, but cultivating the talents God had given him, so as to make them most useful for the common spiritual good of the people of God; and the result proved that he was able to render far more important service to the cause of the Reformed Church, by his quiet prosecution of his biblical and theological studies, than he could have done had he

hastily come forward to a public position. Whatever may have been his aim in life before his conversion, from that time onwards he was devoted heart and soul to the service of religion, as he had now come to understand and feel its power. But the service that he desired to render was in the first place that of a student; and accordingly we find him for some time seeking nothing so much as peace and quiet to pursue his studies. Obliged to leave Paris in 1533 for his share in the bold evangelical discourse delivered by his friend Cop as rector of the University, he found shelter at Angoulême, and in various other places, for short periods, until he found it necessary to forsake his native land entirely, and take refuge in Germany. All the while he was meditating and preparing a sketch of the doctrines of Christianity, for the use of his countrymen, of whom he saw that many hungered and thirsted for Christ, though few had any true knowledge of Him. This was the germ of his great doctrinal work, the Institution (*i.e.* Instruction) of the Christian religion. It had however another and still more practical purpose. The severities that Francis I. and the Papal party in France were exercising against the Huguenots naturally called forth remonstrances from the Protestant princes of Germany; and as the king desired to be on good terms with them, he sought to silence these remonstrances, by representing that the objects of the persecution were not mere dissenters from the Church of Rome, but fanatics like the Anabaptists, whose views were subversive of all social order and morality. Indignant at such

calumnies, and fearing that they would turn aside all sympathy and help from his persecuted brethren, Calvin combined with his design of instructing them in Christian truth that of vindicating them, by giving to the world a true account of what they believed. Accordingly he prefixed to the Institution a noble Dedication to the King of France, in which in a strain of the utmost respect, but of manly Christian independence, he entreats him not to believe the calumnies of their enemies, but to inquire impartially into the matter for himself, and replies to the chief objections made by the Papists against the Reformed religion. Thus this great theological treatise had in two ways a very practical motive and purpose.

If in his first publication Calvin had aimed at literary distinction, it was not so now: his great desire was to have peaceful opportunity of prosecuting his studies in private, feeling himself still inadequately prepared for the work of a public teacher of religion. Accordingly he left Basel immediately after the publication of the Institution, and betook himself to the life of a wandering scholar, visiting the court of the French princess Renée of Ferrara, which, however, he was very soon obliged to leave. In the course of his journeys he was led in the autumn of 1536 to Geneva, intending only to stay a night there on his way to Strasburg. It was a critical period in the history of that city. A few years before, it had, after long struggles, gained its independence of the Duke of Savoy; and the last bishop, a creature of the Duke's, had ignominiously taken his departure. Previously the city had been

sunk in gross ignorance and superstition; the clergy possessed neither enlightenment nor earnestness, and the morality of the people was low. But through their alliance with the Protestant canton of Berne in their political struggles, the Reformed religion had come to their knowledge. Shortly afterwards William Farel, a French exile like Calvin, who had evangelised nearly all French Switzerland, came to Geneva full of fiery zeal for religion, and after much opposition and suffering had so far succeeded in gaining over the citizens, that in May 1536, the great council, composed of all the burgesses, had solemnly resolved to live according to the evangelical doctrine preached by Farel and his associates, who were now declared ministers of Geneva. But the new church was barely organised, and was still exposed to many dangers, when Farel, hearing of the presence of Calvin, came to his lodging, and solemnly called him in the name of God to remain and take part with him in the work of the ministry. This summons to a work entirely different from all his wishes and plans Calvin at first tried to put away; and his unwillingness was only overcome by the awful voice of Farel, like one of the old prophets, denouncing God's curse on his beloved studies, if he made these a pretext for refusing to join him in the work of the Lord. Thus unexpectedly and unwillingly Calvin was drawn from the quiet life of a student to a career of great public activity and many bitter conflicts.

Once settled at Geneva Calvin's great aim was that it should be a Christian city, not in name only, but

in reality; and with all his natural inclination to quiet and study, he gave himself most energetically to the rough practical work required for this. He was not one who cared only for sound doctrine; his zeal was at least equally if not more intense for holy living. The kingdom of God was a phrase often on his lips, as expressing the object he worked for; and by it he understood the observance of the law of God and the doing of His will in the practical conduct of life. To this end he held that both Church and State ought to co-operate, each acting independently, and using its own powers, the Church employing instruction in God's word, admonition, and discipline to the extent of excommunication; and the State seconding those efforts, and dealing by pains and penalties with those who proved incorrigible by ecclesiastical censures. His system differed from that of Rome, in allowing independent power and judgment to the State, and not requiring it simply to execute the behests of the Church: but it assumed that the State was authorised to use its power to promote religion, and to suppress vice and irreligion as well as crime. This was the fatal error of the scheme; but it was the error of the age: it was embodied in the laws of Geneva before Calvin came there; and the attacks of his opponents, in the long and bitter conflict that ensued, were directed not against this, the really vulnerable point of the administration, but against a part of it that is thoroughly scriptural, and essential to the liberty of the Church, the right of admitting or excluding applicants from the Lord's table.

The conflict was inevitable by reason of the turbulent and licentious character of the Genevese, and the absence of all moral restraint under the Papal rule. Before ever Calvin's coming was thought of, Bonnivard, the prior of St. Victor, had warned them when they were accepting the Reformed religion that they would not be able to endure its moral strictness; and his words were justified by the event. This local cause of opposition was combined with another, which was more widely spread in its operation. There were in that age of great religious and intellectual awakening many who pushed the principle of freedom asserted in the Reformation to an extreme. They called themselves Spiritual, but held views of doctrine and practice widely varying from those of the Reformers, by whom they were designated Libertines. Their philosophy was of a pantheistic kind, holding one divine spirit to exist in all things: they made light of the historical facts of Christianity; and they asserted an unbridled liberty for Christians to follow their own impulses. This form of opinion seems to have originated in the Netherlands, and thence it spread into France and other lands. It naturally proved attractive to those who found the moral strictness of the discipline that Calvin established at Geneva a galling yoke; and on the other hand, a republic jealous of its newly gained liberty seemed a favourable place for it to take root. Servetus was one of the exponents of this system, and among Calvin's opponents at Geneva there were some who adopted it; though many just strove for freedom from what they thought

too rigid a constraint. In 1538 the opposition to the discipline of the Church drove Calvin and his colleagues into exile: and on his recall in 1541, which was made necessary by the disastrous consequences of the rule of his opponents, though the ordinances that he proposed were accepted, and for a time observed, fresh and more violent resistance ere long broke out, which led to the most tragical events, and was only overcome by the indomitable firmness, perseverance, and courage of Calvin. No doubt these ordinances would now be thought, even by religious people, intolerably strict, and their penalties rigorous and cruel: but they must be judged by the time. Sumptuary laws were then universally approved, and were as strict in England and France as in Geneva; and the British penal code, little more than sixty years ago, was even more sanguinary than that of Geneva. In such matters Calvin was not in advance of his age; and did certainly try to constrain men by force to be moral and religious. Under this head comes the tragedy of Servetus, which it is not necessary either to narrate or to discuss. Though it was approved by all the Churches then, all are now agreed that it was a grievous crime; not the less deplorable because it was done and approved by men who thought they were doing God service. Neither in this nor in his general conflict with the Libertines, with which it was closely connected, does Calvin appear to have been animated by personal feeling: he strove for the maintenance of a discipline that he held to be essential to the preservation of religion; and he succeeded in transforming a frivolous, factious, and

reckless people, whose internal disorders and feuds exposed them to continual danger of foreign aggression, into an orderly, sober, and peaceful community, able to maintain its independence for centuries. And though in many respects he was not before his age, in some things, that one would hardly expect, he was more enlightened. Not only did he strenuously promote education, secular and religious, and revive the University of Geneva, as a nursery of learning and science; but in order to check the evils of pauperism he took steps to introduce the silk manufacture in the city, and thus laid the foundation of its industrial prosperity; and after the visitation of the plague, he instituted a sanitary system, that greatly promoted the health of the inhabitants. But none of these things was Calvin's main object: that was the moral and religious reformation of the people; and in that, after many struggles, on the whole he succeeded. He succeeded not because he had force on his side, but because he was willing to bear anything, a second banishment or death itself, rather than be false to his convictions. The turning-point of the long conflict was the moral victory of Calvin, September 3d, 1553, when, though the Libertines had all the power of the State on their side, he calmly and solemnly refused to give the sacrament to those who had been excluded by the Church. For this he fully expected to be again exiled; but experience had shown how dangerous to the State it was to cast off entirely the discipline of the Reformed religion: and since Calvin would not yield or compromise, he succeeded at length in carrying out his principles. It was a

victory not of physical force but of moral courage, by which Calvin ultimately established his influence in Geneva; and it is a mistake to regard him as a sort of despot ruling a theocratic State with absolute sway. He never had any control of the civil power, except what was wielded by advice, and by the influence of his character and life. While therefore he exercised a most remarkable power in forming the character and guiding the course of the Church and city of Geneva, so that it may be said that it is Calvin's spirit that is seen in the subsequent history of the commonwealth, it should not be forgotten, that this power was obtained and exercised entirely by moral and spiritual means, by reasoning, conviction, eloquence, and fervour and firmness of character. This shows in its true light the wonderful greatness of his power, and its pure and salutary character. No doubt it was wrong in some things, and committed blunders and crimes, but it was not a despotism either temporal or spiritual, but the guidance of a free people by wisdom and persuasion. Even in his own lifetime there were circulated what he calls ridiculous reports of his extravagant authority and enormous influence, of which he said himself: "As to the power and influence for which they envy me, I wish I could discharge this burden upon them; for they estimate my power by the multitude of affairs, and the vast weight of labours with which I am overwhelmed" (*Præf. in Psalmos*).

His labours were indeed enormous. He discharged the duties of professor of theology, on which he

lectured three times a week, of one of the city ministers, preaching continually, and exercising the care of souls and oversight of the congregation. His correspondence was most voluminous, as his advice was sought on subjects of all kinds by all the friends of Protestantism throughout Europe: he wrote and published works of the most learned and laborious character, exegetical, didactic, and controversial, which fill ten large folio volumes: and in the midst of all this he was engaged in ecclesiastical conflicts of a most harassing and bitter kind.

On a general view of Calvin, from a distance as it were, sternness and determination are the most striking features of his character. Even such a view, if at all fair, shows that he was as severe to himself as to others, and that his career was animated by a most disinterested devotion to what he considered, and what on the whole really was, the cause of Christ. But when we come to know him nearer from his writings, especially his private letters, and the detailed incidents of his life, we see that he was a man of deep feeling and warm affections, a most faithful and unselfish friend, and sympathising comforter in sorrow. He lacked indeed the geniality of Luther, or even of Knox, and being destitute of humour, deficient in imagination, and inferior in passion to those other Reformers, he seems cold and hard in comparison with them; but he was less arrogant and overbearing than they sometimes were, and had a genuine humility and large-hearted consideration for others, unless when they were enemies to the cause for which he lived. With his colleagues

he lived and laboured without a jar or discord; and he gained not only the veneration, but the warm affection of all who came within his personal influence. This shows that with all his defects and faults, Calvin could not have been that stern and cold-hearted tyrant he is often thought to have been, but one who, on those who knew him best, made the impression of a good and loveable, as well as a great and noble soul.

In his later years he had more peace at Geneva; the claims of the consistory in regard to church discipline being finally allowed in 1555; but even after that there were some attempts at reaction, and though less harassed by the attacks of open enemies of the Reformation, he was deeply wounded and grieved by the suspicions and assaults directed against him by the more extreme of the Lutherans for his divergence from their doctrine of the Eucharist. His health too was undermined by a life of such incessant study and labour; and after a painful illness, borne with Christian patience and fortitude, and a touching farewell to the magistrates of the city and his colleagues in the ministry, John Calvin, as the Geneva register expresses it, "went to God on the 27th of May 1564." He was buried amid universal lamentation, but without ostentation; and his grave is unmarked and unknown.

In estimating his work, we have to consider not only his services to Geneva, but also what he did for France and the Reformed Church in general.

Though exiled from his native land, Calvin continued strongly attached to it, and laboured indefatig-

ably for its spiritual interests; and in his position in Geneva he was able to render manifold and important services to the poor and persecuted professors of the Reformed religion in France. Besides the great indirect advantage of affording to those driven by persecution into exile a safe place of refuge, by maintaining Geneva as an independent Protestant city, Calvin, as a teacher of theology there, trained up a succession of well-educated ministers to supply the congregations, which during his life at Geneva were rapidly being formed in the towns and country districts of France. In the better times that followed, the Reformed Church of France had colleges of her own of no mean fame; but in these early days she could not have had an educated ministry, but for the literary and theological teaching afforded to her sons at Geneva. Besides this, many of Calvin's publications were designed for the instruction and guidance of the French Protestants. Such was the aim of his great work, the Institution; and besides the several editions of it, he also issued other treatises intended to guard them against the errors of the Libertines, and against the timidity of the so-called Nicodemites, who would outwardly conform to the Roman Catholic religion, thinking it enough to be disciples secretly. He was also their constant counsellor in private by his letters, stimulating them to boldness in confessing their faith, encouraging them to patience in affliction, advising them in difficulties, and dissuading them from violent and dangerous courses. Further, he was ever ready to plead for them with others, and to use all his

influence to get the Republic of Geneva and the Protestant princes and states of Germany and Switzerland to make representations to the kings of France, on behalf of those who were imprisoned or oppressed for conscience sake. In all these ways, though out of his country, he still laboured heart and soul for it, and did it service of the highest and most valuable kind. He worked at Geneva most immediately for the people of that city, in which he was a pastor and teacher ; and he also embraced in his interest and efforts the Protestant cause throughout Europe ; but he was a true patriot, and always had a special regard for his own countrymen.

His labours for the common cause of Protestantism are worthy of special notice. It was during his exile from Geneva, most of which time he spent at Strasburg, ministering to a French congregation there, that he first came into close connection with the German Reformers, and he co-operated with them in the consultations and negotiations then going on with the Emperor and States of Germany. He formed a most close and lasting friendship with many of them, especially Melanchthon, that gentle, loving, though sometimes too timid spirit, delighting to lean when wearied with labour and conflicts on the firmer, but not less loving breast of the Genevan Reformer. Calvin also took a deep interest in the Church of England. He corresponded with Edward VI., the Protector Somerset, and others in this country, and his counsel was ever remarkable for wisdom and moderation. While he urged a strict moral discipline, and the abolition of

prayers for the dead and other abuses, he raised no question about Episcopacy, and disapproved of Hooper's scruples about the vestments. Indeed in all the general concerns of the Protestant Churches, Calvin's great aim was to secure their unity and peace, letting all minor differences in doctrine and practice be matters of toleration. The differences between the followers of Luther and Zwingli at this period chiefly concerned the doctrine of the sacraments. On this subject Calvin, along with the German Reformed theologians, took up a somewhat intermediate position, and after much labour, he succeeded in coming to a mutual understanding with the Zürich divines, who were followers of Zwingli. He strove also to effect a similar union with the Lutherans, but in vain; the separation widened and became permanent, and thus Protestantism received its most deadly wound.

Calvin's literary labours would alone have given him a great name. His French writings did for that language what Luther did for German; and many of his treatises are masterpieces both in substance and in style. But perhaps his greatest and most valuable work of that kind consists of his Commentaries on Scripture, in which he may be said to have originated the sound method of grammatical and historical exposition. Having been, unlike Luther, from his student years, a disciple of the new learning, he applied its principles to the sacred writings with a perspicuity and skill which have seldom been surpassed. The following words of Dean Perowne are only one of the latest of a great number of similar

testimonies from the most competent and various authorities :—"Calvin may justly be styled the great master of exegesis. He is always careful to ascertain as exactly as possible the *whole* meaning and scope of the writer on whom he comments. In this respect his critical sagacity is marvellous, and quite unrivalled. He keeps close moreover to the sure ground of historical interpretation, and even in the Messianic Psalms, always sees a first reference to the actual circumstances of the writer. Indeed the view which he constantly takes of such Psalms would undoubtedly expose him to the charge of Rationalism, were he now alive. . . . . He is the prince of commentators. He stands foremost among those who, with that true courage which fears God rather than man, has dared to leave the narrow grooves and worn ruts of a conventional theology, and to seek truth only for itself. It is well to study the writings of this great man, if only that we may learn how possible it is to combine soundness in the faith with a method of interpretation, varying even in important particulars from that commonly received."[1]

The consideration of Calvin's exegetical works leads naturally on to some remarks on his theology; for that was essentially connected with and grew out of his study of the Word of God.

As it seems to have been by the reading of Scripture that Calvin was led to Christ, so his theology was very eminently founded on Scripture; and by far the larger part of his works consists of expositions of

[1] *The Book of Psalms, etc.* Preface to 1st Edition.

Scripture. He did not receive a theological system by tradition, and then seek to support it by proof from Scripture: nor did he think out a chain of logical deductions, and then seek to verify them by Scripture texts: he sought to let the Bible speak for itself, and he brought to it the sound method of interpretation of the new learning. What he and his associates pleaded for was in the first place that the study of the Bible should be freely allowed to all, and that they should be permitted to speak and act out the convictions they learned from it, even though these should be at variance with the traditional and established religion; and then, in a community that acknowledged the gospel, he sought that everything should be arranged in accordance with Scripture. To it as the Word of God he made continual appeal, whether in pleading for toleration for the adherents of the religion in France, or for the establishment and maintenance of its ordinances at Geneva. He never appeals to any other authority, or bases his teaching on any other ground. Yet he was fully conscious of being in the line of the primitive historical faith of the Church, and of the advantage this gave him. He planned the first edition of his Institution on the arrangement of the Apostolic Creed, to which he was inclined to attach perhaps too much importance; and he gladly welcomed testimonies from the Fathers, especially Augustine, in support of his beliefs. Sometimes indeed he strains the meaning of Augustine to harmonise with his own; but in general he frankly acknowledges where the Fathers seem to him to have

erred, and his agreement with them is not due to slavish deference, but to the fact that he is explaining and defending the same Christian religion that they too had.

For what gave his doctrinal system its value and success is the fact, that to him theology does not consist, as it did to the Schoolmen, in the rationalising of certain sentences revealed as abstract truths through an infallible Church; but in the description of Christian religion, as experienced in the heart of a believer. Theology, he says, consists in the knowledge of God and of ourselves, which are intimately and indissolubly connected. God is to be known as He is adored and trusted by Christians, and therefore both as Creator and as Redeemer in Christ. Man is to be known as he is in sin and misery through departure from God, and as he receives and enjoys the salvation of Christ. Such is the practical and experimental basis on which Calvin's whole Institution of Christian religion is built up; and it was because he found an expression of the same religious experience in the Creed, that he could take it as the ground-plan of his work. This gave his whole exposition of Christian doctrine a more vital and organic unity than any preceding one had been able to show, and this formed a new epoch in the history of theology. Formerly certain great doctrines had stood forth in isolation, such as Athanasius' doctrine of the Incarnation, Augustine's of original sin and efficacious grace, Anselm's of satisfaction; but their mutual relations were little understood; and often the edge of each was blunted by association

with incongruous ideas. Calvin was the first who clearly brought out the living organic connection of each with each, and of all with Christian experience. This was a most important and precious gain for the Church of Christ; and was both a fruit and vindication of the Reformation. It was Luther's doctrine of justification by free grace through faith alone that made such a construction of theology possible for Calvin; and on the other hand his Institution showed that that doctrine, so far from being alien to the general principles of Christianity, fitted naturally into an exposition of these principles, and gave a new point and intelligibleness to many other doctrines. The theology of Augustine appeared, freed from those ecclesiastical and sacramental theories that had impaired its consistency, and in the middle ages led to great abuses; and supported by a method of Scripture interpretation sound and historical widely different from the arbitrary allegorising of Augustine. It has been sometimes thought that Calvin was unduly influenced by Augustine, and studied Scripture through Augustinian spectacles; but his exegesis was entirely different and independent; and on many points of doctrine his divergence is decided. That he owed much to Augustine, and esteemed him highly, is true; but there is no reason to doubt that he was led to adopt Augustine's doctrines of grace by an honest study of Scripture; and, we may add, by the experience of that grace itself in what he calls his sudden conversion. For as Pascal[1] beautifully says: "The grace of God shall

[1] *Provinciales*, Lettre II.

never want champions, for by her own almighty energy she makes them for herself. She requires hearts pure and disengaged; and she herself purifies and disengages them from worldly interests incompatible with the truths of the gospel." Among those "intrepid disciples of the Doctor of Grace, who, strangers to the entanglements of the world, served God for His own sake," God has raised up none more disinterested than John Calvin.

The doctrines of the sovereignty of God, and the absolute predestination of all events, in particular of the final destinies of men, which are generally suggested by the term Calvinism, may be and have been reached by different ways, and maintained for different reasons, and by dissimilar arguments. They are on the one hand a logical consequence of certain facts of religious experience and feeling, which lead many minds, though not all who have felt them, to these doctrinal views; but on the other hand they are connected with certain philosophic theories of the universe, that though debatable have much show of reason, and have been advocated by some of the profoundest thinkers, apart altogether from any religious motives or considerations. The character of any predestinarian system of theology is determined by which of the two different lines of thought leading to the same result predominates in it.

Nothing is more essential to practical religion than the feeling of entire dependence on God, as our Maker and Preserver, leading as it does to the grateful recognition of His goodness in all that we enjoy, to humble submission to His will, and to firm con-

fidence in His wise and watchful care. But these emotions seem necessarily to imply a conviction, that God is absolutely supreme, that His will has sway over all things, and that nothing can thwart His purpose. If we recognise God's hand in everything, thanking Him for all that we enjoy, and bowing to His will in all that we suffer, must we not believe that He appoints and brings about all these things? if we can trust Him with absolute confidence, must we not be assured that nothing whatever can resist His will? and is not this just the Calvinistic doctrine of the eternal providence of God, by which He orders all things that come to pass? Again, what is more essential to Christianity than the conviction that when we have destroyed ourselves by sin, in God is our help found, and that His Holy Spirit moves and enables us to turn from sin to Him, who in Christ is reconciling the world to Himself? and what feeling is more necessary than that the salvation thus received is not of ourselves, but entirely of the free grace and mercy of God? But if God thus by the inward work of His Spirit calls men out of a world lying in wickedness, not for any goodness or merit in them, but of His own free grace, does not this imply that He has chosen them to salvation by His sovereign good pleasure, out of a mass all alike sinful? Now this is just the Calvinistic doctrine of election realising itself in effectual calling. These doctrines are dear to the hearts of Christians of the Reformed Church, because they are the natural outcome and expression of the sense of moral depravity and helplessness, and of the

renewing and healing power of Christ the Saviour, that find a place in every deep Christian experience. Calvinists have yielded more readily to these inferences, because this connection of thought is expressed distinctly enough in many passages of Scripture, such as Eph. i. and Rom. viii., where the gratitude of believers for blessings received, and their confidence for the future, alike lead up to the eternal purpose of God. When they are held on such grounds of Christian experience, the principles of Calvinism have a right to be called doctrines of grace: they give intellectual expression to the soul's conviction of the need and power of the gracious influences of God's Spirit.

But the same intellectual conclusions have often been reached in another way, by processes of philosophical reasoning from facts or principles of nature apart from religion entirely; and so they form part of a theory of the world that has been maintained in all ages by some of the greatest philosophers. The principle of causality has seemed to many to lead up to the belief of a great First Cause of all things, and from that it has appeared to follow, that every event is necessarily determined by the Deity as the cause of all. By others, again, the absolute perfection of the Being who sustains all things has been thought to imply, that He is the author of all that is or happens. Then, from another point of view, it has been argued, that the observed uniformity of the laws and processes of nature, and the way in which the actions and choices of man can be calculated and reduced to motives, prove that there

is no freedom in the human will. This sort of system of universal necessity or determination is quite independent of religion, and has been held by many who have been ignorant or opponents of Christianity: but it has also been adopted by many Christian thinkers; and sometimes such have held the doctrines of predestination and providence, not so much for the sake of their practical religious value, as on account of the philosophical arguments for such a conception of the universe as they imply. This was the way in which they were generally held by the Schoolmen in the middle ages; when theology was treated as a speculative science, and divorced from its connection with living Christianity; and a similar scholastic spirit has been shown by some Calvinists since the Reformation. Indeed few have been able to resist the temptation to defend their theology by philosophic arguments, without always considering whether the philosophy from which these were borrowed was religious in its principles. Such arguments have generally, in the long-run, done as much harm as good; and when it is not only incidental confirmation, but the main basis of the doctrine that has been taken from philosophy, the result is, that for a reflection of religious experience and feeling, there has been substituted a speculative system, that is at bottom fatalistic or pantheistic in its character.

With Calvin it was pre-eminently a religious interest that made him so strenuous a defender of predestination and its cognate doctrines. He maintained them, because to his logical and system-

atic mind they appeared the necessary consequences of the fact of God's gracious work in the conversion of the soul, without which there would be no hope for sinners. In a later age, most of the Lutherans, and in England Wesley and his followers, held most earnestly the agency of the Spirit in conversion, without feeling obliged to trace this up to an absolute predestination of God. But that form of doctrine had not appeared in the sixteenth century, and Calvin was not the man to originate it. Those who ascribed conversion to a divine agency had never scrupled to recognise divine sovereignty as the source of it; while many of the Schoolmen had maintained predestination, even though they but imperfectly admitted the grace of God in the actual salvation of men. But with Calvin the doctrine of the divine purposes rests on properly religious, as distinct from metaphysical, grounds. This appears from the place it occupies in his Institution. It is not put at the outset, as a general abstract principle from which other doctrines are to be deduced, or by which they are to be restricted and limited; it does not come into consideration till after the exposition of the redemption of Christ and the way of receiving the benefits of that redemption, at the very end of the third of the four books into which the work, in its completed form, is divided. It is not a thought that rules and governs the whole system; but rather a final result, to which we are led, after contemplating the redemption that God has wrought for us by His Son, and applies to us by His Spirit. The same thing appears from the way in which it is treated in

the Geneva Catechism. It was to him, as he says in one of his controversial tracts, "the doctrine which shows the fountain of our salvation, and is the only foundation of pious and holy humility;" and on these grounds it was dear to him.

Calvin's special characteristic as a theologian did not lie in his holding the doctrines of absolute predestination and efficacious grace, for these he had in common with all the Reformers, except Melanchthon in his later years; nor in the energy and vehemence with which he asserted them, for in these he was surpassed by Luther and Zwingli; but in the logical consistency with which he carried them out to their issues. These doctrines do undoubtedly, when pursued to their consequences, lead to conclusions that seem very hard and mysterious, and that have caused many minds to recoil from what has such results. If conversion is entirely the work of God, and effected by a power that is supernatural and divine, then it should seem that God can produce it in any case; and as experience and Scripture alike testify that all men are not converted, it follows that in the case of those who are not saved, the reason of this is that God has not seen fit to put forth that gracious power that could have saved them as well as others.

There is indeed no real ground for the charge brought against Calvinism in Calvin's own day, that it makes God the author of sin, and the way in which he treats that charge as a baseless and foolish calumny shows that he saw clearly in his own mind how to avoid any such inference. His doctrine of

predestination did not rest on any general theory of the absolute causality of God in all things, but on the religious experience of the conversion of men from sin to God. The agency of the Spirit of God in this great moral change, and the exclusion of all merit or boasting on the part of man, is what Calvin is anxious to maintain. And in so far as the general providence of God is concerned, the permission and overruling of sin to good ends is all that is required in the interest of that absolute reliance on God which is the practical use of the doctrine of providence. But Calvin's system is undoubtedly exposed to difficulties on another side. It exalts the free grace and infinite love of God more than any other theology; but it views these as having for their objects only those who are actually saved, being chosen and fore-ordained by God for that blessed end. It represents Him as withholding from others those secret influences of His grace without which they cannot be converted and saved; and though it does not deny the general love of God to all men, regards it as very inferior to the special love that He has for His own chosen people. The charges commonly made against Calvinism of representing God as unjust or cruel can be shown to be quite unfounded; since the salvation of any sinner at all is of God's free grace, and Calvinists do not regard God as doing less for all men than their opponents, but as doing infinitely more for the elect than any other system can allow. But while the objections to this theology on the ground of the justice of God are based on misapprehensions, it must be admitted that it is not so easy for Calvinism

to do justice to those large revelations of the love of God to the whole world that are given in Scripture. This difficulty does not seem to have been much felt in Calvin's day, perhaps because in that comparatively hard and stern age the idea of love to the guilty and impenitent had not taken possession of men's minds. But this truly Christian feeling came afterwards into action, and led in the next century to modifications of Calvinism in the direction of universal redemption, and to the evangelical Arminian theology of the later Lutherans and Wesleyans. These forms of doctrine were unknown to Calvin, who was only confronted with an assertion of free-will in a Pelagian and legalistic spirit; but it is worthy of observation that he practically met the difficulty by his broad general statements of the gospel offer, and an exceedingly free and unhampered exposition of those passages of Scripture where the universal love of God is declared. He did not, like some of his followers, try to narrow or explain them away, but gave them their natural meaning in spite of the difficulty of fitting them into his system. He always acknowledges that there are profound mysteries in God's ways, which we cannot fathom; and so far from being a daring speculator, prying into the secrets of the divine government, he frequently inculcates the duty of being content to be ignorant of what God has not been pleased to reveal.

Whether something more than this should not be done, and whether any of the later systems of theology affords a fuller exhibition of Christian truth,

especially of the love of God, than that of Calvin, is too great a question to be discussed here. Many, perhaps most modern evangelical theologians, think that a better theology is attainable, by giving up the doctrine of invincible grace; but it may be doubted whether this does really remove the difficulty, and whether it is not better to rest content with the recognition of a mystery which we cannot fathom. The theology of Calvin is encompassed with many and great difficulties: we do not deny that; but we believe that they are difficulties that press against the Bible and Christianity itself, nay, against the facts of the world's history; and that no theology that is at all biblical and true to experience can entirely escape them. We believe however also, that notwithstanding these difficulties, we can retain our faith in God as love, believing where we cannot prove. So much was Calvin of this spirit, that he regards the absence of it as something strange. In one of his letters he says of Bolsec: "Yet such is this Jerome, that he will not admit that God does anything justly, unless he has palpable evidence of it." With such a frame of mind, no man can be a Calvinist: but it was alien from Calvin's childlike trust in God's justice and love amid all the mysteries of His providence. Calvinism does not evade the dark and dreadful problem of the existence of sin and misery in the creation of Almighty God, but frankly recognises it as insoluble. It has indeed often been held by men of cold and narrow hearts, who have suffered the doctrines of their system to limit and lower their thoughts of God; but in its

genuine spirit, and as taught by Calvin himself, it is the theology of men who have such a firm faith in the love of God that they believe it, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary; and are assured that though "clouds and darkness are round about him, justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne, mercy and truth go before his face."

JOHN KNOX.

By the Rev. Robert W. Barbour, M.A.

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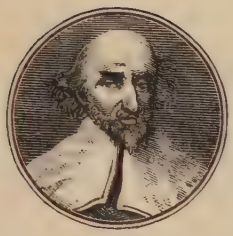


JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX was born at the village of Gifford, or at Giffordgate in the town of Haddington, East Lothian, in the year 1505. He was in the cradle when Luther, at the age of twenty-one, abandoned his career as a bachelor of laws, and hid himself and his agony of heart within the walls of the Augustinian Monastery at Erfurt. He was two years old when Melanchthon, a boy of ten, heard his dying father's prophecy of the great storms which were to shake the world, and his prayer that the thought of God might guide Philip through them. He was in his fifth year when Calvin was born.

Like many of his country's noblest sons he came of simple, though honourable, parentage. True natives of Scotland that they were, his father and mother cherished

> "The noble wish . . .
> To give their child a better bringing up
> Than his had been, or hers."

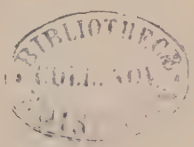
The grammar-school, the college, the church—these were their plans for their child, as they have so often been of other Scottish parents since. Haddington,

famous then for the study, gave the boy Latin—an indispensable acquirement for the priest's office. He knew enough of it in later years to take a learned delight in the twenty-nine metres of Buchanan's psalms, to return the correspondence of that flower of latinity, John Calvin, to expose a sophist's argument, or to parry, rapier-fashion, a courtier's sneer. Glasgow enrolled him as a student in his eighteenth year (1522). The arts in those days were Aristotle; whose Rhetoric Knox knew, though he had little time to use it, but whose Logic he never forgot to the end. Divinity was Aquinas and the Canon Law. John Major, principal Regent of the university, the one living teacher who left an indelible mark on Knox's mind, taught all three: on the last of them he had light beyond his age. Those principles of popular sovereignty in Church and State which he had learned and professed at Paris passed from him to Knox and Buchanan, and through them have become the common heritage of Scotsmen. The languages of the Renaissance were as yet unknown in Scotland; for with us the Revival of Letters was the daughter of the Reformation. Knox, with his great gift of speech, had a natural love of languages. Greek came to him, twenty years later, with the acquaintance of Wishart, a man of as exquisite learning as character; Hebrew with Calvin's, ten years later still; both of them in time for Knox to take his seat at the table of the Genevan revisers. French he learned first when France was his prison; he preached in it afterwards, when France became his place of exile. Italian he also knew. But, true to his age and

vocation, he trusted most in his mother-tongue, finding room in it for subtle argument, grim humour, and weighty eloquence. His writing of it is like speaking, for clearness and force. He had his share in rendering the Scriptures into it, and took pleasure in hearing it well handled. Along with his hearer, Lyndsay, and the other Reformers, he helped to make it the language of our literature as well as of our religion.

He left college, for reasons unknown to us, without taking his degree. Though he completed his course for the priesthood, he never exercised it, unless in the half-lay, half-clerical capacity of notary, or ecclesiastical law-clerk. By this and by private teaching he probably supported himself for twenty years (c. 1524-1544). He is a man in his full prime before any one hears of him, before ever he utters a word or writes a line. Such a silence preceded such speech. It is the silence of the mountain-tarn, where the mist-fed waters are gathering and mantling, till they break a new mouth. It is the stillness of spring-fields, where the sap-nursed seeds grow to bursting, and burst into multiplied growth. Two things fill this silent time.

These were days, first of all, of severe study. To them we must look for that sustained volume of solid mental strength which bore him on through a life of unexampled activity ; to them, for that high pressure of intellectual power which supplied hereafter such a "copious flow of speech." How he gained access to books we cannot tell. Major may have pointed him to the Latins; the Greeks he



must have known at first through translations. His works on the Regiment of Women and on Predestination, with other references elsewhere, bear witness to a wide and well-mastered reading. He has a student's hunger after originals. Mary thought more might have been made of him had he not been so "always at his book." What habits of diligent, thorough, and intelligent work he had formed, may be learned from his after-life. Careful and orderly reading and re-reading; painstaking research; prosecution of study in the midst of strenuous labours: these are marks of the true student. Quiet time to feed the mind was a constant craving with him. His French prison, like Bunyan's, became a study; and during the busiest years of his ministry, part of each day was devoted to the desk, although he never wrote a sermon beforehand.

Perhaps it was in the library of the abbey at Haddington that he laid his hands on the works of one of the Latin fathers. The times did not smile upon private research. About the time when Knox was leaving college (1525) Acts were passed against the bringing in or harbouring of foreign books. But a young Scots nobleman, Patrick Hamilton, Knox's senior by about a year, had been smitten with them abroad, in 1526, and brought the infection home with him. In two short years Knox heard that he had gone into the flames at St. Andrews. By the lurid glow that shot over broad Scotland from the stake there, and at Stirling, and here at Greenside and on the Castle-hill, the student read his Augustine with a new interest. The best converts

to the reformed cause were made in those ten years of killing-time. The forbidden writings of Luther never reached Knox that we know of. In common with Luther, he learned directly of Augustine and Paul.

But amid all this painstaking investigation and intellectual stir, came a still small voice, and with it a great and creative spiritual change. Out of a copy of Tyndale's New Testament perhaps, brought over the border under a merchant's cloak or bound up in the heart of bales of foreign merchandise, or out of the Vulgate, Knox read for himself the seventeenth chapter of John, and "cast" thereon "his first anchor." For him the one Priest's intercession availed; he accepted for himself the one Priest's sacrifice. With that there was an end to all belief in other sacrifices, whether of one's own merit or of the mass; in other intercessions, whether of virgin, saint, or angel.

It was Augustine, I think there can be no doubt, who first led Knox to the seventeenth of John. His observations on John xvii. 23, are just Augustine's. Through that passage, and the first two chapters of the Ephesians, he found rest in the doctrine of Divine electing love. For Knox predestination was no cold, cut-and-dry dogma. It came to him all full of life and meaning from the Person of Christ. "God hath predestinated me" meant "He hath made me dear by that Beloved;" "as God hath loved Him," thus he argues, "so hath He loved me, for I am one with Him." This truth laid hold of him by a threefold cord. He felt it to

be the one immovable ground for faith, the most powerful motive to a new and humble life, the greatest incentive to gratitude and love. From what source, he asked himself, did this proceed, this light he had received in the midst of such darkness, this sanctification in the midst of so much wickedness? Not from nature, conscience answered. Nature had made him a child of wrath, even as others. Not from education, reason, or his own study, experience replied. For many had been nursed in virtue, and yet become most filthy in life; and many had long remained without all virtuous education, and yet in the end attained to God's favour. The only source which remained was "that infinite benefit which exceedeth all measure," of "free grace and mere mercy."

What "singular comfort" came with "that solemn prayer" Knox can scarcely tell. Its "virtue," he feels, "is perpetual," and at that time and at all times "it obtains mercy for him in the presence of the Father's throne." He can but break out at the remembrance of it in this fashion: "Oh that our hearts could without contradiction embrace these words: for then with humility should we prostrate ourselves before our God, and with unfeigned tears give thanks for his mercy!" Those who have imagination may seek access to the student's closet or the tutor's room, which first witnessed these words embraced, that worshipper prostrate, those tears falling, those thanks outpoured. There he will see more than the conversion of an individual. He will witness the fresh communication of a truth which was to revolutionise, and still vivifies, the religion of our land.

This conversion of Knox is well worthy of attention. What led a man of his years and in his situation to profess the reformed faith and embrace the reformed cause? Not youth with its fondness for new things; he is past middle life, when the final step is taken. Not impatience of so-called priestly vows; for ten years at least hereafter he is still an unmarried man. Not ambition; a career lay open to him as a man of learning; the prizes which Protestantism offered were—fagots and a stake. Not foreign influence or upbringing; he is home-bred and educated at home.

When, towards the close of these twenty years of silence, Knox again becomes distinctly visible, he is still a teacher, *tutor*, in the Scottish sense of the word, which is student and teacher in one. His pupils are two young Douglases of Longniddry, and young Cockburn of Ormiston. The death of James v. (1542) has arrested the persecutions; and under the regency of Arran the Estates have lately met in Parliament and resolved that every one who will may read his Bible. So the lads' exercises include a public Bible-reading, in which household and villagers begin to join. The boys share what the master is learning. Knox takes them where he himself has been, to the Gospel of John. These were the days when the whole Scripture became his very life-blood. Is there not an echo of them in Knox's "Prayer to be said of the Child before he study his lesson?"

It was the appearance of Wishart in the county (1546) which brought Knox to decision. The gentle

preacher was a guest at Longniddry and Ormiston. His sermons told on the tutor as well as on the lairds. Knox was wonderfully drawn toward him, and was debtor to him for more than Greek. He "awaited upon him carefully" at all his services, and saw in him what a power this public preaching of the Word was to be. The priest and notary became henceforth the "professor of the true evangel," "the simple (*i.e.* common) soldier" of Jesus Christ. When dangers thicken, all the old martial spirit of his yeomen ancestors is up in him, and he bears a sword before his threatened friend. On the night of betrayal Wishart, like Another, bade his attendant put up his weapon into its place. Let Knox go back "to his bairns." His time is not yet come. The man will be more than a tutor, thinks Wishart, before he dies.

Knox obeyed. He did not lift the sword against Wishart's murderer, though he thought it well it was lifted. But Beatoun's successor at once marked out Wishart's friend. From this hour to the end Knox was in deaths oft. The siege, the galleys, the French prisons, English Mary's spies, the plots and capital sentence of the Scottish bishops, and again of the Regent, Mary of Guise, the "twelve loaded haquebuts" of the Archbishop, the price set on his head, the threats of Queen Mary before her coming, his defencelessness in her presence, the charge of treason, Kircaldy's vow to have his life, the assassin's bullet: all these and other terrors were in store, but "none of these things moved him."

Knox's conspicuous connection with the martyr

unexpectedly led to his call to be Wishart's successor. He was forced to take refuge in the castle of St. Andrews (April 10, 1547), where the call came. The earliest reformed congregation—priests, statesmen, courtiers, common people, refugees from the persecuting clergy,—are met as brethren in Christ's name. John Knox sits with the rest among his pupils. From the public exercises of the lads, the worshippers think they have discerned no common gift in the tutor. Already Rough, a man of moderate learning, whom they have made minister, has enough to do to fill the pulpit, not to speak of meeting the Romanists of the College in debate. He too has recognised Knox's singular ability, and would it were put forth "to profit withal." In his sermon to-day he takes up the Reformed, the New Testament ground on this subject. In the body of believers, holding priesthood directly of the Head, resides the sole fountain of church power. This body corporate has a right over the gifts of its members. "In the name of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the name of all who presently call him," Rough offers John Knox "the public office and charge of preaching," and enjoins on him that he "refuse not this holy vocation, even as he looks to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desires that He shall multiply His graces unto him." Turning to the congregation, he says, "Was not this your charge unto me, and do ye not approve this vocation?" They all answered, "It was; and we approve it." "Whereat the said John, abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears, and withdrew him to his chamber, . . . neither had

the pleasure to accompany any man, many days together."

This fineness of feeling is part of him, as of every chivalrous nature. It comes out strongly in his courtship, in his bearing towards his bride and her mother, towards his boys, and, in spite of all that has been said, towards his queen. It helps, too, to explain the close attachment men formed for him, and the warm language they held of him; why Bishop Bale, his opponent at Frankfort, addresses him as "brother best-beloved;" why Calvin's calm style cannot withhold the expression "heartily-cherished;" why Beza speaks of "that most perfect sympathy between us;" why strong men in the church at Geneva weep when he is taken from them; why the gentlemen of the West protest "his death and life are as dear to them as their own;" and citizens of sober Edinburgh will not sit still in their houses, while the house in High Street stands empty.

Feeling thus keenly, with fear and trembling, Knox yet accepted the call. It was a call, not to that charge only, but to be "the restorer of the Gospel of God in Scotland." He presented himself in the pulpit upon an early Sabbath to "prove the Roman Church this day degenerate in life, doctrine, and laws." His hearer, Lyndsay, whose works are a mirror of Scottish morals before the Reformation, has versed the sermon for us in his "fifth" or "papal monarchy." Among the first positive truths Knox proclaimed were, the sole Headship of Christ over His Church, the oneness of the office of the

bishop with that of the preacher, and the supreme authority of Scripture as the rule of worship

Knox always looked back to this event as to his chief title to the ministry. Once and again he obeyed a similar call, at Frankfort, at Geneva, at Dieppe, and in Scotland. Of an ordination without jurisdiction he knew nothing; one's call to work could only come when there was a field before one. But once called by the church, he was henceforth the church's servant, her minister. He could find no place for the office of diocesan bishop in Scripture, and no place for it therefore in the church. The office of superintendent, wise as he thought it, and needful, in the circumstances of the country, he never filled. Your Town Council's name for him: "John Knox, minister," was enough. After having been settled in five kingdoms, he could say: "I never left any, except at their own commandment."

Like that of every true workman, the life of Knox went upon a well-considered plan. The Gospel had been intrusted to him: God had put him into the ministry. "Considering myself," he says of this time, "called of my God to instruct the ignorant, comfort the sorrowful, confirm the weak, and rebuke the proud, by tongue and lively voice, I decreed to contain myself within the bounds of that vocation." It became his ruling passion to propagate the reformed doctrine. He "desired none other armour but God's holy Word, and the liberty of his tongue." Henceforward his pulpit was his world: he lived for his pulpit. Even the galley was a place to preach

from. When his lips were sealed he spoke, like Paul, by letter. Otherwise, he never wrote. We have but one sermon from his hand, and that was recalled perforce from memory. He preached in England for five years, Sabbath and week day, frequently every day, and for days after it was penal to do so. In exile he thirsts for this: "For a few sermons . . . to be made in England, my heart could be content to suffer more than nature were able to sustain." At Frankfort, let who will give the sacraments, *he* wishes to preach. Day and night at Edinburgh the diets succeed each other; in Angus they are held daily. Heretofore there had been a famine of the Word of God in these islands, as elsewhere; the Reformation was the return of plenty. Abroad, too, Knox preached: in France, at Rochelle and Dieppe; in Switzerland, at Geneva. He re-entered the pulpit of St. Andrews, according to his sure hope, and in two months evangelised Scotland south of the Grampians. Five sermons a week was his rule for the first two years of his ministry in St. Giles.

The Scriptures were his authorities: his commentaries were the times. On the one hand, the times "ratified and confirmed the truth of God's Word." "If there had never been testimonial of the undoubted truth thereof before these our ages," he asks, "may not such things as we see daily come to pass, prove the verity thereof?" On the other hand, Scripture interpreted the times. Hence Knox is never at a loss for a text. He must have preached and lectured through the better part of both Testa-

ments in the course of his ministry. At St. Andrews, in 1547, before the friends and foes of the Reformation, he is in Daniel and John; at London in 1553, before the proud and crafty counsellors of Edward VI., in John; at Frankfort, in 1555, before the disturbers of religious peace, in Genesis; at St. Andrews again, in June 1559, before the reforming lords, in John; at Stirling, in November, before the discouraged congregation, in the Psalms; at Edinburgh, in 1560, before the Parliament met to ratify the Reformed faith, in Haggai; at Edinburgh, in 1555, before the king, in Isaiah; at St. Andrews again, in 1571, before his enemies, in Daniel. He closes his ministry at Edinburgh—an old purpose—by lecturing through the Passion. His last sermon was to have been on the Resurrection.

In private, too, the Scriptures fill the largest place. Each day he reads some part of the Old and New Testament. The Psalter is overtaken every month. His letters are redolent of biblical reference: often they have a text for heading, or a prayer. In debate, his power of quotation is as swift as it is sure. To the latest hour he grew in understanding and enjoyment of the Word. His last anchor was cast, like his first, on the high-priestly prayer.

This it was which made him so staunch a champion of civil liberty. He "only craves audience," but audience he must have. "Take from us the liberty of Assemblies, and take from us the Gospel." Hence the jealousy with which he guarded the independence of the pulpit from the encroachment as well of the

university, as of the state. At the same time he had no greater joy than to hear of able and faithful preaching, in which lay his hope for church and land after him.

His ministry of five-and-twenty years was now begun; but after some twelve weeks of preaching, on July 31, 1547, he and his friends had to surrender to the French fleet, and were carried to France, where, instead of the freedom promised them, they found the dungeons and the galleys. Scotland had not yet had enough of the priests and Guises. Twelve years of journeymanship thus intervened for Knox, followed by about as many of full work.

The first two years he is chained at the oar. On the Loire that winter, thanks to his courage, "the whole Scottishmen" sit with their caps on, while mass is said and *Salve Regina* sung. The "glorious painted lady" troubles them but once. She is "thrust to his face" and "put betwixt his hands." "Advisedly" he looks about, then "casts the idol in the river," saying, "Let our Lady save herself, she is light enough; let her learn to swim." Next summer they are lying idle off Broughty. The French fleet can make nothing of the Castle. Knox's oar is still; the hands of the rower are hot with fever; his friends have given up hope. One of them points to St. Andrews, to see if the dying man knows where he is. In an instant the old fire rekindles. "Yes, I know it well; for I see the steeple of that place where God first in public opened my mouth to His glory, and I am fully

persuaded, how weak that ever I now appear, that I shall not depart this life, till that my tongue shall glorify His godly name in that same place." His fevered hand writes that his prayer will be heard; and he recovers. The rough galley-captain is struck; and when he too is at his wits' end, comes to entreat the prisoner's prayers for his ship. All round Scotland he tugs at his stubborn task, a poor galley-slave, going who knows and who cares where. In another galley sports a little maid, born to beauty, wealth, and royalty, the eyes of three kingdoms on her. Which of the two beat out the longer and the better measure for the land?

Here began Knox's life-long thorn in the flesh. With Paul he felt that "the messenger of Satan" could but "buffet" him, "sting him" but "upon the heel." But it was a sharp sting. He had the sentence of death in himself, that he should not trust in himself, but in God, which raiseth the dead. He "drank, before the maturity of age, the bitter cup of corporal death, that thereby he might receive medicine and cure from all infirmity." "Trouble and fear" were "very spurs to prayer." They drew forth that Treatise on Prayer, or "earnest and familiar talking with God," which breathes the "glory-in-suffering" of the Second Corinthians. He acted it out to the end; though he can never quite forgive the "wicked carcass," as he grimly calls it. In England these are his constant experiences: "daily I find my body decay;" "a most dolorous night;" "I am . . . of mind . . . that my pain shall have no end in this life." At

Geneva he is so ill that his wife must write for him. In Scotland again: "the fevers have vexed me;" and again, "torturing fever." He is taken "from bed" in the day-time to appear before the Privy Council. During his last seven years, his desires for release are as pathetic as his labours for the church are heroic. The light burned ever in an earthen vessel. "A frail and feeble bit of a body," a friend calls it; though when it spoke the words were weighty and powerful. "A poor dried-up little man," you would say of him, as Luther said of Melanchthon, when he was not speaking; or as Antenor of Ulysses, "You might think little enough of him when he was silent; but when he spoke, it was a perfect snowstorm." Though the knife and the bullet missed him, Knox did not want for martyrdoms.

On his release, ten years of wandering-time still lay before him. England and Switzerland divided them. The Reformation had taken its full form in both countries, ere ours was fully begun. Knox knew and learned much of both; but of both he was independent. Many of the Reformers came to the light, and had their religious views formed, abroad. Knox received his great impulse, and had his first call to work, before ever he left home.

At first he laboured within sight of his own land. So powerful was the rumour of those few weeks' preaching at St. Andrews, that Edward's English Council at once welcomed him, and sent him to preach in the least reformed and least loyal part of the kingdom. Two years (1549-51) Berwick heard

him, and the northern border. Among his hearers was his future wife. At Newcastle he defended his thesis that the mass is idolatry, before the clergy and council of the North. In England, too, he might have remained. The see of Rochester was offered him. But more than preacher in the present state of the English Church Knox could not be. King's preacher, however, they made him. As royal chaplain he preached over England, North and South, for two years. The evangelist had more influence than the prelate. Cranmer consulted him on the Prayer-book and the Articles. He pleaded and preached as boldly before the English King and Council as ever he did in Scotland. To him are due those words in the English communion-service which guard the spiritual nature of the ordinance. In these days, too, he was the first to restore the supper-table to the place in the church which it retains among us to this day.

His English residence taught Knox the need for thoroughness in reforming the church. He saw at once the danger which lay in leaving anything, either of its government or worship, which encouraged or shielded radical misconceptions as to the doctrines of grace. Above all, in the English Reformers he beheld men, his equals in earnestness and his allies in doctrine, constantly counterworked in their efforts by the fact that the Crown had been allowed to become the pivot upon which the religious future of the country was to turn. The interests of religion must walk at the wheels of the state.

He foresaw the cloud which hung over England

on Edward's death. He read the English Mary's character from the first, as truly as that of the other two; but while he warned London from the pulpit of the coming storm, he did not instantly run for shelter. He continued throughout the year to stir up the people all over the land to prayer and loyalty. Attempts were made to entrap him. Only his friends' compulsion led him to quit the country. To his other sorrows at the time was added this, that Marjory Bowes, his betrothed, must remain behind.

Then follow days of wandering in France and Switzerland, days of severe self-scrutiny as to his past ministry, of eager observation of affairs in England and Scotland, of busy correspondence with friends and hearers in both countries. His affection for his converts is wonderful. Like the apostle, he declares they are his glorying, his longing, his joy and crown. He lives if they stand fast; he has sorrow upon sorrow if they fall away. "Their spiritual life," he says, "is to my heart more dear than all the glory, riches, and honour in earth." His interest in these English hearers, both at home and abroad, never ceased. He "must needs visit that little flock" of them in Switzerland. He would fain return from thence by Newcastle and Berwick. But here, as everywhere, Scotland has the first place in his heart. "My own motion and daily prayer is, not only that I may visit you, but also that with joy I may end my battle among you."

Writing, we have observed, was "contrarious" to him, from habit of mind as well as body. But when "tongue and lively voice" were silenced, he took up

his pen to "instruct, comfort, confirm, rebuke," those among whom he had ministered. The years of exile may be called the epistolary period of his life. He makes stated pilgrimages from Geneva to Dieppe, in order to despatch and receive letters. Omitting his "History of the Reformation," we know Knox better from these than from any other source. "Infinite letters," one calls them. Among them we meet pieces of suggestive exposition, drawn from the life; heart-stirring battle-calls to steadfastness under trial; outspoken denunciation of the persecutor; persuasive advocacy of the reformed cause; wise practical advice upon worship and on difficult passages of Scripture; sharp and searching condemnation of cowardice; inspiring appeals to the various ranks of the community; sober warnings against fanaticism and rebellion. From his gift in this department, the Assembly once and again employed him upon its pastoral letters. He wrote for it on the sustentation of ministers; on discipline; on fasting, and so forth. More than once his bold and trenchant pen aroused and saved the church.

During these days of wandering he was gathering knowledge against the day of his work. He "travelled through all the congregations of Switzerland," reasoning with their ministers and men of learning on the more difficult points raised in the Reformation. Geneva offered him a retreat for study, and the friendship of the theologian of the Reformation. He must have put his Hebrew to its first use in hearing his friend's lectures on the Old Testament. His brief ministry over the English exiles at Frank-

fort (Nov. 1554—March 1555) repeated the lessons of England. His Genevan ministry over those who followed him there, was about the happiest time in his life. Now he saw a church "sincerely reformed."

Meantime (August 1555—July 1556) Knox paid a preparatory visit to Scotland. A pause had come in the Scottish persecutions. After five years of beheading, burning, outlawing, and book-prohibiting, Protestantism was breathing again. Mary of Guise, as a candidate for the regency of Scotland, had to pay court to the Protestants, while, as a princess of France, she was at issue with their sworn enemy, Mary of England, the ally of Spain. Hence exiled preachers had begun to recross the border. Willock, the chief of them, arrived on a mission from abroad. Knox learned this from his Berwick friends, who entreated him to return. He came, intending a quiet survey. But at Edinburgh it was noised abroad that he was in the house of one of the citizens, Mr. James Syme, and hither the friends of truth and liberty came, and heard, and said to each other that their leader had come. They gathered from north and west, from Ayr and from Angus, one bringing another. When one congregation left the room, another stood at the door. There were also that came by night. They are a quiet people the Scotch, nevertheless they can be moved; and not once or twice has religion moved them, as it never moves light minds. Even Knox, with all his fervour, is surprised on emerging from the study and the translator's table at Geneva into this society of strong men—Erskine, Sandilands, and the rest—

"night and day sobbing and groaning for the bread of life." "If I had not seen it with my own eyes," he says, "in my own country, I could not have believed it." His English hearers had not been wanting in earnestness. "But the fervency here doth far exceed all others that I have seen. . . . Depart I cannot until such time as God quench their thirst a little. . . . Their fervency doth so ravish me, that I cannot but accuse and condemn my slothful coldness. God grant them their heart's desire." ["The trumpet blew the old sound for days together." "The Bugle," as one calls him, had begun to blow.]

There were few days that winter and the summer following, which did not witness similar scenes in the houses of the gentlemen of Angus and Midlothian, of Ayr and Argyll. There, too, after Knox was gone, weekly "assemblies" of brethren still went on for confession of sins, "conference of Scriptures," and "common prayers for such things as the Spirit of the Lord Jesus shall teach . . . to be profitable." Other teacher than that Spirit they had none. And there, and in many a simple home beside, began, at Knox's instance also, the practice of family worship, which has ever since been a note of Scottish piety. "Within their own homes . . . they were bishops and kings, and their wives, children, and families were their bishopric and charge." Already the Psalms were beginning to be sung. The 100th and 124th, words and tune, have come down to us almost unchanged through three centuries. Already, by daily reading, Scottish households were

beginning to hear "that harmony and well-tuned song of the Holy Spirit speaking in our fathers from the beginning."

What, then, was this message which so moved Scotland to the core? The "evangel," as John Knox loves to call it, keeping near the nervous original. "There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." "There is one . . . mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." "We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." "He died for all, that they which live should not live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them." "He that denieth me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God." Such were Knox's texts; such his themes.

On the last of them he dwelt with peculiar force and effect. It was his great work on this preparatory visit to impress on his countrymen the duty of publicly professing the reformed faith. To him Protestantism was nothing if not a national cause. This one hope upheld him on the galley, that "that same word should openly be proclaimed in that same country;" this one desire, "that the confession of our faith should come plainly to light;" this one prayer, "Grant that we may confess with voice and tongue the same before thy congregation." This is his challenge to England, "Let it be known to your posterity that ye were Christians;" and to Scotland, "Neither yet may ye do this so quietly, that ye will

admit no witnesses." He asked this of his first hearers when the Lord's Supper was celebrated among them. This is his name for the congregation in the castle, "The professors of Christ's true evangel." His words took practical shape when the gentlemen of Mearns, after sitting down together at the communion-table, entered into a solemn league to promote the preaching of the Gospel as opportunity offered. It was among the first applications of a principle which Knox asserted from the beginning, and for which he contended throughout—the right of subjects to convene, and to combine, for purposes within the law. On the same principle the Lords acted in openly furthering the Reformation, each within his own jurisdiction, when the Regent refused to act as her people's representative. This was the first Covenant in Scotland: it was not the last.

At the bidding of his English congregation, Knox returned for a time to Geneva. He always obeyed the larger call. But he only waited till the hour should strike, and a public summons reach him from his native land. What pen could do in the meantime, he did, to prepare the way, striving to arouse and excite each separate class and every individual of the community, by the noblest motives and to the noblest ends. He placed before each in turn the ideal of his station. To the monarch, while he frankly owned her clemency, he earnestly appealed for moderation, and fearlessly asserted her responsibility. To the nobles, he magnified their office, owning them the hereditary guardians of the

national liberties, warning them against unjustifiable resistance, yet proclaiming the obligation which attached to their influence "to vindicate and deliver their subjects and brethren." To the commons, he held up their individual birthright and bounden duty. Each had reason given him to resolve the question at issue; each had conscience to account for his answer.

Inspired by these addresses, the Scottish nobles and commons carried on in his absence the work of reformation. Quietly the people gathered in congregations, and appointed them elders and deacons. The nobility privately offered the asylum and audience of their houses to those priests who embraced the reformed faith: publicly they petitioned for liberty of worship in the vulgar tongue. The Regent, however, having secured her ends by their means, now withdrew her protection, and openly re-espoused the cause of Rome. The overthrow of Scottish Protestantism was but one step in the grand French project which was to place Mary of Scots, heiress-apparent of France, upon the throne of Britain. Once more the fires were lit at St. Andrews. But the burning of old Walter Mill kindled once and for all the beacon of the Reformation. It drew the people from their homes, the preachers from their hiding, the lords from their half-measures, to stand out together in broad daylight, in the presence of the Regent, the hierarchy, the whole nation. It was seen to be all one battle now, for the life of the body and of the soul. The right of every Christian man to stand free for him-

self before his God had become the right of each to stand free for himself before his fellows and his king. The Lords had already made a fresh covenant among themselves; they invited Knox to be their covenanted leader. "If the civil power will not favour the Church," he writes to them, "it is their duty themselves to provide . . . that Christ's evangel may be truly preached, and his holy sacraments rightly ministered." On this ground they stood, and on it they summoned him to help them.

On his landing at Leith (May 2, 1559), Providence had prepared another summons, and placed it in his hands. Four ministers stood cited to appear at Stirling in a day or two, and answer for their preaching and administration of the supper. A fifth, unlooked for, came. Hearing of his arrival in Edinburgh, the last provincial council of clergy, met afresh to ratify the Romish faith and excommunicate the Reformed, instantly broke up in confusion. Proclaimed, at their instance, an outlaw and a rebel, Knox still pressed on, and, joining at Dundee the assembled Congregation, preached before them and proceeded with them on their way to the place of trial. The Regent's engagement to stay proceedings arrested their progress at Perth. Her perfidy in resuming them and in condemning the accused unheard brought matters to a crisis. The regularly constituted authority had proved utterly unreliable. The Perth riot, an accidental result of Knox's preaching, seemed for a moment to replace the Regent in the right. But her renewed breach of faith in quartering troops in the town and molesting the

friends of the Reformation, whom she had amnestied until a meeting of Parliament, forced the Reformers to act for and defend themselves. The Regent had not only failed, she had deliberately assailed, the reformed cause: themselves must reform, or none.

But what call for reformation? A hierarchy, subjects of a foreign power, possessed of half the national wealth and of the highest places in the state, living in acknowledged ignorance of the revelation they safeguarded, and in open violation of the vows they had taken; religious foundations, raised to piety and learning, grown as guiltless of letters as of godliness, mothers of indolence and of evil lives; a priesthood, unable to preach, reciters of an unintelligible service, and celebrators of an incredible sacrifice, selling the blessings and the maledictions of heaven to the rich, and tearing the last garment from the poor; houses of God, devoid of the Divine message, echoing only to ribaldry, to traffic, or to crime; a society, the language and manners of whose leading spirits as well as its common members, had become careless of the ordinary rules of morals—such is the burden of Scotland before the Reformation.

Knox had seen to the bitter heart of the evil long since. On the human side the chief factor in the Reformation was the sense of the intolerable burden, the curse, of unremoved sin. The hour for proclaiming its removal had come. God's house must first be cleansed. Clothed with his Master's indignation and burning with his Master's grief, Knox stood up, bare of other assistance, in the Cathedral

of St. Andrews, on Sabbath, June 11, 1559, to speak the first word and do the great deed of his ministry as a Reformer. "Take these things hence" was his text, altars, images, vestments, missals, attitudes,—all that impairs or imperils the birthright of every believing man to approach for himself, through Christ, the Father in heaven. Let this house of merchandise be, what it is, the house of free grace. His words met with an immediate response. Magistrates and people united to restore the church primitive within their bounds. In a week or two a similar answer was returned by the principal towns in Scotland.

Religion and politics were then so closely connected that the religious feeling of the country must needs give itself a direct political expression. Much against his will, Knox had to take his share in State work, since there was no one else to do it. The notary's hand was needed to draw documents. To only one equivocal counsel can the unsparing finger of history point. When others were raised up, he gladly left diplomacy to them. He had no "mind to meddle with policy, further than it had religion mixed with it." "We desire no other thing," said he and his fellows to the Regent, . . . "but the liberty of our conscience, to serve our Lord God as we shall answer to Him." French troops and repeated perfidy were her only reply. Hence upon Cupar Muir, at the siege of Perth, at the armed entry to Edinburgh, Knox was forced to appear as one of the champions of popular liberty against a foreign tyranny. From the first he had

seen that in an alliance with England lay the only road to a true and lasting Scottish independence, civil as well as spiritual. He had worked for this end during his English ministry. On Elizabeth's accession, he had pressed the matter upon her advisers. As virtual ambassador of the Congregation he continued to urge it by letter and interview, and at length his counsels prevailed. But long ere this, he boldly advocated the suspension of the Regent by the nobles and representatives of the people, upon the ground of her despotic acts. Her death and the intervention of Elizabeth set Scotland free, for a moment, to order her own affairs. So our Magna Charta and our *Praemunire* came to us almost in one day. Papal supremacy and absolute monarchy went to the ground together. The parliament which ratified the reformed faith simply sanctioned what the majority of the nation had already done. It was itself, in consequence, national and representative as no Scottish parliament had been. It was the people themselves who petitioned for the repudiation of unscriptural doctrine, the restoration of pure worship and discipline, and the application of church-funds to the maintenance of the ministry, learning, and the poor. It was a layman who gave voice to the loud outcry of the land, heart-sick of its priests' and of its people's sin. It was another layman who wrote the first reformed text-book, on Justification, or, as he calls it, "the refuge of a troubled man at his God," meaning that blessed sense of relief which comes with the received righteousness of Christ. Laymen and ministers together drew up the First

Confession of Faith, and challenged their countrymen in parliament to judge of it, each for himself, by the light of God's Word.

To that Word, interpreted by the same Spirit which spake it, lay their last appeal. It carried its divine authority in its own bosom. "They heard and obeyed in it the voice of their Shepherd." By it, by the preaching of it, by the administration of the sacraments and the exercise of discipline in accordance with it, could the true church alone be discerned. "And such kirks," in particular, say they, "we, the inhabitants of the realm of Scotland, professors of Christ Jesus, confess us to have in our cities, towns, and places reformed; for the doctrine taught in our kirks is contained in the written Word of God, to wit, in the books of the Old and New Testament."

Therefore these confessors breathe the doctrines of grace like native air. "By . . . original sin," they begin, "was the image of God utterly defaced in man; and he and his posterity of nature became enemies to God, slaves to Satan, and servants to sin." "All our salvation springs from and depends" on "the eternal and immutable decree of God, . . . who of mere mercy elected us in Christ Jesus, His Son, before the foundation of the world." "Our nature is so corrupt, so weak, and so imperfect, that we are never able to fulfil the works of the law in perfection. . . . Therefore it behoves us to apprehend Christ Jesus, with his justice and satisfaction, who is the end and accomplishment of the law." "The Holy Spirit doth sanctify and regenerate us without all respect of any merit proceeding from us." "The

cause of good works we confess to be, not our free will, but the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, who, dwelling in our hearts by true faith, brings forth such good works as God has prepared for us to walk in." Such was the Evangel received by the people, and ratified, with but three dissentient voices, by the Estates of Scotland on August 17, 1560.

But while Knox laboured for, and rejoiced in this decision of parliament as the expressed mind of the Scottish nation, he never regarded this as the heart of the matter in hand. "We beg not of them," he writes of the presentation of this settlement before Francis and Mary, "we beg not of them strength to our religion, which from God hath full power, and needeth not the suffrage of man." Throughout the entire year during which the congregation was in arms his most strenuous labours were still devoted to preaching. In his prayers the first place is given to "the furtherance of the evangel," the next, to the weal of the realm. "At midnight" is the date of his state correspondence; the date of his sermons might be "all and every day." "The thirst of the poor people, as well as of the nobility," was indeed "wondrous great." How was it to be permanently satisfied?

All the time he was acting as a politician, this was the chief problem before him. The great task was the internal organisation of the church. He left his lasting impress on it in the First Book of Discipline. In it he asked that Christ's "Evangel be truly and openly preached in every kirk of this realm," and thereto "his holy sacraments be annexed and truly

ministered, as seals and visible confirmations of the spiritual promises contained in the Word." For purposes of public worship, his "Order of Geneva" was recommended as a guide, but never imposed as a rule. As the prospects of civil liberty improved, numbers of the leading men in the religious houses, churches, and schools came over to the reformed cause. How should they be admitted? None ought to preach, was the reply, or administer the sacraments, till he was "orderly called." Admission must consist "in consent of the people, and in approbation of the learned ministers appointed for their examination." Knox had seen in England the evil of continuing ignorant and unexamined men in a reformed church. Rather than this, the most part of our churches were content to wait for a time without ministers. To them meantime were appointed "the most apt men that could distinctly read the common prayers and the Scriptures." These were encouraged, however, to go on to "persuade by wholesome doctrine," and to extemporise. Certain ministers and elders, "endowed with singular graces," were freed from particular charges and set apart by their brethren, to travel from place to place in a given district, and, subject to their correction, to plant churches, see ministers chosen, as they themselves had been, elders and deacons elected, the poor provided for, the youth instructed, and discipline exercised. Each congregation so planted was self-governing. Each was equally represented in the provincial synod, and all in the general assembly. Three centuries have not exhausted the fertility of that organism. These

three hundred years has the Christianity of the land come up hither in its tribes; the tribes of the Lord have come hither. The first meeting of assembly reflected both the temporary state of the church and its permanent constitution. Six-sevenths of its members were elders. Knox and the superintendent ministers sat with them side by side. Seven times they sat and did the church's work, without the semblance even of a president. So really did they feel themselves to be the body of Christ; so truly did they hold the Head. Knox was a member of assembly throughout almost all the next twelve years. Henceforth he never acted apart from it. For more than half of this period the Church was unrecognised by the State. Yet all the while she was being organised on her own ground. "They had neither law nor parliament for their religion," said some. "We have the authority of God for it," was Knox's answer. So congregations, sessions, synods were all set in harmonious motion upwards toward the Supreme Court. When, in 1567, the mutual alliance between Church and State took place, Knox was one of those appointed to define the powers and privileges which the church held in her own right. Among other things he and his brethren named these: "judgment of doctrine, administration of divine ordinances, election, admission, suspension, etc., of ministers, and all cases of discipline." The last time he rose in the House was to defend its constitution against the encroachment of State-made bishops.

Scarcely however had this goodly house of our civil and spiritual liberties begun to rise when it was

threatened with complete overthrow. Knox was suddenly called to stand for it, and for us, in the presence of his Queen.

The little girl in the galley of thirteen years ago was now the accomplished woman of the gayest and most corrupt court in Europe, the widow of the king of France, the one priceless piece to be played in the great Guise game for Pope and empire.

She arrived, invited by Knox with the rest of the subjects in the realm, in August 1561. It was her mission to "restore the ancient religion." With youthful daring she at once singled out the protagonist of the reformed cause, and with veteran skill engaged him in debate. The Queen of Scots sat throned in a glory of youth, brilliance, and beauty. The minister of St. Giles' stood with his feet on the bare ground. At first she encountered him upon political lines. He had raised his countrymen, her subjects, he had led the Congregation, against the Regent and herself. He had written a book in prejudice of her authority. He had fomented rebellion in England. Knox could answer her charge of Scottish sedition by appealing to the conspicuous loyalty which had welcomed her: his conduct in England was open to the world; at Berwick the fierce fighting-men had been hushed by his ministry. To his work against the rule of women he stood fast; only observing that it had not been aimed at her Majesty; nor had he ever mooted the point upon Scottish soil. Repelled upon this side, the Queen raised the directly religious issue. He taught her subjects a religion different from that allowed by

their prince. The reply was ready: that true religion did not derive its authority from princes, but from God. Nay, if rulers exceeded their bounds and sought to murder the children of God, resistance might be the truest obedience. Mary rejoined: that this made her subjects her superiors. Nay, was the response; but both are equally subject unto God. As a minister of the church, Knox urged, he had this duty to the state, to see that rulers and ruled should obey Him. But the Head of the State had also a duty to the Church. Not to *his* church, however, the Queen at once returned; she would defend the church of Rome: it was, she thought, the true church of God. Her will and thought, was Knox's answer, did not decide the question. He was prepared to prove that church more degenerate now from apostolic purity, than the Jewish Church from the purity of Moses, when it crucified the Son of God. "My conscience is not so," said the Queen. "Conscience requires knowledge." "But I have heard and read." So had the Jews their Scriptures, and heard them interpreted too in their own way. Had the Queen heard any teach but they who were bound to support their own side? "You interpret in one way, they in another: whom shall I believe? who shall be judge?" "You shall believe God, who plainly speaketh in His word: and further than the word teacheth, you shall believe neither of us. The word of God is plain in itself; if there be any obscurity in one place, the Holy Ghost, who is never contrary to Himself, explains the same more clearly in other places." Knox was proceeding to take up

one of the points in question, the doctrine that the mass is a propitiatory sacrifice, when the Queen interposed. She could not contend with him in argument; but had she those present whom she had heard, they would answer him. "Would to God," Knox broke in, like Paul before Agrippa, clothing a cold admission with all the warmth of his own enthusiasm, "would to God her Grace had the most learned and trusty of her teachers by, and would hear them argue the matter to the end." For then, he doubted not, she would learn how little ground had her religion in His Word. Like Paul, too, Knox's last word was a kindly wish: "I pray God, madam, that you may be as blessed within the commonwealth of Scotland, as ever Deborah was in the commonwealth of Israel."

What were the preacher's words when he "knocked so hastily upon the Queen's heart" that she was moved to tears, we do not know. He gave her his Evangel doubtless, as he gave it to others. As he had given it to William Knox, the sea-captain, and to Edward the young king; to the rough Berwick soldier, and the gentle Berwick bride; so he gave it to Mary his Queen. But he left the royal presence convinced that this was stony ground. The Protestant hopes, the Catholic fears, for her conversion, he never shared. From that day "the court was dead to him and he to it." He spoke of it, indeed, sharply enough at times, from the pulpit. But when her Majesty gave a ball because her uncles had shot down a congregation of French worshippers; and when again she proceeded to initiate their policy in Scotland by setting aside the Parliament of 1560,

and entering upon a Roman Catholic marriage, was it not high time to speak? Did not both "his vocation and his conscience require plainness of him"? He revisited Holyrood once and again, at command, to answer for himself and for the liberties of the church and the nation. But he had no place there, and henceforward sought none. His place was in St. Giles'. There he preached, to the courtiers when they came, to the parliament so often as it assembled, but week in, week out, for two years without interruption, to the people of Edinburgh. The heart of Midlothian was his congregation. In them he found his Philippians, the church which never failed him. The magistrates call him "their minister." In the liberality of the burgesses he trusted more safely than in the subsidies of the State. Every day he works for them in that "warm study of dailles, within his house, above the hall of the same, with light and windows thereunto, and all other necessaries," which they have provided him. Every week he sits in session with the leading citizens. They grieve together over the city's sins and sorrows; they work together for its good. Weekly, too, he meets with the neighbouring ministers and elders for the Bible-reading, which is to become the presbytery; sometimes he leads, sometimes listens. He is never absent from the city, save by the command of the Assembly, or the inhibition of the Council. They would serve themselves his true successors who should help to make religion and morality in High Street and Canongate more what they were in the days of their first minister.

Throughout the entire course of the Queen's efforts for the next five years to undermine our civil and religious liberties, one man, and one only, remained unshaken, incorrupt, impregnable:

"Unus homo nobis *perstando* restituit rem."

The glamour of the Guise and Stuart in Mary's eyes fascinated all but one. Maitland at once fulfilled his own prophecy of "the danger of temporising." Murray and his brother-lords were blinded ere long. Knox's best friends, Spens and Maxwell, thought him needlessly alarmed and outspoken. The "multitude cried treason;" but he paid no heed. He was accused of vehemence and imperiousness; still he held on. The ministers shifted ground; this man never. Every one of the superintendents in turn gave way. Erskine could be disarmed, Winram yield, Spotswood, Willock, and Carswell in turn conform. St. Giles' spoke but one language, and spoke on. Knox proclaimed the Queen's fixed purpose from the first. He foretold the nobles of their threatening defection. He gave warning of the brewing storms in France. When Huntly rose, he roused the country. When the Estates were hoodwinked, he sounded the alarm. Once and again he pointed out whither the royal marriage must tend. When the right of public meeting was threatened, he blew abroad a solitary blast, but one which has been "prodigal of echoes." He sent news across Scotland of the Decree of Trent and the Catholic League for the extirpation of the Protestant name, a month before Mary set her seal to it. When the

hierarchy was restored by Act of Parliament, he again sent word over the land. Amid the blank horror that followed the crime of the Kirk of Field, he called unhesitatingly for a personal indictment, and a public trial. If Knox at each or any of these crises had yielded, where would the Scottish history of the last three hundred years have been? If Mary had listened, where might she not have been in it, ay, where might it not by this time have been?

On the other hand, every shaft in the Queen's full quiver was let fly at him. By threat of punishment, by persuasion of argument, by force of concession, by mingled earnestness and banter, by gravity and familiarity, by indignation and grief, by derisive laughter and hysterical tears, she assailed him; but in vain. Once after her marriage, and once only, was he sent for, when she wrung from him the prophecy of her wedded sorrows. Thereafter Mary saw him no more. He was forbidden to preach so long as she was in the city. Not many days after the minister's lips were sealed, came the murder of Rizzio. But it was not until Knox was got out of Edinburgh, ay, out of Scotland, that there fell the fatal night of Darnley's murder. In these long fifteen years that she outlived him, had the captive Queen of Scots no memories of the one man on earth who had never misread her, never spoken her but true?

The year 1567-8 was Knox's best year, for it was Scotland's happiest. Returning from a six months' visit to England, he preached at the coronation of the baby-king. He sat on the "committee of overtures" for the coming parliament, and delivered the

opening sermon. Some of the measures which were proposed anticipated history by centuries; some which were carried created history for an even longer period, and are still creating it. As one opens our Scottish Statute-book, there is a strange break just at this point, where, in among all the chequered Acts which mark our upward progress as a people, come twenty pages of strong, simple biblical statement, never perhaps better stated before or since; where, bound in with the law, one meets "the Evangel;" and under the large letters of KING JAMES the SIXTH, this name of Another King, one "CHRIST JESUS," who is called "the only Head of his Kirk." There too for the first time there is a description, surely from Knox's hand, of something not altogether antiquated yet; "the only true and holy Kirk of JESUS CHRIST within this realm," being "the ministers of the blessed Evangel, whom God of his mercy has now raised up among us, or hereafter shall raise, agreeing with then that now live in doctrine and administration of sacraments, and the people of this realm, that profess Christ, as He now is offered in His Evangel, and do communicate with the holy sacraments." There too, by Knox's diligence, the marches are ridden between the two jurisdictions once for all, when it is asserted "that the examination and admission of ministers within this realm be only in the power of the Kirk;" and "that in case the (laic) patron (left by the act in his old position) present . . . and the Superintendent refuse to admit, it be lawful to the patron to appeal to the Synod, and if they refuse, to the General

Assembly, by whom the cause being decided, shall take end."

The master's hand also is in the act for the reform of schools, universities, and colleges, which intrusts the trial of all who "have charge and cure thereof" to the superintendents or visitors of the kirk; and in that for the maintenance of the higher learning, which directs that Patrons of Provostries, or Prebendaries of Colleges, may present the same to Bursars to study virtue and letters at any of the universities.

Verily this was Freedom's seed-time in the land. Tear these early pages out of the story of our nation, and how many of the last leaves will remain? Remove the "liberty of the evangel," and where will you look for those later achievements of liberty?—the efforts and the prize of each of the thousand simple Scotsmen who has since pressed upward through the open gates of our graded school-system—the battles and the triumph of British civil liberty a century later—the conflicts and the victories of spiritual freedom in two centuries later still—ay, even the struggles for freedom to win this world's wealth, now near a century old, and the best fruit of these, the liberality, the liberty we are only learning, of giving wealth away? Take them together, these grand deeds of gift granted in our own day, the grander deeds of Demission done in our fathers' and forefathers' day, the Wealth of Nations, Lex Rex, the Book of Discipline in all its editions down to that which is in the making to-day, will they not all bind well into one volume with that first Confession of our Scottish faith?

If one must describe, then, the head and front of all Knox's contendings from first to last in one single word, it would be the word Independence. Independence of the individual before his fellows, born of a common responsibility to God; independence of the subject before his king, born of a divine duty laid alike upon subject and king; independence of the church before the state, born of a distinct obligation imposed on church and state; independence of the worshipper before sacred places, service-books, and so forth, born of the imperative command to worship in spirit and in truth; independence of the searcher of Scripture before all authorities and interpreters, born of the summons to every soul to hear God's voice for himself.

The parliament of 1567, with its accomplishments and its forecasts, was Knox's Pisgah. He never possessed the land; twelve generations since have not possessed it. The Book of Discipline was his Deuteronomy, destined, by the law of degeneracy, to a but partial observance and a long neglect. The ears he harvested were, many of them, mummy-corn, not to fertilise for years. They slept in his dead hand.

The rising of Mary's friends, Murray's assassination, the open defection of Maitland and Kircaldy, once more made the pulpit of St. Giles' the post of duty, for it was the place of danger. The foul breath of slander blew up the old flame. The preacher was charged in turn with treason to King James, insolence to Mary, and disloyalty to his own land. His life was threatened by Kircaldy and

others of the Queen's party. Weakened by a stroke of apoplexy, he still spoke out and on, in pulpit and assembly, on behalf of liberty, the law, and the land. Only the citizens' urgent representation that blood would shortly be spilt in his defence, persuaded him to quit the city. One of the last sentences he ever uttered in St. Giles' was this: "One thing in the end I may not pretermit, that is, to give him a lie in his throat that either dare or will say that ever I sought support against my native country. What I have been to my country, albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring of every man that has to oppose anything against me, that he will do it so plainly as I make myself and all my doings manifest to the world."

At St. Andrews he continued his testimony on behalf of church and country. He writes to the Assembly warning it against the intrusion of tulchan bishops. Just two years before he had received Beza's congratulations upon the banishment of the episcopal order from the Scottish Church. He protests in the cathedral against its re-introduction, as contrary to the distinct statements of the Book of Discipline. He "opposed himself directly to the making of bishops." At the same time he publicly inveighs against the murderers of Darnley and Murray. Weak as he is in these days, "weary of the world" and "thirsting to depart," his is still the desire of Idomeneus, "to be with all speed in the thick of the battle." James Melville can witness that he has more than Nestor's strength; for his old

"limbs still keep pace with the ardour of his mind." He will not return hither to die among us, if his lips are to be sealed. Before long he has a loud call to open them. The day he recrossed the Forth was the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

For two months you may still see him, going up and down the High Street there, from "the warm study of dailles" to the Tolbooth, the smaller church which, with his accustomed sense, he has asked the session to have fitted up for him. There it is, the "frail bit of a body," below middle height; the oval face, surmounted by a skull-cap, from which the white hair escapes in a lock on either side, and set in a "furring of martriks" round about, with which the grey beard mingles below; a staff in the one hand, and in the other, "holden up by good, godly Richard Ballanden," his own Genevan Bible. The face is sadly thin with toil, fever, and sorrow. But when the eye looks up, there are such strange struggling lights in it. So penetrating, piercing it is, before all, seeing straight to the bottom of things at first sight, not to be escaped, got quit of, or deceived. It has looked through many, through three Marys among others, that eye. And yet so pathetic, liquid, mute; charged with an infinite tenderness, that eye. It has yearned over many too, over Wishart, over his brother William, over Marjory Bowes and her mother, over young king Edward, over poor Kircaldy, that eye. The mouth too has this double expression about it, so full of sympathy the lower lip, the upper so filled with grim humour, humour not the sort that simpers, but the kind that can cut like a surgical instrument.

There is the same contrast in his preaching: simple, direct, "moderate" statement, convincing, commending itself; yet withal outbursts of fervid, impassioned, unconfined emotion, catching you, carrying you away.

You can visit him for a fortnight longer (from the 9th of this month onward) at the house in High Street. "John Knox," he tells you, "is the same man now when he is about to die, that ever one knew him when able in body." He has calmly "taken his good-night of all causes worldly," and "of all the faithful in both realms," seen his flock comfortably settled under Mr. James Lawson (who gathered the first stones for our reformed College of Edinburgh), and now goes up into his chamber to die. They can call the physicians, he says; he does not despise the ordinary means; but he knows this is the end. It is a touching little circle which surrounds the bed. Young Margaret Stewart watches over him as tenderly as ever Marjory Bowes did at Geneva, reading aloud constantly "in a distinct voice" to him (unless when Richard Ballanden has the book) from his favourite Ephesians, and those words where he first found rest in the seventeenth chapter of John. So peaceful he looks, and lies so still, once and again they think him sleeping; but when they inquire, there is ever one answer: "Thank God, I hear, and understand far better." His ejaculations are a witness to this: echoes of the highest and most intimate Scriptures; outbursts of personal prayer to Christ; strong, but at times triumphant, cryings for church and common-

wealth. It almost seems something new, this death bed of a saint, not in his cell, or church, or at the stake, but here in the midst of his friends, in his family, with little children about him in the room—it takes one back fifteen centuries at a bound to the death of another, his namesake, his own Evangelist, to John's. One cannot but think of another death-bed, about a century later, at St. Andrews, and of others since.

But the servants must come in and have their wages, and a word from the master himself to each. All the debts must be paid; wife and children given in charge to Campbell of Kinzeancleuch. There are three little girls, Martha, Margaret, Elizabeth, of seven and five and two, somewhere about. Friends are always coming into the room. One of them, Fairley of Braid, has dinner on the 16th by his bed, and persuades the sick man to join him. Knox hesitates at first; he is thinking of the fast for St. Bartholomew. Little Martha will be Fairley's daughter one day. Knox can never reward his friend enough, he says, for all he has done: One who can, will. The baby is to be Mrs. John Welsh, and will yet share a life and death worthy of Knox's daughter. He rises the last time to entertain two friends in his room, and has his dry joke over the fresh pipe of wine which has to be pierced for them: Will they be sure and see it finished after he is away? he will not wait till it is all drunk.

Another day he has the session of St. Giles' by his bedside, and delivers them a brief apology for his ministry. Two motives have moved him as a

minister, "fear of God and of his tribunal," and "desire to win men to the Lord."

Poor Kircaldy in the Castle has a last appeal from him; he goes back to their days in the galley together; "the man's soul is dear to him; he would not have it perish if he could save it." Regent Morton, too, has his word, courteous but plain. Both men, dying different deaths from this, remember these words.

The staircase is crowded in these days; there are many knocks at the door. He will see every one, and knows just what to say to each. Among them one pious woman begins to speak of praising God for the good he has done; but Knox stops her: "Tongue, tongue, lady; flesh of itself is over proud, and needs no means to esteem itself." He has no trust save in God's free mercy. One more conflict comes. Down through the valley he goes, sword in hand, as he has lived. There are heavy moans to-night; the watchers think it is the last agony. But he wakes very peaceful, as one who has vanquished, to tell them it is over now—a fierce onset of temptation. Thoughts would force themselves on his mind, that he had merited heaven by the faithfulness of his ministry. But he has fought them off, as Paul before him, with "What hast thou that thou hast not received? By the grace of God I am what I am. Not I, but the grace of God in me;" and now he knows the tempter will not return. So his last anchor is dropt, and plunges, where his first did, into the depths of grace, free, sovereign, divine.

Another sigh, and the words, "It is come." They whisper him the promises he has so often given them himself, and ask him for a token if it is peace. One hand goes up; he sighs twice; he is gone.

This very day three hundred and ten years ago, all Edinburgh gathered at St. Giles' to see her minister laid in his grave. They preached no funeral sermon over him, they raised no monument. His work is his monument. John Knox—that is the new Scotland, the reformed Scottish church. Our church history is a long gallery of splendid lives. In her many and various ages, our house has never yet wanted for a man. But they were all given when Knox came. In each of the after lives he lives again. In Melville we had his courage, grasp of character, and transparent candour; in Henderson, his indomitable perseverance and heroic endurance of suffering; in Rutherford, his clear logic and fervent love; in Leighton, his faculty in Scripture and teacher's art; in Chalmers, his grand conception of the nation's needs and the church's mission, and his grander gift of sacrifice.

If a larger place has been assigned and preserved among us to the "preaching of the Evangel" than among other reformed peoples; if religion has been "more earnestly received;" if the standard of morals has been raised; if education has looked larger to the popular eye and lain nearer to the popular hand, with us than with others; if the ministry and the community have moved more in step here than elsewhere; if our land, less able to earn one part of the Vergilian greeting, "great mother of harvests,"

has fairly deserved the other, "great mother of men;" if advance in thought and speech, in action and in government, has been less bitterly anathematised and less blindly adored in our land than in other lands; if our most heart-stirring memories, our traditions and stories, be those of the heroes of our faith; if countrymen of our own have repeatedly proved that worldly objects are not the last weight in the balance, nor the last word in the debate; if they have "held fast the profession of their faith without wavering" before kings and armies, before inquisitors and dragonnades, before statesmen and houses of parliament, on the Bass Rock and in the Grassmarket, amid Marnoch snows and in Tanfield Hall; if, in a word, religion be allowed to have been hitherto the largest factor in our national life, and this little country, in virtue of it, be admitted to have given lessons to the great world; then we owe this, under God, first of all to one man, and that man was JOHN KNOX.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

By the Rev. G. Webster Thomson, B.A.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

THE information we have as to the private life of Alexander Henderson is very scanty: what we know of him belongs in great part to the history of his time. He was born in 1583, and, as is generally believed, in the parish of Creich in Fife-shire. He seems to have been connected with the Hendersons of Fordel, a family of some local importance in another part of the same county, but of his immediate parentage nothing whatever is known. The records of the University of St. Andrews show that in 1599, when he was sixteen, he went to college there, and that in 1603 he took the degree of Master of Arts. He was a distinguished student, and a short time after his graduation he was chosen regent or professor of philosophy in his university, and according to Wodrow he taught there "about eight years with no little applause." The university records of the period are very imperfectly kept, and there is no trace in them of Henderson as a student of theology, but in all likelihood, while teaching philosophy, he was engaged at the same time with his professional studies. The celebrated Andrew

Melville taught theology in St. Andrews till 1606, and it is scarcely possible to avoid the belief that Henderson must have heard his lectures; but in that year he was summoned to London by King James, and was never again allowed to return to Scotland, so that Henderson lost the benefit of his very powerful influence. In 1612, when he was twenty-nine years of age, Henderson left St. Andrews, and accepted a presentation to the neighbouring parish of Leuchars.

Henderson at this time had connected himself with that party in the Church of Scotland which favoured prelacy and those tendencies in discipline and worship that have usually accompanied prelacy. That party was numerically small as compared with the other, but it was exceedingly powerful, because supported by the whole influence of the king and the court. Opposed to it was the great mass of the ministers and people of Scotland, who adhered to the presbyterian polity that had been adopted at the Reformation and had been embodied in the successive "Books of Discipline." The prelatical party was not only encouraged by the court, it had been created by it. No desire for prelacy ever grew up within the Church of Scotland, and yet almost from the Reformation on to the Revolution the church had to maintain a constant struggle against the attempts of the civil power to thrust a prelatic constitution and prelatic observances upon her. The main reason for this line of action on the part of the civil rulers was that the presbyterianism of the Scottish church was clearly seen

to be in its very nature hostile to the claims of civil despotism and in necessary alliance with freedom. Various other motives were at work, especially in the times of the Regents, although even then this was prominent, but with the accession of James VI. there began to be distinctly asserted that claim to absolute authority on the part of the monarch which gives its character to the history of Scotland and England for almost a century; and it was in the prosecution of that claim that the monarchy found itself in fixed and necessary antagonism to a presbyterian church.

James had brought himself to believe that he ruled by an indefeasible divine right, that he owed no obedience to earthly laws, and that his subjects had no right in any case whatever to question or resist his absolute authority. But the church, as he found it in existence when he came to the throne, claimed to be entirely free. It claimed the right to manage its own affairs and to be exempt from all earthly control. It claimed the right to have its own views as to the public welfare, and to express these views; the right to endeavour by all available means, by plain speaking in public and private, by warning, counsel, expostulation, spiritual censures, to induce all men in their several stations, even nobles and kings in theirs, to render obedience to the revealed will of God. It was a powerful organisation the whole genius of which was alien from James's notions of government, which expressly repudiated his despotic claims, and which was utterly unmanageable by his methods of "king-

craft;" and perceiving how much more favourable to his views the genius of the prelatic system was, and how much more likely it was to be manageable in practice, he formed a decided preference for prelacy. One of his favourite maxims came to be, "No bishop, no king," a saying in which there was much truth if by "king" we understand all that he understood by it. Most certainly there could be no king such as he claimed to be, so long as a free presbyterian church was suffered to exist within his kingdom.

Accordingly there was nothing in which James came to be more deeply interested than the destruction of presbyterianism and the establishment of prelacy in Scotland. And to his own lasting disgrace, to the shame also in some measure of the church, after persistent and unscrupulous preparation continued through many years, he ultimately succeeded. Every possible means was used to seduce or terrify the church into concession. Assemblies were kept from meeting; enactments favourable to the king's design were passed by his servile parliament; the leading men in the church were silenced or banished; persecution and bribery were both freely employed; and at length a packed Assembly that met in Glasgow in 1610 was induced to yield, and prelacy became the established religion of Scotland.

It was only, however, the external framework of the church that became prelatic and erastian; the change was utterly abhorrent to the great body of the Scottish people. The party within the church that really desired episcopacy was, as we have said, numerically small. It consisted mainly of the

bishops themselves and those of the clergy and the upper classes who were directly under their influence or that of the court. Beneath the prelatic forms the heart of Scotland still beat true to Reformation principles and to presbyterianism. Nothing but the fact that the whole country from end to end was sound and steady in its attachment to the original constitution of the church can account for the suddenness and completeness with which in 1638 the whole fabric which it had cost so much craft and cruelty to raise was thrown to the ground.

It was in Alexander Henderson's early manhood that prelacy became triumphant, and when he was regent in the University he was known as an apologist and adherent of that system. He was not in those days a religious man, and the party which, though little liked by the people, was so warmly supported by the king and the court, was recommended by every worldly consideration. He received his presentation to Leuchars from Gladstanes, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and that of itself was sufficient proof to the people of the parish that he could not be a presentee of the sort that they would care to receive. They protested against his settlement in the only way that the miseries of the time left open to them. When Henderson arrived on the day fixed for his ordination, accompanied by the clergy who were to take part in the ceremony, they found the door of the church securely nailed up, and in order to go through the necessary forms they had to enter the church through one of the windows. After this inauspicious beginning Henderson con-

tinued his ministry for some little time, perhaps two or three years, with little comfort or satisfaction doubtless either to himself or his people, and then God, to whom this man was a chosen vessel, brought about a remarkable change. Henderson heard that the famous Robert Bruce was to preach at a communion in his neighbourhood. Bruce, who was one of the foremost men of his day both for parts and piety, and one of the most faithful and efficient ministers the Church of Scotland has ever had, had fallen under the displeasure of the despotic court, and had been expelled from his charge in Edinburgh, and at this time he was labouring in the cause of the Gospel here and there as he found opportunity. Henderson, attracted by his great fame, went in secret to hear him, and seated himself in an obscure corner of the building. Bruce, a man of commanding personal appearance, and with great dignity and impressive deliberation in his manner, pronounced as his text after a pause the following words : "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." These words, so literally applicable to the manner in which Henderson had entered upon his ministry, went, as it is recorded, "like drawn swords" to his heart. The sermon that followed was a message from God to him, and it issued in his conversion to Christ. It is said by Bruce's contemporaries that no man of his time spoke with such evidence and power of the Spirit, and that none had so many seals of conversion, and Henderson was justly regarded as "the best

fish caught in the net." Robert Bruce, if ever any man in Scotland was, was in the Evangelical Succession, and the link in the chain next to him is Alexander Henderson.

This crisis in Henderson's life, which issued in his conversion to so much else that was greater and deeper, led also to his thorough conversion to presbyterianism. That is a phenomenon which we see repeated again and again in those times, a deepened religious life leading to a withdrawal from prelacy and the party that was identified with it. It was so also, for example, in the case of David Dickson, for many years minister at Irvine, one of the most eminent of Henderson's friends and fellow-labourers. He also began life as more or less of an apologist for prelacy and the ceremonies, but with deepening seriousness all that was changed. And it is not needful, in order to account for this, to maintain that episcopacy is in itself necessarily unfavourable to vital and evangelical religion. I must not conceal my belief that there are other forms of church order that have proved *more* friendly to it; but many of the best and holiest Christians that the world has seen have been episcopalians. The names that give their titles to the lectures of this course prove that men in the Evangelical Succession are to be found in all the churches. But in Scotland during the seventeenth century nearly all earnest Christians were on the side of presbyterianism, and the whole circumstances of the case made it impossible that it should have been otherwise. No desire for prelacy had ever grown up within the church itself. The

church's teachers had not found it in Scripture. Pious men suspected and feared it, because associated in their minds with the popery from which they had just escaped, and because allied in practice with many things that they judged unlawful or dangerous. Its presence in the church was not in any measure due to the aspirations of its godly ministers and people, but to the intrigues of secular politicians, who sought its introduction for other than pious ends. And the men who lent themselves as tools for carrying out these intrigues were not pious men. It was the more worldly, the more ambitious, the more obsequious of the clergy who were promoted to bishoprics. Even had the king or the regent wished it otherwise they had no alternative, and indeed James at one time complained that respectable men could not be got to fill his vacant sees. The piety of the church disliked and opposed the system, and kept aloof from the men who took to do with it; so that in the case of any one who had come to be in earnest about practical godliness there could hardly be hesitation as to the party in the church with which he was to sympathise. On the one hand there was wealth and distinction and the patronage of the court, but also worldly living and active opposition to godly men; and on the other hand, with whatever drawbacks, there was the whole strength of the living and striving piety of the church. And in effect the same state of matters continued down to the Revolution. Prelacy in Scotland during the seventeenth century, whatever it may have been in other countries, or in Scotland

in later times, was identified in the minds of the people with indifference or actual hostility to the Gospel; and the student of the history will utterly fail to comprehend it if he does not recognise the fact that our presbyterian fathers in all their struggles believed themselves to be contending not only for their own views of church order and the church's freedom from secular control, but also for vital and evangelical religion.

The spiritual change that came to Henderson led him at once into the ranks of those who opposed prelacy. In all probability he had not previously given the subject much careful study, but it is certain that after this time he became a thoroughly convinced presbyterian. We have ample evidence that he made himself familiar with all the details of the controversy, and that he rejected prelacy not only as injurious, in the circumstances of the time and the country, to the interests of practical religion, but as inconsistent with the Word of God, and the constitution given to the Church of Scotland by the Reformers.

It was not long before Henderson had an opportunity of taking his place in public as a combatant on the popular side. His conversion took place probably in 1615, and in 1618 that General Assembly met in Perth which passed the celebrated enactments known in history as the Perth Articles. James, as we have seen, had succeeded in 1610 in imposing a prelatic constitution upon the church, and he was now bent on bringing details, such as the forms of public worship and the like, into har-

mony with the usage in other prelatic churches. The Articles passed by the Perth Assembly had reference to kneeling at the Communion, private celebration of the Sacraments, episcopal Confirmation, and the observance of holy days. Henderson was a member of that Assembly, and was very prominent in it as one of those who had the courage to offer an open and determined opposition to the projects of the king and the hierarchy. Nothing more shameless was ever seen than the way in which members of this Assembly were openly intimidated and bullied in order to get them to accede to the king's wishes, and it required no ordinary firmness and courage to take the part that Henderson did. One thing that took place at this Assembly shows that the minister of Leuchars had even already arrested the favourable notice of the popular party in the church. He and William Scott of Cupar, one of the most eminent men of his time, were called to be ministers in Edinburgh, and the Assembly agreed to their translation. However, it did not suit the views of the bishops that such men as these should occupy pulpits in Edinburgh, where the citizens were already much too hearty in their opposition to the prelatic innovations, and they found means of so obstructing the settlement that the translation of neither of them took place.

From the Perth Assembly till 1637, a period of nineteen years, there is nothing known of Henderson which we need to notice. All that time he continued to minister to his country parish. We catch glimpses of him attending meetings for prayer and

conference with his brethren, and there are indications that he was widely known throughout Scotland, and regarded as one of the most eminent and faithful of the people's religious guides. There can be no doubt from what appeared afterwards, that these were busy and studious years. Then with his gifts and character he must have been useful to the people of his charge and greatly beloved by them, and certainly he loved them and his work among them; and when, after he had been their minister for more than five-and-twenty years the Assembly translated him to Edinburgh, it was done in spite of his expostulations and earnest entreaties to be allowed to remain.

Meanwhile, though Henderson seems to have been left without much serious molestation, it was a time of grievous trouble for many of the most eminent of the church's ministers and people. The Articles of Perth were ratified by Parliament in 1621, and this put it into the power of the prelates to enforce conformity to these Articles not only by means of their despotic and unconstitutional High Commission Court, but by the ordinary processes of law. When the Act of Parliament was passed the king wrote to the prelates saying that the sword was now put into their hands, and that they must not let it rust. They certainly were nothing loath, and severe measures were adopted all over the country, especially against uncomplying ministers, but with very slender success. The people generally would not take the Communion kneeling, thinking that that posture savoured of the old idolatry, and detesting the whole

policy that by means of cruelty and fraud was endeavouring to force such observances upon them. When James died in 1625 and was succeeded by his son there was only a momentary lightening of the afflictions of the church. It was soon apparent both to the people and the bishops that there was to be no change of policy, that the pretensions of the crown were not to be lowered, that the interests of the hierarchy in Scotland were to be furthered more resolutely and with a higher hand than ever. All the while the church was receiving tokens of favour from her heavenly King. The preaching of the truth was never more powerful and was never more signally owned than at this period; and even the cruel measures of the church's oppressors in banishing many of the most earnest and godly of the ministers from their own flocks turned out rather, as persecution has so often done, "unto the furtherance of the gospel." These pious men, driven from their homes, only carried their gospel message with augmented power into other districts. The religious revivals in Irvine, Stewarton, and Shotts are conspicuous manifestations of a kind of influence that was being felt in many parts of Scotland during this period. Spiritual life was deepened and extended among the people, a preparation being thus made for the times of severe trial that were at hand.

At length the crisis came, the most momentous perhaps that has ever occurred in the church history of Scotland. It originated, as all men know, in an attempt to force upon all the congregations in Scotland, by the mere mandate of the king, a Service-

book, or prayer-book, which had been prepared under the superintendence of Archbishop Laud. Previous to the appearance of this prayer-book there had been issued a book of "Canons and Constitutions Ecclesiastical," which contained a complete code of regulations for the church, prescribing arrangements not only as to the outlines of the church's constitution, but even as to ecclesiastical vestments, church ornaments, and such other details, everything of course being in accordance with those high-church Anglican notions and usages that were in favour with Laud and his master. There was no pretence of obtaining the consent of the church to the adoption of these Canons they were imposed by the sole authority of the king. "Whoever may have given personal help in their preparation," says Mr. Hill Burton, "they were adopted by the king, and were as much his sole personal act as if he had penned them all alone in his cabinet and sent them as a despatch to those who were to obey their injunctions." "A complete code of laws for the government of a church," Mr. Burton adds, "issued by a sovereign without official consultation with the responsible representatives of that church, is unexampled in European history."

The substance of these Canons, indicating, as men believed, when taken in connection with other things, a design on the part of the king and Laud to lead the country back to Popery itself, still more perhaps the unexampled tyranny of the manner of imposing them, filled the whole land with indignation and distress. The Service-book, when it appeared, still further intensified these feelings. The Scottish

people had no blind prejudice against read prayers. They were accustomed to hear the prayers prepared by Knox regularly read in their churches, though not by the ministers. But they objected to the English liturgy, both because it excluded extempore prayer and because there was much in it that they judged unsound or of dangerous tendency. Still more objectionable was this liturgy Laud had prepared for them, which they found to resemble the popish Breviary much more nearly than the English prayer-book did. It was a semi-popish book, and it was being imposed under the heaviest penalties upon them and their children, without even the pretence of obtaining their consent or that of their church. The whole heart of the country was moved by these proceedings as it had not been for a generation. Here in its worst form was the absolutism that had so long threatened the utter extinction of their liberties; here was the heel of despotism openly planted on the neck of their church, and the crown openly torn from the brow of Christ, her only King; and here, moreover, was a fresh introduction of those popish errors that the people had so much reason to fear and hate. This was what the prelacy in church-government, to which they had been induced by infamous and unconstitutional means to give their consent, had brought them to. And to what further might it not bring them? This step of Charles in imposing the liturgy brought the whole people face to face with his tyrannical claim to absolute dominion over his subjects, over their lives and liberties, their bodies and their souls.

The whole country was deeply stirred. The utmost indignation and anxiety and expectancy filled all men's minds. The nation was like a vessel charged with electricity, and at a touch the explosion came. The day fixed for commencing the use of the Service-book arrived, the 23d July 1637, and in St. Giles', Edinburgh, the reading of the service was interrupted by a popular tumult. This outbreak was, in all the circumstances, sufficiently natural and excusable, but also sufficiently undignified. Still, condemned and regretted as it was by all responsible parties, it led the way. Similar tumults occurred in other parts of the country. Petitions and remonstrances poured in to the Privy Council. Many noblemen and gentlemen, commissioners from various places, with their retainers, and great crowds of people from all quarters, flocked to Edinburgh, and all waited with the utmost anxiety the king's answer to a supplication they addressed to him for the suppression of the Service-book.

Alexander Henderson must already have become conspicuous in some way as an opponent of these tyrannical proceedings. The outbreak in Edinburgh, as we have seen, took place in July, and as early as March in that same year Samuel Rutherfurd writes to him from Aberdeen as follows: "As for your case, my reverend and dearest brother, you are the talking of the North and South, and looked to as if you were all chrystal glass; your motes and dust will soon be proclaimed and trumpets blown at your slips. But I know you have laid help on one that is Mighty." Henderson, it thus appears, was already

known all over the country as an outstanding opponent of the court and the bishops, and it was no doubt this fact that led Spotswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews, to select him as one with whom he might finally try conclusions as to the introduction of the Service-book. He issued a charge to him and two other ministers in his neighbourhood to purchase each two copies of the Liturgy for the use of their parishes within fifteen days, under pain of rebellion. Henderson resolved to test by the law of Scotland the power of the king's warrant to enforce the use of this objectionable Service-book. Accordingly he went to Edinburgh and instituted the necessary legal process. The case was decided by the Privy Council, some of the members of which had no great zeal in the cause of the prelates and the king, and the decision was so far in favour of Henderson and his friends that it amounted to a temporary suspension of the compulsory use of the new book. This spirited contest with the Crown had the effect of making Henderson still more prominent and influential among all parties.

Meanwhile the answer of Charles to the Supplication of his people was made public. With the insanity which according to the proverb precedes destruction, he announced that he would make no concession. He commanded instant reception of the Service-book, condemned all the proceedings of the suppliants, and prohibited their public meetings under pain of treason. But Scotland from end to end was thoroughly roused. Fresh crowds poured into Edinburgh; and at length the Council, utterly

impotent to give effect to the king's demands for repression, and dreading danger from such large masses of people, agreed with the popular leaders that if they would disperse the multitude some of their number might remain to represent the others and attend to the popular interests. In consequence of this arrangement four Tables, as they were called, were constituted, one for the nobles, one for the gentry, a third for the burghs, and a fourth for the church; and this hastily-constructed representative body answered its purposes so well that before long the virtual government of Scotland had passed into its hands.

Among the men who constituted the tables, Henderson was influential from the first, and his influence both with these committees and with the people outside so rapidly increased that he soon came to be regarded as the most prominent and powerful man in Scotland. Clarendon, speaking of a time when events had made some progress, says that the king well knew Henderson to be the "principal engine by which the whole nation was moved;" and Principal Baillie, writing after Henderson's death, says that he was "for some years the most eyed man in the three kingdoms." There were other men who brought to the councils of their party the influence of high rank added to personal worth and great abilities. Henderson had nothing but his character and his gifts; and all must admit that these must have been very remarkable when they enabled him to step almost at once from the position of a country minister into

that of virtual leader of Scotland. Noblemen like the Earl of Loudon and the Earl of Rothes, to mention no others, would have adorned any party in any country of Europe; but great as were their services to Scotland and to the cause of civil and religious freedom, they would themselves probably have been among the first to acknowledge that the services of Henderson to the same cause were greater, that he was of more value to its friends, and more formidable to its enemies than they were.

What were the qualifications that led Henderson to this great position? First among these must be reckoned his genuine godliness. This lay at the foundation of many other excellencies, and it was this, not ambition, not considerations of worldly policy, but his sense of duty to God, his zeal in the cause of Christ, that brought him into the arena of public affairs and made him the harassed, storm-tossed man he was during the last nine years of his life. Men believed in him, they felt he could be trusted as an unselfish, conscientious, incorruptible man. They did trust him in many delicate and difficult affairs, on many occasions, and their trust was never betrayed. Then as giving him influence, especially perhaps among men of his own profession, it may be noticed that Henderson had great learning. In proof of this it is enough to point to the position he took in the Westminster Assembly. The eminence of the members of that Assembly in theological and other learning is beyond dispute, and no single member of it showed more power of dealing with its subjects of protracted debate, or did more

to influence its decisions, than Henderson. Had most of his life been spent like the last nine years of it, in constant occupation about public affairs, anything like eminence for him in any department of learning would have been out of the question; but he was fifty-four years of age when in 1637 circumstances called him out into public life, and previously during his residence at the university and in the seclusion of his parish the energies of his singularly active and powerful mind had been largely engaged with literature. Then, a considerable element in his influence was his power of public speaking. No man of his time was more celebrated as a preacher or a debater. His manner in speaking is described as having been quiet, grave, and weighty, yet easy and fluent; and though he had extraordinary facility and readiness, his utterances had a certain completeness that produced the impression of their having been carefully prepared. But what perhaps struck his contemporaries most was his uniform, penetrating good sense, his sagacity. Nearly every contemporary notice of him has some reference to his "wisdom." Henderson is not one of the striking personages in our national history. There is little that is picturesque in his figure, little that is romantic in the incidents of his life. He is a plain, modest man, full of quiet strength in mind and character, who throughout his life honestly and zealously toiled at such work as seemed to lie nearest his hand in the service of God and his generation. He was courteous, disposed, when that was possible, to be conciliatory, prudent, sagacious,

averse from extremes in opinion and action; and it was largely his possession in an eminent degree, and in singular combination of these and suchlike comparatively commonplace qualities, that gave him his great influence with all around him.

Very soon after the Tables were constituted, a memorable resolution was taken. It was resolved, in view of the critical state both of the church and nation, and before the crowds then thronging the capital separated, to do what would perhaps in any other country have been reckoned a very strange proceeding, to join in swearing a national, religious Covenant. In Scotland however this was no new thing. More than once before, solemn Covenants had been drawn and signed, binding the subscribers to renounce and oppose to the uttermost the intolerable corruptions of Rome and to profess and defend the Reformed religion. Particularly this had been done in 1581, when the king and his courtiers as well as the church had subscribed a national Covenant in favour of the Reformed doctrines, and this Covenant had been afterwards made obligatory on the whole people by royal proclamation. Pious men throughout the land, in connection with these commotions excited by the Service-book, were lamenting the national sin in having fallen from this former Covenant, and it was this feeling mainly that suggested the swearing of a national Covenant at this juncture. The expression used among them was that they were to *renew* the Covenant, and in point of fact it was the old Covenant of 1581, *verbatim*, that was sworn on

this occasion with added clauses, chiefly from the pen of Alexander Henderson, suitable to the exigencies of the time.

I must not pause to describe at length the signing of the Covenant in Edinburgh on 28th February 1638. There is perhaps no scene in all our annals that more readily presents itself to the imagination of a Scotsman than that scene in the church and churchyard of the Greyfriars on that chill afternoon. The sublime prayer of Henderson, standing with upturned face among the bowed heads and melting hearts of the people; the impressive address of the Earl of Loudon, one of the famed orators of his time; the pause before the aged Earl of Sutherland advancing fixed his name to the deed; and then the tempest of long pent-up enthusiasm that swept through the multitude, the sobs and tears that broke from strong men as they vowed in the presence of God to promote and defend the liberties of the land and the cause of Christ's Evangel. Men's emotions could not be restrained. Some raised shouts of exultation. Some, as they bent over the flat grave-stone on which the parchment was spread, in signing their names added in the emphasis of their enthusiasm the words "till death." Some opening a vein subscribed the bond in their own warm blood. It was a moment of sacred enthusiasm which, so long as Scotsmen cherish any interest in their land or their race, can never be forgotten.

After this memorable scene at the Greyfriars the Covenant was received in all parts of the country

with the same enthusiasm, and soon it was adopted and subscribed by what was virtually the whole population. Scotland had now taken her position, and unless Charles was to concede everything it was a position sufficiently trying and alarming for him. It was manifest that it would not be an easy task to subdue them by the strong hand, for the nation was practically unanimous and full of the utmost enthusiasm, and then moreover Charles was on bad terms with the Commons of England, and a Scottish war would be full of embarrassments to him. But he had no inclination to yield to the Covenanters; that would have been too humbling to his pride, and would moreover have been equivalent to surrendering his cherished dream of absolute power, which at that moment he was bent more than ever on asserting in both kingdoms. The line of policy he adopted was one which unhappily for himself he adopted too often, a policy of deceit. He resolved, in spite of difficulties, to prepare secretly for war, and meanwhile to endeavour to blind the Scots and gain time by means of fair but deceitful pretences. He sent down to Scotland as his agent the Marquis of Hamilton, who acting on his instructions endeavoured first of all to conciliate the people through their leaders, Henderson among the rest, and get them to renounce the Covenant. This Hamilton soon saw was altogether impossible. He was plainly told that the first step towards any kind of settlement must be the royal assent to the summoning of a Parliament and an Assembly; and this at length, all other expedients for delay having been exhausted, Charles

felt himself compelled to grant. An Assembly was summoned to meet at Glasgow on 21st November 1638, and Hamilton was appointed his Majesty's commissioner.

This Assembly of 1638 will be for ever memorable in the church history of Scotland. The country being entirely and earnestly of one mind, all the efforts of the king and the bishops to influence the election of members of Assembly were futile. The choicest and most influential of the ministers and elders were sent up from all quarters, and perhaps the church has never had a General Assembly more entirely competent for its duties. Since the signing of the Covenant in February Henderson had been busied with all kinds of public duties, penning public documents, negotiating with the agents of the court, arranging and transacting the business of the Covenanting party. Among other duties he had been sent on a mission to Aberdeen and the surrounding country, where the cause of the Covenant had always been weakest, and he had been able to render very essential service there. When the members of Assembly met in Glasgow there was much and anxious consultation as to which of their number should be called to occupy the Moderator's chair. "Our privy consultation," says Baillie, "was about the Clerk and the Moderator. We were somewhat in suspense about Mr. Alexander Henderson: he was incomparably the ablest man of us all for all things: we doubted if the Moderator might be a disputer: we expected then much dispute with the bishops and Aberdeen doctors: we thought our loss great

and hazardous to tyne our chief champion by making him a judge of the party." In spite of these considerations, however, it was felt that in their trying circumstances so much might depend on the Moderator that the ablest man they could furnish should be called to that post, and accordingly Henderson was appointed unanimously. He discharged his difficult duties to the admiration of the whole Assembly. It was universally felt and acknowledged that much of the dignity and success of the Assembly was due to him, to his consummate tact, wisdom, firmness, and judicious promptitude in act and speech.

Notice is taken by Baillie of the remarkable character of the devotional services of the Assembly as conducted from time to time by the Moderator. And it was not in public only that Henderson betook himself to the throne of grace in regard to the momentous affairs then in progress. Notwithstanding his arduous labours during the day he used to meet with some of his more intimate friends in the evening, and sometimes spent with them great part of the night in prayer. No one familiar in any degree with the history of these times can fail to have noticed what a prominent place the party with which Henderson acted gave at all times to prayer. It was so in their more private proceedings, and in connection with all their more important public acts it was their invariable custom to proclaim a fast throughout the church. Though Henderson and his friends were necessarily much engaged with civil business, what chiefly sustained and animated them throughout was their belief that the interests of the

gospel and the spiritual welfare of the people were involved in their contendings. They were pious men, engaged in what they believed to be work for Christ, and they strove to do it in a devout and prayerful spirit.

The Assembly met in the Cathedral church at Glasgow amidst the greatest excitement and expectation. The royal Commissioner, acting on his instructions, did his best to sow dissension among the members, but in vain. At length, perceiving that he could not obstruct the business by other means, he dissolved the Assembly in the king's name, and withdrew. Henderson's dignity and firmness and wisdom did not fail him in this very serious crisis. After an address from him the Assembly adopted a protestation to the effect that notwithstanding the withdrawal of the king's Commissioner they could not consistently with their duty to Christ dissolve the Assembly. They then calmly proceeded with the business, and when at length, after sitting for about a month, the Assembly rose, its work had been thoroughly done. They declared the six Assemblies that had been held since the accession of James to the English throne to have been "unfree, unlawful, and null Assemblies." They declared that prelacy was contrary to the principles of the Church of Scotland, unanimously voted its removal, and restored presbyterian government in all its former integrity. They deposed the prelates, Henderson pronouncing their sentence, as Baillie records, in a "very grave and dreadful manner." They renounced the so-called Articles of Perth, the book of Canons,

and the Service-book. In short, they fully carried out the programme they had proposed to themselves in the National Covenant; they "recovered the purity and liberty of the gospel as it had been established and professed before the prelatic innovations." The Second Reformation, as it has been called, was complete. Henderson, alluding to the demolition of prelacy, dismissed the Assembly with these words: "We have now cast down the walls of Jericho; let him that rebuildeth them beware of the curse of Hiel the Bethelite."

Among the other acts of this Assembly they agreed to translate Alexander Henderson from Leuchars to Edinburgh, and he was inducted to the church and parish of Greyfriars in the following January. This was done contrary to his own wishes, and in spite of his remonstrances. He loved his people, and no doubt the comparative rest of his country parish seemed desirable to him. But he had now said good-bye to rest for the remainder of his life.

Soon after the Assembly rose, the Covenanters were called to arms. Charles invaded the country by means both of a fleet in the Forth and an army on the border. Henderson, whose pen had been busy since the rising of the Assembly in the service of his party, accompanied the Covenanting army as one of its chaplains. He took part in the so-called pacification of Berwick, and then, probably for the first time, he came into personal contact with the king. Again in the following year the unhappy monarch renewed the war, and the Scots, not waiting

to be invaded, marched their army into England. Charles found himself unable to meet them in the field, and again Henderson was appointed a Commissioner for the Scots to negotiate the treaty of Ripon. The scene of the negotiations was presently changed to London, and they were protracted over the greater part of a year. Henderson thus spent the winter of 1640 and the earlier months of the following year on to the end of July in London, and during that time he was in close contact with most of those men whose names are conspicuous in the history of the period, or who were to become famous in the still more troubled times that were approaching. Very anxious negotiations went on between the Scottish Commissioners and the English Commissioners and Parliament with a view to their making common cause against Charles and the royalists. This union it was felt on both sides could not be cordial or stable unless based upon an ecclesiastical reformation in England, and the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, for this and other weighty reasons, became a matter of urgent importance with the Parliament. Elaborate papers connected with these negotiations were submitted by the Scottish Commissioners, and these were mostly from Henderson's pen. No positive conclusion was reached at this stage, but the way was prepared for the alliance that was subsequently formed, and that produced such memorable results. Henderson had work also of other kinds at this time. He took his turn with his brother ministers, Baillie, Gillespie, and Blair, who also were then in London, in conducting divine service in St. Antholin's church after the

Scottish manner. Their preaching made a great impression on the people of London, so much so that though on Sabbaths the service was nearly continuous from early morning till evening the church could not nearly contain the crowds that flocked to hear them.

Henderson hurried home to Scotland a week or two before the treaty was actually concluded, in order to be present at the General Assembly that met in the end of July. Circumstances made this a very anxious Assembly, and in spite of difficulties occasioned by the fact that Henderson did not arrive till some time after the Assembly had begun to sit, they contrived to obtain his services as Moderator. In view of the negotiations that had taken place in London, the Assembly, at Henderson's suggestion, resolved to draw up a Confession of Faith, a Catechism, a Directory for worship, and a platform of Government, in which possibly England and they might come to agree. They appointed Henderson himself to prepare these documents, and gave him leave to abstain from all other duties till he had discharged this onerous task; but it was far beyond any single man's strength, and, moreover, no formal resolution of the Assembly could relieve Henderson from the burden of public affairs. Nothing definite came of this appointment, but the programme he had suggested was that which was soon afterwards carried out by the Westminster divines.

King Charles came to Edinburgh during that same summer for the purpose of holding a parliament, and as his policy at the moment was to conciliate the Scots, whose favour had become an object

with him as well as with his opponents in England, he regularly attended Henderson's ministry. He also appointed him one of his royal chaplains, and in that capacity Henderson conducted family worship in the palace every morning and evening, so that he had ample opportunities of personal intercourse with the king. Charles liked and respected him, and no doubt he tried upon him those blandishments that he had used with such success in the case of men like Montrose. Henderson, however, was another kind of man, and was not to be gained, and Charles on his part, alas for himself! was as far as ever from being disposed to lend an ear to such counsels as Henderson would have given him.

Meanwhile the troubles were increasing in England. The parliament abolished prelacy, and resolved to summon an Assembly of divines for the purpose of obtaining a satisfactory settlement of religious and ecclesiastical affairs, and a formal proposal was made to the Church of Scotland to send representatives to that Assembly. Henderson, who since his return from London had been constantly employed as the medium of communication between the Covenanting party and the parliamentary leaders, was nominated by the church as one of her representatives, his clerical associates being Rutherfurd, Gillespie, and Baillie. He was very unwilling, on account of the state of his health, to undertake the duty, protesting that on his previous journey to London he thought he should have died before he arrived there. He seems never to have been a robust man, and of late, although his toils and anxieties had been incessant,

and no doubt chiefly because of these, his health had been very infirm. At the last General Assembly he had asked leave to retire from Edinburgh because his voice had become too weak to fill any of its churches, and because in Edinburgh he always felt more infirm than elsewhere. The people had strenuously opposed his wishes, and had offered to provide him with a house and garden in any suitable place in the neighbourhood; but the Assembly had given him the desired permission, and although he never did formally withdraw from Edinburgh, that was doubtless due to the fact that the public duties that were thrust upon him gave him no leisure to attend to his personal affairs, and, indeed, no opportunity of residing with his people afterwards for any length of time.

In spite of his reluctance, the church felt that she could not dispense with his attendance at Westminster. His departure, however, and that of his companions was arrested owing to the breaking out of the parliamentary war, and in the meantime Commissioners of state were sent to the king for the purpose of offering the mediation of Scotland, and Henderson was requested both by the Privy Council and the Commission of Assembly to accompany them. They went to Charles at Oxford, but their mission was of no further use than to convince all parties that no concession would ever be obtained from the king which those who had taken up arms for freedom could safely accept. The Commissioners returned to Edinburgh persuaded that since neutrality in the war was impossible, and since it was obvious

that the civil and religious liberties of Scotland, as well as of England, depended on the issue of the struggle, the right and wise course for them to take was to enter into a cordial alliance with the English parliament.

In the General Assembly of 1643 Henderson was for the third time moderator. Deputies were present from the English parliament, and preliminaries were arranged for the adoption by the people of both countries of the so-called Solemn League and Covenant. That memorable document was written by Henderson, and is very nobly expressed. It was adopted by the General Assembly and by the Convention of Estates in Scotland; and the Assembly having renewed their appointment of Commissioners to act with the Westminster divines, Henderson was instructed to set out at once on that business and to obtain the ratification of the Covenant by the English parliament. During the next three years he lived in London busied in the Westminster Assembly and in watching over the interests of his church and country amidst the troubles and uncertainties of these trying times.

After the adoption of the Solemn League the ruin of Charles hastened on apace. In the beginning of 1645 Henderson was once more called to assist in endeavouring to negotiate a treaty with the king at Uxbridge. But that endeavour came to nothing, and he went back to his work at Westminster. During this time his bodily weakness had been increasing upon him, and in the course of 1645 he had repeated attacks of a very

painful malady; but he hardly allowed his public duties to be interrupted. The cause of Christ and of his country continued to need what remained of his strength, and he knew of a rest which could not now be far away.

In the spring of 1646 the fortunes of the king had at length become desperate. The battle of Naseby had been fought, Bristol had been surrendered, and the royal cause was everywhere in ruins. Hardly knowing what to do, Charles had suddenly betaken himself to the camp of the Scottish army then in England, and had thereby produced a state of matters very embarrassing to all parties. It had been becoming more and more difficult for the Scots to see how any issue out of the complicated troubles of the time was to be obtained which should be desirable for them and consistent with their Covenant engagements. The one satisfactory issue seemed to them to be that Charles should be induced to consent to the presbyterian Reformation, as thereby he might be retained on the throne, which they earnestly desired, and all the interests for which they had been contending might be secured. And for the moment they entertained the hope that perhaps this issue might be possible. Charles's misfortunes must have taught him much, and a new state of things had grown up in England which it was thought must induce him to regard presbyterianism with more favour. And moreover Charles in the Scottish camp began to express himself as if he was open to conviction, and indeed it is quite possible

that he had actually begun to consider whether the best issue for him also was not to make some kind of accommodation with the Scots. He desired that Mr. Henderson should be summoned to confer with him as to the conflicting forms of church-government, and it seemed to all others interested that Henderson was of all men the most likely to influence the king in the way desired. He left London therefore, though ill and little fitted for the journey, and reached the camp at Newcastle about the middle of May, and immediately began his conferences with the King.

There were of course personal interviews, but a series of papers also passed between the king and Henderson, in which the points at issue between prelatists and presbyterians were discussed. These documents have come down to us, and are of singular interest, revealing not a little as to the character of both the writers. Such a correspondence could however hardly be expected to have any practical issue, and Charles neither became, nor pretended to become, a convert to presbyterianism. Henderson's papers appear to me to be creditable to him in all respects. Mr. Hill Burton, who is never consciously unfair, but who is by no means disposed to be over-indulgent to Henderson or men of his stamp, admits that on this occasion he acquitted himself with credit. "He is true throughout to his cause," he says, "and true without violence or arrogance. To his royal opponent he is respectful, but not servile. . . . On the whole he acquitted himself with moderation and good taste."

This was the last public service in which Henderson was to be engaged. While occupied with it he was very ill, dying in short; but nowhere in these papers does he allude to his state, or apologise for his weakness, nor indeed does his work need any apology. The last paper in the series is dated July 16th. Soon afterwards he took ship to Leith, wishing to die at home, and on August 19th he died, at the age of sixty-three.

During these last weeks, as his illness increased, his friends were wellnigh distracted at the thought of losing him at a time when they seemed to need him more than ever. But death was very far indeed from being unwelcome to him. "Never school-boy more longed," he said, "for the breaking-up, than I to have leave of this world." He had no ties of wife or child to bind him to this life, for he had never married. Nor had he, like some men, any pleasure in the exciting public business with which he was so much engaged. He naturally loved retirement and quiet. "When from my sense of myself," he says in the preface of one of his published sermons, "and of my own thoughts and ways, I begin to remember how men who love to live obscurely and in the shadow are brought forth to light, to the view and talking of the world; how men that love quietness are made to stir and to have a hand in public business; how men that love soliloquies and contemplations are brought upon debates and controversies; and generally how men are brought to act the things which they never determined, nor so much as dreamed of before; the

words of the prophet Jeremiah come to my remembrance: 'O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself."' No doubt his heart had assented at the time to the truth of what the saintly Rutherfurd had written to him when his stormy public life was just beginning: "The wind is now on Christ's face in this land, and seeing ye are with him ye cannot expect the lee side, or the sunny side, of the brae." It was in no sheltered nook Henderson had been living all these years; and it was happiness to him with his assured hope in Christ to be withdrawn from his incessant labours and from the strife of tongues, from the evils around him and from evils to come.

His dust was laid in the churchyard of the Greyfriars. His opponents paid him the compliment of sending abroad a lying statement to the effect that he had repented on his deathbed of the part he had taken in public affairs. At the Restoration their poor malice led them to cause the inscription over his grave to be effaced. It was renewed at the Revolution, but it would have mattered little though he had been left like Knox with nothing to mark the spot where he lies. No hand can ever efface the effects of his work on the history of Scotland and on the character of its people. No single man did more to defeat the hateful despotism of Charles I., and procure us our inheritance of freedom. It is due to him more than to any other man that Scotland since his day has been presbyterian and not prelatic, that the Westminster divines and not Archbishop Laud have

given us our theology and our church order. No one of her sons has ever served Scotland and the Church of Scotland with more modesty and more entire unselfishness, with greater diligence and fidelity, and few indeed with more ability. While he lived, his chief desire and endeavour were to keep alive among the people the light of Evangelical religion, and he is the man of his generation who did most to pass it on to us.

SAMUEL RUTHERFURD.

By A. Taylor Innes, Esq., Advocate.

SAMUEL RUTHERFURD.

WHEN you explore an island, it is sometimes an advantage to step ashore at a point opposite to that at which previous voyagers have landed. Most men know Samuel Rutherfurd as the author of *Rutherfurd's Letters.* Eighteen months ago, when his name was enrolled in this Succession, I knew him as the author of *Lex Rex.*

Lex Rex is one of the few important books on constitutional law which Scotland has produced. Bearing the sub-title of "A Dispute for the Just Prerogative of King *and People*," it is really a discussion of the then pressing question of absolutism. "Whether the King be above the Law, or no," involved in those days the practical questions whether he could modify the law and dispense with its exercise on the one hand, and whether the people, on the other hand, could resist him in defence of it. To solve these questions Rutherfurd had to go to the foundations of politics. Government in general, he lays it down, is from God, and is by His authority. But the particular form of government is by the voluntary choice of men; and "the aptitude and temper of every commonwealth to

monarchy rather than to democracy or aristocracy, is God's warrant and call to determine the wills and liberty of the people to pitch upon a monarchy, *hic et nunc*, rather than any other form of government, though all the three be from God." It follows that there remains a certain sovereignty in the people, and a right to modify or limit, and, in case of necessity, to recall the power already given, while that power must, of course, be always kept within the law. The right of the king is therefore a fiduciary right: he is trustee for the people whom God, by their own choice, has committed to him. And he is in trust in order to administer the law, not to break it, nor to dispense with it, nor yet to enforce his private interpretation of it. Interpretation is the business of his judges, and judges are *ministri regni, non regis:* they are not his private servants, but his public officers, responsible directly to God for administration of the law according to their consciences, not according to his. The king is thus the highest official, and absolute power is contrary to nature, irrational, and unlawful. The people have indeed no right to give up their liberties irrevocably, whether it be to Parliament or to king, to one man or to many. Much of this doctrine has become the constitutional inheritance of all countries in modern times. But in that age the author narrowly escaped, and the book itself did not escape the hands of the common hangman. Yet its theories were the same which in the previous century had illustrated Scotland in the famous book of George Buchanan, and which were continued through the

generation after Rutherfurd by the *Informatory Vindication*, the *Jus Populi*, and other manifestoes of the Covenanters, down to that Revolution of 1688, which gave so great a part of them an historical embodiment. But Rutherfurd's treatise is much longer, and also more learned and more logical than the others; and as we hew our way through the forty-four stiff chapters of *Lex Rex*, where the rights of man are so strangely intertwisted with feudal royalism on the one hand, and covenanting religion on the other, it is hard to believe that all this was the work of the same author who carelessly flung out upon his age what we still recognise as the most seraphic book in our literature.

What then was the life of the man who embraced in his life two such extremes?

Rutherfurd[1] was born about A.D. 1600, and his years thus run parallel with the first sixty of that century. From Jedburgh or its neighbourhood, he came as a student to the College of Edinburgh in 1617. Four years thereafter, he passed as Master of Arts, and two years later, in 1623, he was elected Professor of Humanity in his University. Up to this time his studies seem to have chiefly been in the region of classics and philosophy, including logic according to the system of Ramus. But in

[1] So he uniformly spells his own name on his many title-pages from 1643 to 1659. The fact that in earlier years he had sometimes written his name Rutherfoord, and also Rutherfuird (never, so far as I have yet seen, Rutherford), shows that he was aware of a possible variety of spelling, and deliberately chose that form which his life-long adoption (down even to his "Latter Will" in 1661), makes binding upon us. In his Latin books, the author's name is quaintly given as *Rhaetorfortis* (1636), or *Retorfortis* (1651).

1625, on account of an accusation of immorality which has never been cleared up,[1] he demitted his chair in the University. What he did during the next two years is not known in detail, but he seems now to have betaken himself more to the refuge of religion, as he certainly did to the engrossing study of theology. Only two years later, at all events, we find him settled as minister at Anwoth, and devoting himself to the work of the pastorate there with a zeal which even he afterwards looked back upon with envy. Rising at three in the morning to preoccupy the day with study and prayer, he then passed out into his parish, so that men said of him forty years later, "He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying." His preaching made him the leading churchman in that Galloway district, and his studies resulted in 1636 in an elaborate book against the advances of Arminianism, his *Exercitationes Apologeticæ*, published at Amsterdam. But the Scottish Church was by this time in troubles other than theological, and Rutherfurd had always been earnest in her cause. James had restored the bishops, and the Bishop of Galloway under Charles I. now insisted that the minister of Anwoth should conform to the ceremonies. He refused, and after a three days' trial in Edinburgh before a court whose jurisdiction he questioned, he was banished to Aberdeen, and prohibited from exercising his ministerial office

[1] Very fairly stated in Murray's *Life of Rutherford:* Edinburgh, 1827.

under pain of rebellion. From September 1636 to February 1638, he remained in the north, flooding Scotland with letters, planning books of theology, disputing with Episcopalian doctors and conscientious Brownists, and drawn more and more into the national conflict which culminated in the Glasgow Assembly of 1638. That Assembly, which swept away the Bishops, of course restored Rutherfurd to Anwoth, but its successor in 1639 appointed him Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews, notwithstanding that he was at the same time called by the Magistrates of Edinburgh to be one of the ministers of this city. In 1639, too, the northern forces crossed the border, with their "brave new colour, stamped with the Scottish arms, and the motto, *For Christ's Crown and Covenant*, in golden letters." The covenant, so championed, was by this time safe against the tyranny of the king. But a new danger to it, or at least to its narrower interpretation, appeared in the views of the Independents, and Rutherfurd, who at first opposed vexing their representatives here by civil or ecclesiastical legislation, directed against them in 1642 his "Peaceable and Temperate Plea for Paul's Presbyterie in Scotland."[1] That same year the Westminster Assembly was called by the two Houses to meet in London, and in 1643 Rutherfurd went up as one of the eight

[1] The title commences in a "modest and brotherly" way, but it of course adds, "Wherein our Discipline is demonstrated to be the true apostolic way of Divine Truth." Two of the chapters contain suggestive matter as to separation in a church and from a church, and the whole subject of scandal and separation is frequently handled in our author's writings.

Scottish Commissioners. He remained till 1647, not only taking a zealous and important share in the work of the Assembly, and preaching in the Scots London Congregation, and occasionally before the Parliament, but active also with his pen. In 1644 he published "The Due Right of Presbyteries," a second learned quarto in favour of our "classic hierarchy" or hierarchy of "classes" or courts. In the same fruitful year he gave to the world *Lex Rex*. In 1645 he issued his "Trial and Triumph of Faith," a volume of sermons preached first in Anwoth and then in London, on the Syrophenician woman and her story. In 1646 appeared another quarto on the "Divine Right of Church Government and Excommunication," with a brief tractate added, "Of Scandall and Christian Libertie;" and in 1647, "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself," being, like the book of 1645, a volume of practical sermons, of course with "some necessary digressions for the times." But he now returned to Scotland and to St. Andrews, where, in addition to the ordinary work of a professor of divinity and minister of the city, he became Principal of the New College and Rector of the University. And all this was not enough for him. In 1648 he published a large and learned book against Antinomianism, entitled, "A Survey of the Spiritual Antichrist." It was followed in 1649 by "A Free Disputation against Pretended Liberty of Conscience" and the various abettors of that rising heresy. One of the most respectable of these, Oliver Cromwell, found himself at this time called in the course of Providence, and under the

orders of the Honourable House, to interfere with the affairs of Scotland, and did so with great energy on the fields of Preston and Dunbar. A few months after this last event, about Christmas of 1649, Charles Stuart, afterwards Charles II., appeared at St. Andrews, on his way to be crowned and to swear the covenant at Scone, and we are told that "Mr. Samuell Rutherfurde had a speche to him in Latin, running mutch upon what was the dewty of kings." One duty of kings is to unite their subjects, and Charles at this time took into his service not a few of the cavaliers who in Scotland had previously opposed the Covenant—an act which at once split the Church into Resolutioners and Protesters, Rutherfurd being the most irreconcileable of Protesters against that amalgamation, and against General Assemblies which countenanced it. Cromwell disposed of our covenanted king and of his amalgamated supporters somewhat prematurely at Worcester in September 1651, but the feud in the Church lasted to the end of Rutherfurd's life, and long after. In that Worcester year Rutherfurd boiled down part of his divinity lectures into a very tough "Disputatio Scholastica" on Divine Providence, with certain Metaphysical Disquisitions appended,[1] and also declined an invitation to a second Dutch theo-

[1] These Disquisitions fully deserve their epithet, being "De Ente," "De Possibili," "De Dominio Dei in Entia *et non entia*," etc. In the dedication to his students, he says that it was now nearly fifteen years since he had sung a farewell song to Academic strife, and his hesitation in again pushing out his frail skiff (with no literary sail to help it) into that forgotten sea, is founded on his having "grown old, or at least grown rusty, in the absence of controversy," *in desuetudine disputandi!*

logical chair—this time at Utrecht. In 1655 he wrote a book called "The Covenant of Life opened," of much interest theologically; and in 1658 there followed "A Survey of the Survey of that sum of Church Discipline penned by" some Connecticut Independent in the rising New England commonwealth.[1] At least one more book of controversy, an "Examination of Arminianism," in 700 pages, was built up in that St. Andrews study, but it was not given to the world till several years after Rutherfurd's approaching death; and the last volume which was published by himself came out in 1659 under the more attractive title of "Influences of the Life of Grace." In 1660 King Charles was restored, and in 1661 the author of *Lex Rex*, cited to appear at Edinburgh on a charge of high treason, made answer from his deathbed, "I behove to obey my *first* summons." That summons to a higher bar laid almost the first arrest on the swift keen hurrying life. It gave Rutherfurd leisure to die, and while the sky of Scotland was darkening all around, on that chamber in St. Andrews there fell the light that never was on land or sea.

A crowded life! a life filled with all the intenser interests of its time, and straining to meet them with the whole armour of culture which the time could give. Now, how came that hard and strenuous

[1] Mr. Thomas Hooker, of whose learning and piety Rutherfurd speaks in a way honourable to both. The preface also contains the usual protest against the spirit of controversy, "as if that were the choicest verity which the man's own engine" (*ingenium*) "hath taken out of an adversary's hand with his sword and with his bow."

soil to burst into the pale gold blossoms and consummate flower of love?

There will always be men to find in the facts of Rutherfurd's life a certain strangeness and incongruity. Had these facts been otherwise,—had the author of those Letters been a recluse, an enthusiast or a dreamer; a man living in advance of his time, or living in a time gone by; a dweller in soft raiment and in king's houses on the one hand, or clothed in camel's hair and making his lodge in the wilderness on the other,—had any of these been the case, we should not have felt it strange. Had it been even some rude child of nature and of the soil, a ploughman by his Scottish furrow or milkmaid in her Highland strath—him or her we might permit to rise at any moment far above us on the wings of devotion and genius; much like that plain brown bird which makes its bed in the heather at our feet, but soars straight up and up till the very heart of heaven palpitates with its song. All that we could readily conceive. But a politician and an ecclesiastic, a dialectician and a polemic—how came he to be in our literature like an embodied joy whose race after two centuries is but begun? The question will require a further and discriminating consideration. But it may be said at once and on the threshold, that they have strangely forgotten history who question whether an ecclesiastic and theologian, even of the most dialectical order, can be at the same time a singer or a saint. Let us recall only how among the foremost hymn-writers of the middle age stand the great scholastic Aquinas, and the

great churchman Bernard. And if there are those who decline to receive even facts of history without some suggested reason, let them be content with a story which has floated down from the same shadowy time :—

It was evening in the convent, and one brother still knelt in his cell. Day after day, with fasting and prayer, he had waited—hour after hour of this day he has waited and watched, to see, in some transcendent manifestation, a vision of Christ. And now, at last, a light, a form, a face ! it is the Lord Himself ! But at that moment comes sharp and clear the convent bell,—the bell that calls the poor and hungry to be fed at the Convent door, and calls him, the servitor appointed for that task, to dispense the dole. Shall he go, or stay ? Slowly, sadly, but with unreverted face, he leaves his room ; and not till his whole work is done, not till the last feeble and querulous and thankless applicant has been served as often as he seems to need, not till then does he set his feet to return. But at last with slow feet and sinking heart he does return to his desolate room, and as those feet touch the threshold, lo ! again the gleam, the glory, the Vision ! And as he prostrates himself in adoring gratitude, this voice comes to him, "Because thou wentest, I stayed. Hadst thou stayed, I should have departed !"

But we must look more narrowly into our problem. For, whatever may have been true of other men, there is a certain paradox in the case of Rutherfurd. It is with him no mere collision between opposing duties. There was indeed no opposition in his case

between the work to which he was called externally, and his own inward impulses and desires. The contrast which at once strikes every one in the life of Rutherfurd was the index of a deeper contrast in his character. But that inward schism was strong and startling. It looks sometimes as if there were two men in him. One was the man whom all know in his letters,—ardent, aspiring, and unworldly, impatient of earth, intolerant of sin, rapt into the continual contemplation of one unseen Face, finding his history in its changing aspect and his happiness in its returning smile. The other man was the intellectual gladiator, the rejoicing and remorseless logician, the divider of words, the distinguisher of thoughts, the hater of doubt and ambiguity, the scorner of compromise and concession, the incessant and determined disputant, the passionate admirer of sequence and system and order, in small things as in great,—in the corner of the corner of an argument, as in the mighty world outside with its orbits of the Church and of the State.

Now this twofold activity separates Rutherfurd from a particular type of excellence, by no means uncommon in our age. We may all have known men in whom a tender, aspiring, and somewhat feminine nature was combined with a certain limitation on the intellectual side. The limitation may have been original and connate. Or it may, on the other hand, have been superinduced and cherished (as for example by a passion for orthodoxy in matters of science or orthodoxy in matters of religion), with a corresponding growth of fixed and hard lines in the

mind. Yet hard and strict as we may choose to think the mental environment of such men, the moral altitude to which they rise is often simply admirable. It seems sometimes almost as if they were constructed on the principle of the fountain,—the narrower the orifice, the higher the jet. I have said there is something feminine in such characters, and they certainly have in many cases a great attraction for the feminine nature and a great sympathy with it. Rutherfurd had both of these. Among the devout and honourable women of Scotland were his most intimate and most faithful friends; and when he sits down, as he sometimes does, to pour out his heart to a new correspondent whom he has never personally met, because they are both, as he puts it, "father's children," you are not surprised to discover that the new-found child is generally of the more appreciative sex, a sister of the one family rather than a brother. Of course in all such cases, and in this case eminently, the great attraction is the positive one, the moral height and purity of the man. But where such purity of heart is combined with fixed ideas and fast lines in the mind, the combination has an apparent strength which attracts and impresses the timid onlookers. Ordinarily, however, it does so by appealing to the reposeful and conservative instinct. But in Rutherfurd the case is not quite so. There is nothing reposeful about his intellect, and no atmosphere of conservatism about the man. His logic is active, his orthodoxy is aggressive, and his life is a kind of double whirlwind, the currents of its lower or intellectual region

circling incessantly according to their own laws, with a certain independence of all that agitates with storm or splendour the spiritual heights above. Now this fact, that Rutherfurd's logic is masculine and aggressive, rather than feminine and conservative, seems to me not only interesting but important. For if it deprives us of the power of comparing him with individual men around, it at once forces upon us a parallel with our country as a whole.

Scotland differs from many other countries, and in particular from England, in being more restless, more argumentative, and more controversial. And this is not simply because we are more self-willed, more determined to carry our point and have our own way. That also may be true. But there is a mental as well as moral reason for it. Scotsmen delight far more in the exercise of thinking for its own sake, and they do so when the thinking takes the form of abstract speculation as well as of practical discussion. It follows that, as a nation, we have a passion for the form as well as the matter of truth—sometimes, perhaps, rather for the form than for the matter. It follows, too, that there is a difference in the method and order of our mental procedure. In Scotland the mind acts upon its subject: in England the subject acts upon the mind. And the result is not always in our favour. In Scotland there is at all times more thinking; but perhaps in England there is, upon the whole, more thought. At all events the slow, helpless, instinctive way in which the English mind lies open to a subject or an idea, and lets it grow gradually into its just

proportions, produces in the long-run some riper and richer intellectual results than any which our more active manipulation has as yet to show. Now, these national characteristics existed in Scotland two centuries ago as they do now, and Rutherfurd was an eminent illustration of them. He was a born logician, and dealt far less with matter than with form. In his study he lived in a world of words; and the words to him represented ideas which constrained his conscience and his heart. Meantime the world of facts outside was changing very rapidly, and the changing facts did not fit into his unchanging form. But so much the worse for them, and for those whom they led astray.

And this leads us to Rutherfurd as a controversialist. As such he had some great excellencies. His acuteness, candour, courage, industry, learning, conscientiousness and magnanimity, no less than his love of country and fear of God, come out in every one of his volumes. But he had some great shortcomings, closely connected with that of which I have already spoken. I do not conceive myself qualified to deal with his properly theological discussions. But his continual attacks upon some probably very good men of the time, who were held to be "theoretical Antinomians," on the one hand, and on some on the other such as in my boyhood I have heard discriminatingly defended as "serious Arminians," all show one defect. It was a shortcoming of the age, and one in which our century has an enormous advantage. Rutherfurd, in dealing with opponents, never put himself in their place. He scarcely ever

tried to do it, and does not seem to have acknowledged it as a duty of controversy. But it is a duty, and it is at least an enormous advantage, in dealing with opponents, to seek to occupy their point of view; in particular, to occupy that point of view in which their conclusions commence to branch off from what we hold in common. To put one's-self in an opponent's place is the way, first, to get all the good from him that we can, and secondly, to do all the good to him that we can. It is of course not the logical way of dealing with him. But it is quite consistent with good logic; and it keeps before us certain considerations which mere logic is sure to omit. For example, all the necessary consequences of an opinion are deducible from it by logic. But all those consequences are not to be charged upon the man who holds the opinion, as if he held them also. Rutherfurd continually omits to notice this, and on one occasion when it is suggested that it is not charitable to impute to certain English writers the extravagances of American familists, he roundly answers that seeing these Englishmen openly held the same theoretically Antinomian doctrines, "they are to be charged with all those, till they clear themselves or refute those blasphemies." Another illustration of the same tendency is his treatment of the question of the fundamentals of religion. He is full of suggestive distinctions upon this; but he has no hesitation in including among matters of faith, "1. Fundamental points; 2. Superstructions builded upon fundamentals; 3. *Circa fundamentalia*, things about matters of Faith." Are wrong opinions as to

these last sins? His answer is, that "God hath in His word determined all controversies not fundamental, as well as fundamental;" and the not believing of what God hath revealed must be a sin and transgression of a divine law.[1] The extreme awkwardness of this only comes out when we remember Rutherfurd's views as to toleration and the Civil Magistrate. "There be divers opinions," he says, "which are not against points fundamental, which being professed are sins against our brother and the churches. *Ergo*, many opinions not against points fundamental, if professed, are censurable by the Church, and *punishable by the Magistrate*."[2] He instances the destruction of Sodom as a revealed truth, the denial of which in a Christian country would give the criminal prosecutor a right to interfere. Now all this has a bearing, to which we shall afterwards refer, on the critical events of Rutherfurd's time, and the want of success of our country in dealing with that time. But at present I adduce them as singular illustrations of that blind passion for logic which led him to ignore the different values of facts outside, and invariably to deal with opponents from his point of view rather than from theirs.

One remark, however, I must make, and it goes deeper than mere illustrations. It is a little hard to ask a man to put himself in the place of his opponents, who has no power of putting himself in the place even of his friends. And I am afraid this must be said of Rutherfurd. He is anything but a

[1] *Due Right of Presbyteries*, p. 364.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 363.

hard or unfeeling man: he is even a thoroughly unselfish man; but he is an unselfish egotist. That is to say, he does not put himself in the place of others. Even his sympathy with them is merely a pouring forth of his own feelings in accordance with what he assumes must be their state of mind. He does not inquire what that state of mind is, nor does he, as some men do, feel it by a certain instinct. He does not understand the people themselves. He does not even try to understand them. He does not make you understand them. Rutherfurd's Letters, had they come from the hands of some men, would have been a wonderful amphitheatre of the Scotsmen and Scotswomen around him in that very living time. As it is, it is a gallery of dummies. We do not know one of them, and it is doubtful whether he knew one of them.—Take a closer circle still. He was twice married; his mother lived with him for six years after his first wife's death; and his second wife is said by a competent witness to have been "a woman of such worth, that I never knew any among men exceed him, nor any among women exceed her." Yet of these three women that indefatigable pen reveals absolutely nothing. He had nine children, and his letters extend from three years after the birth of the eldest, to six years after the birth of the youngest. But we know more of the birds who built in the kirk of Anwoth, than of the bairns who played in the manse. Now all this reveals a real defect and a serious incapacity. In his family and in his parish, at least, it is plain that Rutherfurd did not give himself to understand those

around him. He was, no doubt, in his private life careful and exemplary. He was more—he was impressive. But that means that he impressed others. It does not mean that others impressed him. It is plain indeed that they did not, and that he did not greatly desire that they should, or feel any necessity that they should. He never *waited* for others to influence or to impress him. I am not prepared to say that he had not the humility necessary for that. But he had not the intellectual and moral patience for it, though he had the moral unselfishness. And so he poured himself forth on all around indiscriminately, giving but not receiving, teaching but not taught.

Now if that is a real defect even in a man's private life, it is a most serious disability when he comes to deal with public affairs. I do not believe in the right of any man to pronounce judgment on his time, or the movements of his time (and Rutherfurd is often very strong and peremptory in such judgments), except upon condition of his first understanding his time. And I do not see how any man is to understand his time, to know what it has and what it lacks, what the State craves at his hands, and what Israel ought to do, unless he first studies to understand his time—studies it, that is, with sympathy, with tolerance, and with insight—at least, with that respectful consideration for the views and wishes of men around him, with which he feels it right and natural that men around him should study him. We shall, I think, find that the want of this, to a large extent, explains the very partial success which a man with the high qualities of Rutherfurd had in

public affairs. But what I wish to remark at present is, that it goes far to explain the abiding inward schism—the permanent split and severance in the man himself—which struck us at the first. Many young men commence with such a disjunction in their life; with a keen interest in ideals and abstractions, but wholly unconnected with reality as it exists around them. But they are not left to that unreal state of things. Dealing with others, meeting with others, mixing with others, in family life, in friendly life, in public life, is God's ordinance for this. It is the bridge by which the gap was intended to be spanned. But no bridge is of use unless you cross it. Even a divine ordinance is worthless, so long as men do not bend heart and mind to its obedience. And as Rutherfurd intellectually dealt with form rather than with matter, so in practical life he persistently dealt with ideas rather than with men.

There is one indication of this too significant not to be noticed. I allude to the style of metaphor which at the present day interferes with the usefulness of all his popular writings. It is very strange that Rutherfurd, who early in his life had received a sharp lesson as to carelessness in this region, should be so uniformly and frankly incautious. No doubt others in his age (and it was a grave and manly age) used the like phrases. And in other times men like the great St. Bernard, in his sermons on the Song, have employed a similar vehicle for their thoughts, and used it with much greater elaboration. But Bernard, statesman and world-mover as he was, was after all a man of the cloister, and had the disabilities of his profession. Rutherfurd, as a man immersed

in ordinary life, should have had quicker instincts of common sense. But the truth is, Rutherfurd was not immersed in ordinary life. He was in the world but not of it in more senses than one. To say the whole thing in a word, no one can give Samuel Rutherfurd his place in a Succession stretching over all the centuries without recognising that he was in nature and temper a monk. He was a monk in a Scottish parish, and in a Scottish manse. He had all the unworldly purity and aspiration of the cloister; but he had also somewhat of its incapacity to discern that which is safe and seemly for those without the walls.

And surely this special point is but a small fragment of the great parallel which we are bound to recognise in this case with the cloister. We have nothing in Scotland equal to the conjunction found in Rutherfurd of intense scholasticism with intense devotion. It was St. Thomas and St. Francis under one hood. But still it was a conjunction, not a union. And during the long ages of the Latin Church precisely the same conjunction was found in many a solitary, who for lack of the fusing influences of life was never able to unite the two sides of his being. And so it was with Rutherfurd. We began with saying that there were two men in him. I have now to say that the two men—the two halves of the man—were never made into one effective whole. To the very last the scholasticism and the devotion, however closely intermixed, are never fused together; in Bacon's phrase, they are iron and clay—"they cleave, but they do not incorporate."

All this, I think, was necessary to be said. But history, and the evangelical succession which flows through history, are more interested in the other side, and, of course, in the first place, in the *Letters*. A book which even in our own century has been edited by men so representative as Thomas Erskine of Linlathen and Dr. Andrew Bonar does not need analysis or reproduction. But it is singular to what an extent its power has been acknowledged by men not all of the same school. The "Remains" or table-talk of Richard Cecil, the English divine of a previous generation, are a little forgotten now, but in masculine strength and hard-headedness they are rather above than below the taste of the present age. Yet as to Rutherfurd's Letters he breaks out in one place, "It is one of my classics. Were truth the beam, I have no doubt that if Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, and all that the world has agreed to idolise, were weighed against that book, they would be lighter than vanity. He is a real original." Take a greater man still, Richard Baxter, Rutherfurd's contemporary and opponent. He once said to Principal Carstairs, "Hold off the Bible, such a book as Mr. Rutherfurd's Letters the world never saw the like."[1] All I shall say of them at this point is, that they represent his whole life. There is a great gush from Aberdeen in the year 1637; but sixty-five previous, and eighty which follow that date, cover the thirty-four years between his ordination and death. And they are all like each other, and all like him.

[1] "Which," our honest Principal added, "was a great token and evidence to me of Mr. Baxter's true piety."

Our next step therefore is from his letters to his sermons. Rutherfurd was one of the most famous men of the pulpit in his day: "one of the most moving and affectionate preachers in his time, or perhaps in any age of the Church." And his sermons were as incessant as his letters. When a professor no less than when a pastor, in London and St. Andrews as well as in his own parish by the Solway, throughout his life indeed, with the one exception of the time when he was a banished minister in Aberdeen, he was "always preaching." Take of the two sermon volumes he published that which is less known, the book on "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself." On almost the first page which I open I find this sentence:—

"Would sinners but draw near [to Christ], and come and see this king Solomon in his chariot of love, and behold his beauty, the uncreated white and red in his countenance, he would draw souls to him. There is omnipotency of love in his countenance; all that is said of him here are but created shadows: ah! words are short to express his nature, person, office, loveliness, desirableness. What a broad and beautiful face must he have, who with one smile and one turning of his countenance looks upon all in heaven and all in the earth, and casts a heaven of burning love, east and west, south and north, through heaven and earth, and fills them all!"

That is the exact note which we all remember as most frequent in the Letters, but indeed everything that is characteristic of them is to be found in some part of this one volume of London Sermons. I

cannot forbear instancing another passage, a prose monody, which recalls the music of a well-known poem by the present laureate :—

"If it be so, that death finding so precious a surety, as Christ's princely and sinless soul, did make him obey the law of the land, ere he escaped out of that land : what wonder that we die, who are born in the land of death ? All things under the moon must be sick of vanity and death, when the heir of all things, coming in amongst dying creatures, out of dispensation, by law must die. If the Lord's soul, and the soul of such a Lord die and suffer wrath, then let the fair face of the world, the heavens, look like the face of an old man full of trembling, white hairs, and wrinkles—then let man make for his long home, let time itself wax old and grey-haired. Why should I desire to stay here, when Christ could not but pass away !—And if this spotless soul that never sinned was troubled, what wonder then many troubles be to the sinner ? Our Saviour, who promiseth soul-rest to others, cannot have soul-rest himself ; his soul is now on a wheel sore tossed. And all the creatures are upon a wheel, and in motion ; there is not a creature since Adam sinned, sleepeth sound. Weariness and motion is laid on moon and sun, and all creatures on this side of the moon.[1]

[1] Mr. Tennyson, on the other hand, complains that

"While all things else have rest from weariness,
We only toil."

But this is in the person of a lotus-eater, whose sympathy with the bondage of the creation was perhaps less penetrating than that of Rutherfurd or Paul.

Seas ebb and flow, and that's trouble; winds blow, rivers move, heavens and stars these five thousand years, except one time, have not had six minutes' rest; living creatures walk apace toward death; kingdoms, cities, are on the wheel of changes, up and down; mankind run, and the disease of body-trouble and soul-trouble is on them, they are motion-sick, going on their feet, and kings cannot have beds to rest in. The great All of heaven and earth, since God laid the first stone of this wide hall, hath been groaning and weeping for the liberty of the sons of God. The figure of the passing-away world is like an old man's face, full of wrinkles, and foul with weeping: we are waiting till Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, and shall come and wipe the old man's face. Every creature here is on its feet, none of them can sit or lie. But Christ's soul now is above trouble, and rests sweetly in the bosom of God. Troubled souls, rejoice in hope."[1]

Forty years before Samuel Rutherfurd preached these words in St. Andrew's kirk in London, he fell into a well when playing with other children in their native parish of Nisbet. They ran away for assistance, and on their return they found the boy sitting on a green knoll, unhurt but dripping, and to their question how he had got out he answered, "A bonnie white man came and drew him out of the well!" It was no doubt some fair-haired shepherd of Teviotdale who passed that way; but those who heard and read his preaching in after days loved to think that the bonnie white man was a stranger from the fair country, in that garb which is "candor here and

[1] *Christ Dying*, p. 13.

lustre there,"[1] sent not only to draw the young Rutherfurd out of the pit, but to put a new song in his mouth, or at least to touch the child's lips with the wild honey of the unknown land which was yet afar off.[2] For through thirty years of preaching in later days, a fragrance of heaven clung to his lips. All the accounts agree in this, and agree, too, as to the centre of that constant attraction. "I went to St. Andrews," said an English merchant in the Protectorate, "and there heard a little fair man; and he showed me the loveliness of Christ." An old Morayshire minister who survived the Revolution, looking back over his lifetime, said, "I have known many great and good ministers in this church, but for such a piece of clay as Mr. Rutherfurd was, I never knew one in Scotland like him, to whom so many great gifts were given." How did that piece of clay strike contemporaries? Other observers give us (in Wodrow's *Analecta*) what amounts to a description of him. It is a pen-sketch which is invaluable, for no portrait of Rutherfurd has come down to us. "He had two quick eyes, and when he walked it was observed that he held aye his face upward and heavenward." "He had a strange utterance in the pulpit, a kind of *skreigh* that I never heard the like." "Many a time I thought he would have flown out of the pulpit when he came to speak of Jesus Christ." We can still see him—the little fair man, with the falsetto in his voice, and the quick heavenward eyes —heavenward, even when he is pelting Mr. Baxter

[1] Herrick's "White Island."

[2] So the legends of other child-poets—especially of Horace, also an *animosus infans*—"two quick eyes."

or pounding Dr. Crisp, but when he leaves them and all things else to speak of his Master within that shining veil, it seems now as if he would himself follow those upward eyes—the whole man is on tiptoe for the sky!

Here then we have the Rutherfurd of the letters almost bodily in his sermons. But that is not the only thing that is there. The other Rutherfurd is in the sermons too. When he stepped into his pulpit in Anwoth or St. Andrews, his congregation knew they were to get from him all that was in him. And his sermons contain,—almost every one of his lectures at least contains,—not Rutherfurd the poet and evangelist alone, but Rutherfurd the theologian and systematic, the casuist and *ductor dubitantium*, the debater and controversialist, the churchman and preacher to the times. And all this a congregation in those days expected and demanded. These were all subjects in which they took a deep interest, and they insisted upon their being discussed, and discussed in the pulpit. Whatever may be the improved rule of the days to come, it was never the custom of Scotland in the time gone by (as it has become to a large extent in England, and still more in Germany) to feed grown men on Sundays with spoon-meat or with slops. "They gave the people of their best;" they fed them with meat as well as milk, not on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday alone, in books and magazines, in news-rooms and in lecture-rooms, but on the day which God had made, and in that house of God which, whatever else it is, was built to be the pillar and ground of the truth. I do not

say that they always did this wisely. I do not say at present that they did it successfully. I do not even say that they did it upon a right method; that the outward and inward, the life of religion and the science of religion were always joined together in those days on any true internal principle of connection. But they were joined. They were connected. They were continually connected, in every book and in every sermon. Heart and head were united even in the popular and pulpit theology of our fathers, more heart and more head too than we in modern days count ourselves worthy to receive. The theological and controversial digressions which fill half the sermons of the age, may not have been necessary in that form. But in some form they were necessary, for they represented the working of the purest minds of that time upon the subjects which most attract the human soul at all times. To the uneducated man in modern days, Arminianism and Antinomianism are mere big-words which he finds himself rather tempted to look down upon. But to the student of history, they stand for permanent tendencies in the nature of man, tendencies which it is no more possible for the human being to escape than it is for the inhabitant of the tropics to escape from the regions south and north of the equator. Whether the theological equator runs exactly where our seventeenth century put it, or whether it was such a fixed line at all as was then supposed, may be questioned. But the intellectual excursions, the controversial raids which were made on both sides, largely fulfilled the purpose in that day of a mental

discipline. They carried out into detail that masculine conception of religion which was never wanting even to the most emotional of the Puritans, but which Rutherfurd especially might have been tempted to forget. He never forgot it; and nothing is clearer than that his remembrance was due, not to his own intellectual tendencies alone, but to his sense also of the permanent spiritual needs of himself and his people. I have said earlier in this lecture that he had no great power of putting himself in the mental position of others. It is the more necessary to observe that that did not prevent him from feeling their great common needs and sympathising with their great common sorrows. "When one arm is broken off and bleeds, it makes the other bleed with it," were the words with which he called for a pen to write to David Dickson on the death of a child. He had the pastor's eye for those that were in trouble, and the priest's heart for all that were out of the way. "He was extremely and almost excessively charitable" to the poor, and he used to say that it had never been better with him than when in Anwoth he sat on the mortar-stone at his own door speaking about their souls to the beggars who gathered around. Rutherfurd, as a pastor, lived for others, not for himself, and (to return to the point in hand) the long discussions which he introduced into his sermons were not only intended to meet the needs of his people, but were largely successful in meeting them. The form of those discussions may have been too scholastic and systematic, but scattered through them all there is very much

not only of stimulus for the mind, but of nourishment for the heart and guidance for the life.

From all this I think it follows that the contrast which now strikes us as existing between Rutherfurd in his letters and Rutherfurd in his books was not nearly so visible to men of his own time. It was bridged over by the Rutherfurd of the sermons. But it is high time to say also, that the conjunction of the two things—of the two sides—in this one life is largely accounted for by the necessities of the times. Rutherfurd, as we saw, lived a quiet life in his own parish until the questions which afterwards rent the State in pieces invaded his retirement. The most peace-loving parish minister may consent to take an interest in public affairs when these threaten to banish him, as they did some ministers whom we remember, from their manses and their work. But Rutherfurd did not need such a personal stimulus. He was at no time a man of "a private spirit;" and henceforth there was no repose for him, because there was none for his Church. Charles and Laud, the royal supremacy and a more than English liturgy, came all down upon us together: what was Scotland to do? Some Scotsmen knew what to do. There were fools and fribbles in plenty, but there were also men who could do and dare and suffer, and take burden for others. But the burden grew heavier and more complicated. It was a simple thing for the Church to become free, and to refuse to be governed by civil proclamation or by statute. But what if it wished to be free, and at the same time to coerce others by civil statute and proclamation? How were

those whom the bishops had oppressed as sectaries in Galloway to subjugate the sectaries of Aberdeen? The Scottish Covenant was a noble confession, but the imposition of it on all holders of office was very like a forcing of conscience. And all this difficulty became aggravated fourfold when England came in. Even to have a common sovereign was no easy problem for two nations, one of whom held it its duty to defend, and the other to decapitate him. But the church problem was more complicated still. Both peoples belonged to the catholic visible church, in which Rutherfurd earnestly believed, and they were bound to profess the Reformed faith together. The church in both lands ought to stand on one platform: and they set about constructing it. But some men refused to stand on that platform, and insisted on their Christian right to stand separately. Was this to be tolerated? Of course it broke up the whole fair fabric of uniformity. And that fabric to Rutherfurd seemed very fair. He went to England with a glowing sense of the unity of the Christian Church on the one hand, and with all his Scottish ideas of national oneness on the other; and now he who would have been content to be "a common rough barrow-man in Anwoth," seemed called upon to build the very temple of the Lord. His imagination caught flame: year after year he gave himself and every faculty to that magnificent undertaking; and in volume after volume we may trace the eager anticipation that breaks forth in the motto to his "Due Right of Presbyteries:" "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon,

clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners!"

And he failed. For once in our history, Scotland had an opportunity of establishing its own polity and its own ideas on the other side of the border, and it failed. We did our best; or, at least, we did our utmost: and did not succeed. In vain did Rutherfurd point out that "in God's matters there be not, as in grammar, the positive and comparative degrees: there are not here, truth, and more true, and most true. Truth is in an indivisible line, which hath no latitude, and cannot admit of splitting."[1] Englishmen listened, and did not exactly contradict. But they found that truth, as it was seized hold of by their own minds, *was* a good deal split up, and many of them were disposed to keep fast hold each of that particular strand which God had put into his grasp, and to let their neighbours do the like. Much was accomplished in the way of union, no doubt. We got a Confession and a Catechism. But the authoritative erection of the Presbyterian polity, with Assemblies to govern it, was too much for England, joined to us though it was, not only in a "civil league," but also in a "religious covenant." And soon that noble League and Covenant, binding together the stronger and weaker nations, became a danger for Presbyterianism in Scotland. "What a fearful judgment of God is this upon us," says honest Baillie, "that, we thought, should have bound the nations unseparably, is like to be the first separation of them." We crowned our young king at Scone,

[1] Dedication of *Due Right of Presbyteries*.

with the Covenant in one hand, and in the other his claim to the crown which his father had just laid down with his life at Whitehall. England and its Lord General were forced in self-defence to attack us, and field after field "with blood of Scots embrued," were but the beginning of our discomfiture. Cromwell, indeed, having given us hard blows, followed them up with soft and rather incoherent words. We were not incoherent, even in defeat. We demonstrated in the clearest and most logical way that we were right, and that our platform was the only true, orderly, sensible, and scriptural way of managing a church and a nation. The Lord General did not always answer, and when he did he was often barely grammatical: only sometimes there was a pathetic outburst that came near to the heart of the matter. "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken!" We sincerely thought otherwise; and the Commonwealth, recognising the painful honesty which afflicted us, took the mildest measures that were possible. But they were effectual measures. It shut up our Assembly and Parliament. It suspended our national independence. Not only had we failed in what we attempted in England, we now lost also that which we had possessed in Scotland. And Rutherfurd accepted it as absolute failure. "The Lord," he says in one of his latest letters, "hath removed Scotland's crown, for we owned not His crown. We fretted at His catholic government of the world, and fretted that He would not be ruled and led by us in breaking our adversaries, and He maketh us to suffer

and pine away in our iniquities, under the broken government of His house." And yet that time was prosperity compared with what followed. Rutherfurd, like many religious men who have no gift of understanding their age, was apt to speak peremptorily and even prophetically about it; and he made many bad shots in consequence.[1] But it needed, as he himself said when he lay down to die, no gift of prophecy to see that dark days were then coming. They came, and they deepened into the "killing time;" and it was all the result, direct or indirect, of our failure in the days of the Commonwealth. England then needed our considerate sympathy, if ever a nation did, and we did not give it. And we needed the support and strength of England, though we knew it not. So the time passed, unredeemed, and when the Restoration came, it was our act as truly as the act of our southern neighbours, and the results fell most heavily on us.

Now, one of the collateral questions suggested by our subject is this. Assuming that all this public action in Rutherfurd's time, and, in particular, on the part of Rutherfurd himself, resulted in failure, was it a necessary failure? Was it a mere misfortune and fatality? Or was it a grave blunder and mistake, such as a later age, an age which is yet to come,

[1] In the dedication to his sermons published in 1645, he describes the temper of the age he lived in as "the declining temper of the world's worst time." It was the time which those who seek to occupy his exact standpoint have always looked back to as not only the one golden age of the Church of Scotland, but as the only time when the world around it seemed prepared to join its triumph.

might avoid? Carlyle gives a certain answer to this question, from the English side, and from the point of view of a biographer. "With Oliver Cromwell born a Scotsman, with a Hero King and a unanimous Hero Nation at his back, it might have been far otherwise" than it was. "With Oliver born Scotch, one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan," and Puritanism he has defined on the previous page, somewhat too favourably, as "the attempt to bring the divine law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on the earth." We may admit that Cromwell made a mistake in not being born a Scotsman, as we certainly made an immense mistake in not ardently adopting him into the family. But let us leave persons, and consider how we might have dealt with principles. I cannot help thinking that if Scotland and England in that age had simply broken the yoke of arbitrary power in Church and State, and got rid of the Royal supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, and of Prelacy as founded upon it, there was no insuperable obstacle thereafter. The difficulty was that we had to acknowledge the rights of minorities and of individuals, who were, as we thought, in the wrong, or who had not yet attained to be in the right. That difficulty, so far as regarded the great question between Independents and Presbyterians, might, I think, have been overcome, if not in the way in which it was actually smoothed over in England by Cromwell, by some similar plan of mutual forbearance. But it could not be done without abandoning that testimony against toleration in which not Rutherfurd

only, but the whole Scots Commissioners joined. It could scarcely be done without abandoning, even in Scotland, the right, dear to both sides, of forcing people in a parish to attend their parish church, and of treating Quakers and Separatists as enemies to the civil law. More than that. It could not, I think, be done, or at least it could not be carried out as a real and permanent experiment, without a change in the whole attitude of mind of the men of that day—certainly in the whole attitude of Rutherfurd's mind—to the doctrinal system, as well as the ecclesiastical. It was not necessary that they should give up their own belief either in the one system or the other, or even that they should cease to hold them up as the models to which men must ultimately come. But what were they to do with those who in the meantime did not attain to them? Rutherfurd's answer generally was, "You must believe in them, for they are God's truth." But sometimes, when in a conciliatory mood, his answer seems to be, "You must believe in them, or reject them, and refute them; and here am I and a hundred others ready to discuss them with you from morn till night." And he was by no means prepared for the answer, which was in the hearts of many and on the lips of some, "No, we will do neither the one nor the other. We will not accept your system. And we will not reject it. We will not even consider it. We have our own religious questions which interest us, and we must attack them under God's leading and in our own way." There were many "Seekers" in London and in

England in those days, besides the sect known by that name, and our Scots Commissioners did not err much when they accused the whole people whom they met of being tainted with the same insubordinate spirit. Where they did err was in not seeing first that such objectors were standing on their right—their absolute and God-given right; and, secondly, that the prevalence of such a spirit, if it brought its own dangers along with it, was also a sign of infinite hope. Rutherfurd, of course, would not see the hope: he saw only the dangers to his system. He and his friends pressed their views upon the English people with the same pertinacity and almost the same authority with which they would have ignored the rights of a younger generation of their own countrymen (for every new generation comes fresh into the world, and a Scotsman is born as ignorant as John Milton). With all my belief in Presbyterianism,—nay, because of my belief in Presbyterianism as the inevitable future of the self-governing English race and of the Church universal,—I sympathise with the whole of the indignant remonstrance:—

> "Dare you for this adjure the civil sword
> To force our consciences which Christ set free,
> And ride us with a classic hierarchy
> Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?"

And so Rutherfurd rhymes for ever to the "civil sword," and his failure in that crowning public aim is recorded in literature as in history. In other things—even in other public things, and in the great Scottish duty of his time—he did not fail. But

even on our side of the border, as in the continued and repeated breach with the Resolutioners, the same temper reappears which we have seen in his dealings with England and the Independents,—followed here also by unfortunate results. And in both cases the failure is clearly connected with something which we have sought to trace in the man. We must ask therefore with regard to the man, as we have done with regard to the enterprise in which he was engaged, Was failure necessary? Once when he was preaching, and had suddenly left the dissensions of the time to speak of the scent of the fair "Rose of Sharon," the Laird of Glanderston was heard to say in a loud whisper, "Ay, now you are right—hold you there!" And undoubtedly that loud whisper has been the verdict of posterity. It is perhaps substantially true, but it must be taken with a certain modification of meaning. If any one thinks that Samuel Rutherfurd should have confined himself to that side of his nature, or that side of his preaching, the answer is that it was impossible—impossible and undesirable. His public duties and relations to others, his position as a minister and a Scotsman, nay, as an educated man and a thinker, made it impossible. He could not do it without ignoring the whole world of duty on the one hand, and the whole world of truth on the other. But if what is meant is, that this was the highest and the central thing in Rutherfurd, it is most true, and it instantly raises another question. It is the business of that which is highest to rule, not to reign merely, but to govern—why did it not seem to do so

here? All Rutherfurd's energy in other directions only amounts to talent, while in his letters he is a religious genius. But genius is a plastic and a vital power; its prerogative, and therefore I think its duty, is to unify that which is broken, and to quicken that which is dead. Was it not possible for Rutherfurd, first as a theologian and then as an ecclesiastic, to have worked out from his own centre—from that glowing apprehension of Christ and the presence of Christ which filled him? Was it not the business of that central fire to fuse the cold masses around it, that so they might all flow into their native mould and assume their appropriate form?

It might have been, perhaps: and to some extent it ought to have been: but it was not even attempted. That internal connection was not the manner of the age. Had it been attempted we might have lost something, and also gained. Rutherfurd's words might no doubt have thus been pruned, and his soaring "thoughts condensed within his soul and changed to purpose strong." And that theological purpose would have left him no time for one-half of his work in controversial detail. But on the other hand his life would not make some men in modern days feel as if they were handed a harsh and astringent cup, with a lump of sugar at the bottom. And above all, it would not have presented that aspect in his own time. That would have made room for a diffused and pervasive charity to Royalists, brotherhood with Independents, reconciliation with Resolutioners. Had that astonishingly discursive intellect been only concentrated, so as to unfold that which

was in Rutherfurd's own heart—nay, to unfold Him who was in it in the form in which He was there, I believe the result might have been memorable;—though doubtless after all it might have failed to reconcile that distracted time.

Ah! we find it so easy to be wiser than our fathers were. You see we have this great advantage over them: we can vary and amend the questions which are to be answered, whereas they had to answer them as they were put by Providence, and as they were bequeathed to them by their fathers. I have suggested that the question of principle even with regard to that crowning of the edifice which our fathers looked for in England, was not quite incapable of solution. But practically, as all those external questions came up to be dealt with by them, it was about the most hopeless business that ever heroic men broke their hearts upon. You know Carlyle's way of putting it: "Given a Divine law of the Bible on the one hand, and a Stuart King, Charles First *or* Charles Second, on the other; alas, did history ever present a more irreducible case of equations in this world?" But the personal difficulty was the smallest part of it. With any English monarch, with any British legislature, the question would have been equally hopeless to men encompassed with the hard traditions of feudalism and ecclesiasticism by which our fathers were bound. And no one, I think, who looks in detail into that history can doubt the unselfishness and magnanimity with which, amid the cruel necessities of the time, they gave themselves to their work, ever

laying the heavier burdens inward and outward upon themselves, and seeking to be foremost only in suffering for the public weal. But if we have any difficulty about the estimate, there is an easy way to test it. *We* have got out of all those strict and strait necessities, we have no rigid barriers imposed upon us from the present or the past, we are enlightened and free—what use do we make of our advantages? Yes, freedom is a great virtue, but "you of the virtue, how strive you?" Ah! it is not for us in our languorous time, when every door opens at a touch, and every barrier falls with a push, it is not for us, so backward to act and so slow to suffer, to speak with easy lips of the failure of those of old!

But did they fail after all? Rutherfurd thought he did, and said so. But men are sometimes not the best judges of that which themselves have done, not even at the close of life. God does not always pay wages on the Saturday night; and he never pays in the precise coin which we have taught ourselves to expect. It is strange to see how many of the men who have done the greatest things in this world were brought to the verge of some good land, and perhaps saw it with their eyes, but were not allowed to go over. Luther's life ended when his Germany was broken and miserable, and we can understand how even that strong soul was heard to say long before, "The world seems to me like a decayed house, David and the prophets being the spars, and Christ the main pillar in the midst that supports all." And again, "Ah! how

willingly would I now die, for I am faint and overwrought, and at this time I have a joyful and peaceable conscience." Scotland was never in a more torn and distracted state than when John Knox lay down to die, calling upon "his dear brethren" to pray with him "that God in his mercy will please to put an end to my long and painful battle" . . . "for as the world is weary of me, so am I of it." So it was with the last days of Henderson, and of Rutherfurd, as well as of thousands of our unknown countrymen whose record is on high. All these Scotchmen, though they obtained a good report through faith, received *not* the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect! But they planted the strong roots of our liberties, and we at the best can but reap the harvest of a field which other men have tilled and sown. Those who come after us to the latest age will gather the fruit not of the prayers only, but of the efforts, of men who two hundred years ago passed away with unsatisfied eyes from their broken work, the hot heart stilled after the storms of life, and the seal of death upon the faithful brow.

But Rutherfurd at least did not pass away with unsatisfied eyes. The seal set upon his closing life shines before us all, and no man can read failure there. He does not fail, who, when earthly things are breaking and crumbling around him, finds himself suddenly in the centre and heart of all, and sees the face which his whole life has sought to see. For this after all was what that life had sought.

Not earthly peace, not success or honour, not the prosperity even of his church, not wisdom even divine, was what he had desired. He sought above all things to see one Face which is yet unseen. And because he desired this one thing, and sought it, with no consciousness of desert, yet in painful paths of uprightness, the vision was not denied to him which other eyes have missed. How often from many a dull house in Scotland and many a decorous manse has gone up the cry, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet—thou never gavest me a kid!" But this man, who thought much of Christ and little of others and less of himself, and who often transgressed even that eleventh commandment of love[1] in passionate striving after an unwise ideal—this man had the ring put upon his hand and shoes upon his feet, and was feasted in Christ's palace of Aberdeen! So it had been even of old, and now when he had nothing left to desire but that which he had always desired, his Desire came to him unsought. I do not quote those last words which have passed in our time into Christian song. And I abstain now, as before, from citing the letters in which his latest aspirations are so often anticipated. But I take instead a passage from the volume of sermons which we did not formerly quote, his *Trial and Triumph of Faith*, or rather from its Dedication:—

[1] The tradition is well known, of Archbishop Usher appearing *incognito* at the "mortar stone" of the Anwoth Manse, and when the guest was asked by Rutherfurd at the nightly catechising how many commandments there were, he answered, "Eleven!"

"There is not a rose out of heaven, but there is a blot and thorn growing out of it, except that one only rose of Sharon, which blossometh out glory. Every leaf of that rose is a heaven, and serveth 'for the healing of the nations;' every white and red in it, is incomparable glory; every act of breathing out its smell, from everlasting to everlasting, is spotless and unmixed happiness. Christ is the outset, the master-flower, the uncreated garland of heaven, the love and joy of men and angels. But the fountain-love, the fountain-delight, the fountain-joy of men and angels is more; for out of it floweth all the seas, springs, rivers, and floods of love, delight, and joy. Christ cannot tire or weary from eternity to be Christ; and so, he must not, he cannot but be an infinite and eternal flowing sea, to diffuse and let out streams and floods of boundless grace. Say that the rose were eternal; the sweet smell, the loveliness of greenness and colour must be eternal. Oh, what a happiness, for a soul to lose its excellency in His transcendent glory! What a blessedness for the creature, to cast in his little all, in Christ's matchless all-sufficiency! Could all the streams retire into the fountain and first spring, they should be kept in a more sweet and firm possession of their being, in the bosom of their first cause, than in their borrowed channels that they now move in. Our neighbourhood, and retiring in, to dwell for ever and ever in the fountain-blessedness, Jesus Christ, with our borrowed goodness, is the firm and solid fruition of our eternal happy being. Christ is the sphere, the connatural first spring and element of borrowed drops

and small pieces of created grace. The rose is surest in being, in beauty, on its own stalk and root: let life and sap be eternally in the stalk and root, and the rose keep its first union with the root, and it shall never wither, never cast its blossom nor greenness of beauty. It is violence for a gracious soul to be out of his stalk and root; union here is life and happiness; therefore the Church's last prayer in canonic Scripture is for union, 'Amen: Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' It shall not be well till the Father and Christ the prime heir, and all the weeping children, be under one roof in the palace royal. It is a sort of mystical lameness, that the head wanteth an arm or a finger; and it is a violent and forced condition, for arm and finger to be separated from the head. The saints are little pieces of mystical Christ, sick of love for union. The wife of youth, that wants her husband some years, and expects he shall return to her from over-sea lands, is often on the shore; every ship coming near shore is her new joy; her heart loves the wind that shall bring him home. She asks at every passenger news: 'Oh! saw ye my husband? What is he doing? When shall he come? Is he shipped for a return?' Every ship that carrieth not her husband, is the breaking of her heart. The bride, the Lamb's wife, blesseth the feet of the messengers that preach such tidings, 'Rejoice, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments, thy King is coming.' Yea, she loveth that quarter of the sky, that being rent asunder and cloven, shall yield to her Husband, when he shall

put through his glorious hand, and shall come riding on the rainbow and clouds to receive her to himself."

After all, Rutherfurd's life and death speak with one voice, and the central and characteristic thing in him is also the highest. Essentially, his life is not a theory of Christ. It is not even a picture of Christ. It is a mere window—a window which enabled him not so much to show that Face to other men as before all things and above all things to gaze upon it himself. Men have complained that the window is colourless. It is enough for a window that it be transparent, provided only that there be a living face outside which gives itself to be seen. The window does not make the Face, and the Face is all that the gazer desires.[1] It is indeed this merely transparent and passionate intuition which gives Rutherfurd his place in the Evangelical Succesion of the world, and will continue to do so, so long as men believe that Christ is not dead who died for men. This is that in Rutherfurd which is for all time. Other things more for his time, and perhaps

[1] May I venture to quote a few sentences from an old book which Dr. John Duncan taught me to love :—

"There is a certain peculiar strain, or (if I may so call it) heroic temperament of love, which, wherever it is found, makes it belong, as unalienable, unto God. The very nobleness of it entitles him to it . . . Other passions, like other rivers, are most liked when they calmly flow within their wonted banks ; but of Seraphic Love, as of Nilus, the very inundations might be desirable, and his overflowings make him the more welcome . . . Seraphic love (whose passionateness is its best complexion) has then most approached its noblest measure, when it can least be measured. For he alone loves God as much as he ought, that, loving him as much as he can, strives to repair the deplored imperfection of that love, with an extreme regret to find his love no greater."—*Seraphic Love :* a Letter by the Hon. Robert Boyle.

for ours, have led us, as they led him, too far afield, and from all of these we, like him, now come back to that memorable close. We come back to learn how, during a lifelong communion with the unseen,

> "That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose,
> Becomes my universe that feels and knows!"

"Life," says the same great modern poet, "is just our chance of the prize of finding love," and Rutherfurd's native country needs not less but a great deal more of this general doctrine. But within that generality there is one particular suggestion with which we may close. The name in this Succession with which I have been inappropriately intrusted seems to me fitted to remind the world at large, and especially our utilitarian Scotland, that the love of God is the crown and goal of all things, and that religion is not a means only but an end. True, it is also the greatest of all means. "No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic." Yet amid all our lifting of levers and turning of wheels, let us remember that religion is not mere motive power, nor is it a matter of police inward or outward. It is not mere machinery of salvation or mere means even of holiness; religion is its own end, and love exists for love. And love is better than consistency, better than good sense, better than good taste, better than moderation, better even than wisdom. All these are noble gifts. They are all the gifts of love. But love is better than all the gifts of love.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

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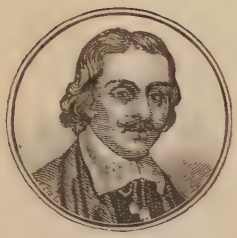

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

THE "Evangelical Succession," as I understand it, denotes a chain of spiritual magnates, kings of men, higher by head and shoulders than their fellows, who have appeared from age to age since the beginning of the Christian era, and have given a new impulse to Christian thought, a new direction to Christian activity, or a new warmth to Christian devotion.

Ever and anon, as the ages roll past, comes forth one of these royal figures, himself an incarnation of the Gospel, arresting attention by his holy gifts and force of character, and devoting all that he is and has to the building up of the kingdom of God. It is not that he has espoused the evangelical creed as one might espouse a theory in science, or a doctrine in politics; it is rather the creed that has seized hold of him; or, to speak more correctly, that great Being whose grace the creed embodies and proclaims. His creed is not an adjunct, separable from him by any sharp process of division; it is part of his very being, the vital substance of his soul. However different the members of this great succession may have been in nationality, in education,

in church connection, in social surroundings, in individual gifts and qualities, they have been alike in the most vital experiences of their souls. Starting with the publican in his prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner,"—at the close of their career they all join the white-robed company, and give glory and honour and power to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb. Perhaps another point of resemblance might be hinted: while they lived, their fellows seldom knew their worth, but after they were gone, a halo gathered round their memory, and some who had spitefully used them hastened to build their tombs.

How is this "Evangelical Succession" to be accounted for? How comes it that so many kingly men have been apprehended in this way by the doctrines of Divine grace, and that their lives have been so remarkably moulded by them? It is not what we should have naturally expected. That so many of the most noble members of our race should have identified themselves with a creed that humbles man to the dust, depreciates all his natural attempts to please God, and throws him empty and helpless on the mercy of a Saviour, is the very opposite of what naturally we should have been disposed to look for. To gender an attitude of soul so little in accord with the natural temper of strong high-minded men demands some remarkable agency outside themselves. If there be no such spiritual agency apprehending the souls of men; if all spiritual life is a mere natural evolution of elements that are there from the beginning, then

some of the greatest of our race have fallen into an error as unaccountable as it has been ruinous. If it be not true that we are supernaturally saved by Christ and sanctified by the Spirit, the "Evangelical Succession" have, one and all, been dupes and fools. Gifted with clearer vision than other men, they have plunged into deeper darkness. Higher in moral purpose, in the loftiness of their character and aims, they have been the subjects of a more profound delusion. Born leaders of the world, they have proved blind leaders of the blind, and both have fallen into the ditch.

Does it not give a better explanation of the phenomenon to hold that these kingly men are products of a Divine plan,—a plan that, however to us it may seem stationary, is always advancing by slow but steady stages towards its final consummation? Would it not seem that, from the first, God designed to plant along the ages a great series of witnesses to those sublime truths which the world needs most to know, but which it is slowest to learn?—that as of old, in times of threatened invasion, lights were kindled along a great chain of heights in our country, till at last the alarum reached the remotest parish, so, along the ages, a series of mighty men have been raised to commanding positions, that they might hand on, as it were, to future generations, those sublime truths that concern most the welfare of men and the glory of God? The agreement of the "Evangelical Succession" in their views of Divine grace, and in their attitude towards it, is certainly not to be accounted for by any process of evolution from

within,—it has come to pass because the men have been specially taught of God. It is a law of science that the coincidence of a great number of adaptations proves design. An isolated adaptation might have no such origin, but the coincidence of many is a conclusive proof of plan and purpose. The appearance of one great evangelical champion might go for little. But when a remarkable succession appears,—in Apostolical times, in mediæval times, in Reformation times, and in modern times,—each displaying a banner with substantially the same inscription, all summoning the attention of men to the same great method of grace and redemption, the same great work done on Calvary, the same great foundation of everlasting peace and blessing, that is surely an indication of the finger of God, who never leaves Himself without a witness, controlling the tides of history as really as the movements of the spheres.

The reality of the Divine influence in the case of the "Evangelical Succession" becomes more apparent when we observe that many of the men were drawn, by some invisible power, out of the course of life and teaching which would otherwise have seemed to be natural to them. No man seemed more bound to Judaism than Paul. One would have thought that for a polished, intellectual nature like Augustine's, the realms of philosophy and literature would always have been the congenial home; but after long tossing about, and much earnest inquiry after truth, he consecrates himself to Christ, and becomes an apostle and champion of grace. Luther and

Knox had been reared in the Church of Rome, and before they could even understand their life-work, the mighty spell had to be broken which naturally bound them to the papacy. Science was the natural delight of Chalmers; and even after he was engaged in the Christian ministry, the objects of that ministry appeared to him to be trivial and easy; it was a power from heaven that broke in on his slumber, and revealed to him those "magnitudes" which swayed his life thereafter,—"the littleness of time and the vastness of eternity." In the case of Leighton there was likewise an interference, though of another kind, with what might have seemed the natural course of his life. There were many strong champions of evangelical truth in Scotland in his time. The whole national movement in favour of the covenants undoubtedly rested on that basis. But Leighton did not feel at home with these men. There was something in their tone and ways of work that repelled him. He allowed himself in public life to fall into the hands of a set of men who were the bitter enemies of evangelical religion. But notwithstanding these disturbing forces, he remained to his last hour and with his whole heart profoundly attached to the doctrines of the grace of God. Facile though he was in ecclesiastical arrangements, and blind to the spiritual bearings of the course he followed, he would rather have cut off his right hand than consciously have mutilated the scheme of grace.

Leighton comes unexpectedly upon the scene, in saintly beauty, in the troubled history of our country

in the first half of the seventeenth century. We know little of his family or of his education, or of the history of his spiritual life. The only relatives that we know much of, his father and his brother, were as unlike to himself, and as unlike to one another, as can well be imagined. His father, a Puritan and Presbyterian of the severest type, seems to have possessed every hard quality that his son wanted, but none of the gentle saintliness in which he shone. His younger brother, Sir Elisha as Burnet styles him, Sir Ellis as he is called by others, was a man of low character, a proselyte to the Church of Rome, and a courtier of Charles II.—one who lived as much for the world as Robert Leighton lived above it. We long, but long in vain, to know something of his mother. It would be most instructive to know how the spiritual life dawned upon Leighton; not probably by any sudden burst, interrupting a youth of sin, but silently and tenderly like the morning dew, drawing him like Josiah to the Lord while his heart was yet tender, early neutralising the germs of original sin, and so purifying and beautifying his nature that even in early youth, like M'Cheyne, he had all the mellowness of a spiritual father. Bishop Burnet's account of him has been often quoted, but no sketch of his character would be complete without it:—

"He was the son of Dr. Leightoun, who had in Archbishop Laud's time writ *Zion's Plea against the Prelates*, for which he was condemned in the Star Chamber to have his ears cut and his nose slit. He was a man of a violent and ungoverned heat. He sent his eldest son Robert to be bred in Scotland, who was accounted a saint from his youth up. He had great quickness of parts, a lively apprehension, with

a charming vivacity of thought and expression. He had the greatest command of the purest Latin that ever I knew in any man. He was a master both of Greek and Hebrew, and of the whole compass of theological learning, chiefly in the study of the Scriptures. But that which excelled all the rest was, he was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man. He had no regard to his person, unless it was to mortify it by a constant low diet, that was like a perpetual fast. He had a contempt both of wealth and reputation. He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he did himself; he bore all sorts of ill usage and reproach like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper that in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty-two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion, but upon one single occasion. He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh, and but seldom smile. And he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard him say one idle word. There was a visible tendency in all he said to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflexions. . . And though the whole course of his life was strict and ascetical, yet he had nothing of the sourness of temper that generally possesses men of that sort. He was the freest from superstition, of censuring others, or of imposing his own methods on them possible. So that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers; and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. His thoughts were lively, oft out of the way and surprising, yet just and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of: and he used them in the aptest manner possible. . . . His preaching had a sublimity both of

thought and expression in it. The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion. I am sure I never did. His style was rather too fine; but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago." [1]

It is instructive to mark that this rare beauty and saintliness of character grew up on Calvinistic soil. Among other things which this course of lectures on the "Evangelical Succession" is designed to show, one is, that a profounder and more complete Christian life may be formed on the basis of the Augustinian or Calvinistic theology than on any other. The theology that ascribes all good in man to the grace of God; the theology of hymns like "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, lover of my soul," is that which penetrates deepest into the heart, and fills it most with the things of God. Some might look for more practical impulse to systems that ascribe part of the efficacious power to man himself. But in such cases, the effect is comparatively superficial. If Calvinistic theology works according to its nature, it makes men look to the Divine fountain for all that is truly good. It reveals a profound difference between all that is born of the flesh and that which is born of the Spirit. The desire is created for a process by which our whole nature shall be transformed by the power of God. The heart is thrown open for all the influences of heaven—for the Sun of righteousness to shine on it, for the breath of heaven to quicken it, for the

[1] *History of his own Time*, vol. i. p. 186, ff.

whole power of the Spirit to purify, strengthen, and impel it heavenwards. If all this were not in Calvinism, it would be hard to be a Calvinist. We know well that there are perversions of the doctrines of grace,—ugly and repulsive, and not so rare as one might wish; *corruptio optimi fit pessima*—"the best wine turns to the sourest vinegar;" but cases like that of Leighton reveal the true foundation of spiritual excellence; they lay bare the process by which even those that "have lien among the pots, become like the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

We proceed to sketch briefly the career of Leighton. He was born about the year 1611, and educated partly at Edinburgh, and partly in France and Holland. His father, Dr. Alexander Leighton, was a man of strong convictions and courageous temper. He was author of a book entitled *Zion's Plea against Prelacy*, a book written in the bitter style of controversy that we so often meet with, steeped in a scornful spirit, and in other ways irritating and offensive. But had it been a hundred times worse, it would not have justified the brutal and infamous treatment inflicted on its author in 1630 by the Star-Chamber, at the instigation of Archbishop Laud. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £10,000, to be degraded from the ministry, to be brought to the pillory at Westminster, publicly whipt, have one of his nostrils slit, one of his ears cut off, and one of his cheeks branded with S.S., "Sower of Sedition;" this punishment to be repeated a week after at Cheapside; and thereafter,

he was to be imprisoned in the Fleet prison for the remainder of his life. The public punishments were inflicted with revolting barbarity, and Leighton was immured in the Fleet for many a year. His son was at this time in his twentieth year, and most of the time of his father's imprisonment he spent as a student abroad. He seems to have found his most congenial fellowship among some Jansenists, whose views of Divine grace and of the quiet contemplative life were in harmony with his own. When he espoused the cause of Prelacy, his Presbyterian brethren used to hint, from his intimacy with members of the Church of Rome abroad, that he had Romeward proclivities. It is plain, however, from his writings, that he was thoroughly averse both to the dogmas and the policy of the Church of Rome. He was attracted by that mystic devotion, the devotion of the cloister and the closet, with which that Church has often been identified; and to his love for that style of piety we may trace somewhat both of the strength and the weakness of his character.

While Leighton was studying abroad, the great Church revolution of 1638 had occurred in Scotland, and the whole Episcopal system had been swept away. He appeared to acquiesce in that revolution, solemnly accepted the covenants which bound all that took them to the extirpation of Popery and Prelacy, and was ordained Presbyterian minister of Newbattle, near Dalkeith, in 1641, at the age of 30. Here he remained for eleven years. He devoted himself with remarkable assiduity to his pastoral

duties ; and although he did not find himself free from troubles, it is probable that the years spent at Newbattle were among the happiest of his life. Here doubtless his Commentary on First Peter was given to his flock in the form of pulpit lectures, and here too many of his sermons were written.[1] It is worthy of note that Leighton composed nothing with a view to publication, with the exception of a couple of letters in his later years in connection with the questions that were before the Church. All that we now have under his name was posthumous. The fact that his great eminence as a writer stands connected with the early part of his life is of some interest to us. It was while he was a Presbyterian and a Covenanter that nearly all his works were written. It is striking too, to note the marvellous signs of maturity, maturity of Christian experience, maturity of scholarship, and maturity of spiritual judgment, which he attained so early. His congregation was large, though not larger than under his predecessors—at the time he left there were 900 communicants. Yet we do not read of any great spiritual revival under his ministry, or of godly people being drawn to Newbattle as they were drawn to Irvine under David Dickson, and to Fenwick under William Guthrie, erecting dwelling-houses on the glebe, in order to be, as they expressed it, "under the drop of their ministry." The records of the presbytery show that several times he was cited before the court and censured for neglecting the

[1] See West's "Chronology of Archbishop Leighton's Writings," in his edition of Leighton's Works, vol. vii. p. 352.

instructions of the church and for other breaches of ecclesiastical order.[1] It is evident that he was getting out of sympathy with the spirit of the Church. At last he tendered his resignation. The presbytery were unwilling to accept it, until his appointment as Principal of the University of Edinburgh in 1653 gave them a tangible reason for doing so.

That important office he held from 1653 to 1661. "He was a great blessing in it," says Burnet; "for he talked so to all the youth of any capacity or distinction that it had a great effect on many of them. He preached often to them; and if crowds broke in, which they were apt to do, he would have gone on in his sermon in Latin, with a purity and life that charmed all who understood it. Thus he had lived above twenty years in Scotland, in the highest reputation that any man in my time ever had in that kingdom."

Of Leighton's work in the University we have still a considerable monument in the Latin discourses which he delivered to the students, and in his addresses at graduation, and on other college occasions. Here all the resources of his scholarly mind found a suitable outlet. Appropriate and sparkling sayings from heathen moralists and philosophers, and from the Christian Fathers, seem to stand at his beck, to use a phrase of Milton's, like nimble servitors ready for his service, and shine like gems in his pages. But while he is ever ready to accept the testimony of uninspired men where it bears effectually on the

[1] Scott's *Fasti.* Part I., pp. 294-5.

enforcement of truth or duty, he makes no compromise of the authority of Scripture, which he holds to be different in kind from all other; and no concealment of the great doctrines of grace, as the foundation alike of Christian character in this life and of hope for the life to come. His one great desire is to draw off the hearts of young men from all those earthly objects to which they are prone to look as the source of happiness, and to lead them to God and the things of God as the only fountain of true satisfying delight. He dwells much on happiness, what it is, and what it is not; on the punishments of hell as the fruit of sin, and on eternal felicity in heaven as the gift of grace. That there is an element of asceticism in some of his representations cannot be denied. Leighton has no good word for this present life. He invariably speaks of it as "a most wretched, miserable existence," as "a weary, wretched life," utterly hollow and vain. "Laughter," he says, "amid so many sorrows, dangers and fears, must be considered as downright madness." The world is always something to be trodden on; mortification is the only safe attitude of the spirit towards it. If he knew *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, which had been published some eight years before he became Principal, there is no doubt which he would have preferred:

> "Hence vain deluding joys,
> The brood of Folly without Father bred!
> How little you bested
> Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys! . . .

> But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
> Hail, divinest Melancholy!
> Whose saintly visage is too bright
> To hit the sense of human sight,
> And therefore to our weaker view,
> O'erlaid with black—sage wisdom's hue."

No one will suspect Leighton of the sour feeling that has so often, and in many cases so unjustly, been ascribed to the Puritans, of grudging to others a happiness which their own temperament refused. What he and many others felt so deeply was, that the tendency of young persons to resort to broken cisterns and forsake the fountain of living waters could lead to nothing in the end but disappointment and misery. His eye sparkled, his face glowed, his soul thrilled as he pointed his students to the heavenly springs of bliss, out of which he longed and panted to see them drink their fill. In spite of his gravity, and perhaps his asceticism, we have Burnet's testimony that he had a great influence on many of them. Would only that a like influence had prevailed ever since in all our great seats of learning!

It might have been well for Leighton had he continued for life to fill his academical office. But after the restoration of Charles II. a very different line was chalked out for him, and in accepting it, Leighton began a series of mistakes which ended in bitter disappointment and failure. The king had solemnly promised by letter that the Presbyterian constitution of the Scottish Church would be preserved; but in spite of his letter, he resolved to restore Episcopacy, let the opposition of the nation

be what it might. In the selection of the new bishops, it was believed that a man of Leighton's saintly character would give lustre to a list where sanctity beyond doubt was sadly wanting. Leighton was most unwilling to accept; but believing Episcopacy to be the primitive government of the Church, thinking he might be of use in mediating between the contending parties, and not able to see that it was his duty absolutely to refuse, he agreed to be consecrated, but bargained for the see of Dunblane as being one of the smallest and most obscure. Along with Sharp, and two other ministers he went to London, and was consecrated in Westminster Abbey. As Sharp and he had received only presbyterian ordination, it was deemed necessary then (though it had not been insisted on in 1610) that the new bishops should first be ordained canonically, and he was weak enough to allow himself to be privately ordained along with Sharp, a deacon and a priest, before being raised publicly to the episcopal office. He returned to Scotland with the dignity of a prelate, and a peer of parliament, but he would not allow himself to be styled "my lord;" he usually wrote his name as plain Robert Leighton, and he even reproved his friends when they addressed their letters to "the most rev. father in God," or gave him any other title inconsistent with the simplicity of a servant of Christ.

Every true friend of Leighton's memory now deplores the step which he was thus led to take. It was a very serious thing for a man, who by calmly taking and administering the covenants had solemnly

sworn to extirpate Prelacy, to become one of the heads of a prelatic church. He could not even defend himself by the argument by which he tried afterwards to reconcile the Covenanters to a modified prelacy, that the covenant did not denounce *all* Episcopacy, but only prelacy after the type of the English hierarchy; for he now became a prelate after that very type. It was not seemly for a son to place himself in close confidential relations with men who had treated his father with such revolting insult and barbarity. He must have known too the private character of the king; he knew that in setting up Episcopacy he violated his solemn pledge; he knew that he was utterly unworthy to rule the affairs of the church of Christ; yet he took part in arrangements that placed the whole constitution of the Church of Scotland at the mercy of the royal prerogative. He knew that his colleagues in the episcopate had no spiritual sympathy with him in his aims for the church and the country; if he could have been blind to the fact before, he must have had a rude awakening on his journey with them from London, during which he became so tired of them, and they of him, that he parted from them at Morpeth, reaching Edinburgh a few days before them, and thereby avoiding the grand imposing entrance into the capital on which they were bent. And what could Leighton expect from a hierarchy of which Sharp was the head? Whether he had betrayed his brethren or not, it was evident how pleased he was with his worldly elevation—how well he liked "to ride up the High Street in the

new coach he had brought from London, with a lackey in purple livery running on either side." All these were significant forebodings of what afterwards came about: of the failure and disappointment which followed all Leighton's plans; ay, and of something worse than failure and disappointment, —something of which he spoke to Bishop Burnet when he told him that in the whole progress of that affair there appeared such cross characters of an angry providence, that however fully he was satisfied in his own mind as to episcopacy itself, yet it seemed that God was against them, and that their struggles to build up the Episcopal Church were like a fighting against God.

Leighton went to work with great ardour in his diocese to accomplish the spiritual ends he had so deeply at heart. He aimed very earnestly at promoting holiness in his clergy, drew out and urged on them rules for a holy life, preached constantly in their churches, went about among them like a brother, and, as Bishop Burnet said, surpassed his lessons by his life. Wodrow remarks, however, that the clergy of the diocese of Dunblane were a most ignorant and scandalous set, and that Leighton never attempted to turn any of them out. In reference to the general condition of the Church, he tried to soften the persecutions of the Presbyterian clergy and people, and he urged plans of conciliation with a view to all coming together. He went to London to represent the cruelties that were inflicted on the Covenanters, and obtained a promise from the king, which came to little, that such harshness should

cease. In 1670, it was deemed desirable to translate him to the archdiocese of Glasgow. The west of Scotland was the headquarters of the opposition to Episcopacy, and the headquarters likewise of spiritual life. It was thought that a man like Leighton was the best fitted to make an impression on such a district. He sought out the most spiritual preachers among his clergy, and sent them into the disaffected parishes; but the people either refused to hear them, or if they did, they showed that they knew their Bibles too well to be moved by their arguments. He proposed to the ministers a scheme of accommodation, in which Episcopacy was brought so near to Presbytery that his own brethren were alarmed, and began to whisper treachery. But the ministers declined his scheme. Leighton's heart was crushed by the scenes he witnessed, and his inability to remedy them. In 1673, he went to the king, as indeed he had gone before, begging to be relieved of an office in which he could do no good. He was ordered back to his diocese, but allowed to renew his request after a year. When the year had elapsed, his request was granted, to his unutterable relief. He left Scotland, buried himself in his sister's country house in Sussex, where he remained in profound solitude, which was disturbed only once by a message from the king proposing to send him on business to Scotland. He urged his years and feebleness as an apology; to his great joy his excuse was accepted, and he was saved the pain of further ecclesiastical duty. He died in 1684.

It has always been a great problem how so good

a man should have occupied so false a position in the ecclesiastical business of the time. The problem is well put by "Orwell" in the introduction to *The Bishop's Walk*. "Here was a servant of God who found himself strangely ranged on the devil's side in the great conflict of the age, though fully minded all the while to fight the battle of the Lord. That is the problem, settle it as we may. For that the struggle of those days involved constitutional government, liberty of conscience and true religion in this land, is surely past all question now among men who think, or who have any tolerable capacity for thinking." What then could be Leighton's inducement to enter on a course which to his own consciousness was unblest, and which ended in such defeat that he was fain to hide himself from his fellows for the rest of his life? That he was constitutionally inclined to Episcopacy,—that he had that highly sensitive, cultured nature which we still find in a few instances gravitating towards that system, is the merest fragment of an explanation. It is much more to say that his whole soul recoiled from the controversies of the time, and the injury which the cause of religion sustained from them; that he longed intensely for peace, and that he thought he might act the part of a mediator between the contending parties. He thought he might act the part of a mediator, for in common with the Presbyterians he was a very cordial Calvinist, and in common with the other side, he favoured Episcopacy and he disliked the Covenants. But even this does not give a sufficient explanation of Leighton's

course. For Leighton gave his deliberate support to the famous Act of 1669, declaring the king's supremacy over all persons and *in all causes ecclesiastical.* That Act placed the Church at the feet of the monarch; it would have allowed him to establish Popery or Arianism if he had chosen; and in point of fact, it was the occasion of much of the bitter persecution that followed,—many a man braved the dragoons of Claverhouse, or went to the gallows, rather than acknowledge that the king was supreme in all causes ecclesiastical. Burnet says that Leighton did not approve of the Act, and that he got some things altered in it; nevertheless he voted for it. Not only so, but when Alexander Burnet, his predecessor in the see of Glasgow, was expelled *through an exercise of the power conferred by that Act on the king,* Leighton accepted his office.[1]

You ask, How could a man that habitually lived at the gate of heaven do such things? Orwell hints that he was of that mystic temper that is apt to look on religion as something above and apart from everyday life and duty. There is no doubt that that mystic devotion which would be admirable if men lived always in the cell or the closet is often found wanting when they have to face the storms and temptations of life. Instances might be given of men whose writings are most saintly, but who, in the battle of life, have not proved either very straightforward or sweet-tempered. But it cannot be said either that Leighton did not see the

[1] At first he accepted it only *in commendam,* evidently troubled about the matter; but afterwards in full.

connection of religion with common life, or that, in his personal conduct, he betrayed any special tendency toward the weaknesses which a high position often develops. In his Commentary on First Peter, there is a very constant sense of the obligation of Christians to rule all the affairs of common life by regard to the will of God. And when he became a bishop and an archbishop, he showed none of that worldliness and self-importance which is said to be the common snare of the order. What it was that impelled Leighton to the strange course he followed, it is most difficult to say. For it was a very serious thing for so godly a man to take side with the king's party against those who held that the honour of the Redeemer was invaded, and who were testifying their sincerity by suffering the loss of all things, and going bravely to the scaffold in His cause. It may be that Leighton came to have a profound distrust in the people and in the popular government of the church. An able friend makes the suggestion that there may have been latent ambitions in a nature like Leighton's, that were drawn into activity by his elevation. A more common supposition is that he was weak and facile, and was thus drawn into acts which neither his judgment nor his conscience could approve. It is certain he was not immaculate. Nebuchadnezzar's image was not the only structure where gold and clay were together.

The fact is, that from want of private letters and other evidence of his sentiments, we cannot clear away all the mystery of Leighton's conduct. The voice of history now proclaims that he was altogether

wrong in his expectation of any good coming either to church or state from the policy of the king and his advisers. The Covenanters understood better the game which the king was playing. They knew better that if the Church and the country were to be saved, the royal policy must be resisted to the death. And it was well both for Church and country that this view prevailed. Some may think that the Presbyterians were unreasonable in resisting all Leighton's proposals for agreement. And it is certain that he carried concession to the very verge of surrender. But the Presbyterians had no confidence in the king and the whole prelatist party. They hated their Erastianism even more than their prelacy. They distrusted their worldliness, their want of sympathy with the Church in her spiritual aims. Rugged they may have been, far below Leighton in culture and refinement; but their instincts were more true, and their attitude more firm; and it was their firmness, not Leighton's sweetness, that saved the Church, and saved the country.

It remains for us now to speak of Leighton as he appears in his works. Burying the unhappy period of his episcopate we return to those earlier days when, as a true bishop of souls, he was feeding his flock, and preparing those sermons and expositions which are destined not only to preserve the fragrance of his memory, but to be a permanent treasure to the church of God.

It has sometimes been said that Leighton's countrymen have been slow of appreciating his

worth as a writer. But this is hardly true. The first editor of some of his works, Principal Fall, was a Scotchman, and so was Wilson, the publisher who first gave them to the world in something like a complete form. In issuing his edition (1745) Wilson had the assistance of the eminent Philip Doddridge, who though a nonconformist had much of Leighton's spirit and who absolutely revelled in his writings. No man ever did more to make a writer known, or to commend him to all devout and earnest people throughout the churches. Speaking of the great trouble which he had had as editor in correcting the text, he says, "The delight and edification which I have found in the writings of this *wonderful man* (for such I must deliberately call him) would have been a full equivalent for my pains, separate from all prospect of that effect which they might have upon others. For, truly, I know not that I have ever spent a quarter of an hour in reviewing any of them, but even amidst that interruption which a critical examination of the copy would naturally give, I have felt some impressions which I could wish always to retain. I can hardly forbear saying, as a considerable philosopher and eminent divine with whom I have the honour of an intimate correspondence and friendship said to me in a letter long ago, and when my acquaintance with our author's works was but beginning, 'There is a spirit in Archbishop Leighton I never met with in any human writings, nor can I read many lines in them without being moved.'"

That which we are disposed to set down as

the most remarkable feature of Leighton's writings is, his magnificent conception of the true spirit of Christianity, and the charm with which that spirit is developed and commended.

Leighton is both a doctrinal and a practical writer, and he is most careful both as an expounder of truth, and a pleader for duty. Yet perchance you will find many writers that expound truth as clearly and enforce duty in a sense as cogently as he. But I know not where you will find a writer that infuses so much of the spirit of Christ into his expositions and exhortations. We feel as if his works had been written in the ivory palaces, amid the aroma of myrrh and aloes and cassia; or as if he had been in the lodging of Jesus at Bethabara with Andrew and John, and had beheld His glory, and heard the words that dropt from His lips like the honeycomb. Nor is the charm less because the spirit of Christ seems to come to us in and through the spirit of Leighton himself. "That which we have seen and heard," he might have said, "declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." If he speaks strongly of the glory of Christ, it is as one who feels all that he says. If he contrasts the riches of heaven with the so-called treasures of earth, the deepest sincerity is apparent in the contrast. If he bids you forget and forgive, you cannot doubt that he himself forgets and forgives. If he urges you to overcome the world, you see him standing above it. If he calls you to an obedience that never halts, to a trust that never fails, to a hope

that is never dimmed, to an ardour that is never chilled, you do not find him delineating such high things as if he had already attained, or were already perfect; but you do find him, amid the consciousness of much infirmity and shortcoming, stretching forth his hands to God, viewing with longing eyes the heights that are yet afar off, and thinking with holy delight, "What will it be to be there!" And you feel the impulse of his companionship quickening your desires and rousing your energies, and sending you to the throne of grace in the spirit of the Psalmist: "My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word."

The great aim of Leighton was to promote the spirit of Christ. The possession of this spirit was in his view the very essence of salvation. It grieved him if creed or covenant were placed in the room of the living Saviour; if men came short, however near, of personal union and communion with Christ. He sought to gain for Christ the innermost springs of the heart. He sought to commend the truth of God in every lawful way to the understanding, the conscience, the very heart and soul of his hearers. His great object was to get men's hearts brought into pure sympathy with the truth and the will of God;—to get them to delight in the law of the Lord after the inward man; to get their hearts enlarged that thus they might run the way of God's commandments; to make it their meat and drink, and joy, and recreation, and heaven on earth, to do the will of God.

Now, let us observe carefully, that in following

out this aim Leighton steered clear of certain erroneous courses into which many good men have fallen. In the first place, his eagerness to promote the spirit of true Christianity did not lead him to disparage the letter. It did not make him careless of dogma. It did not tempt him into that nebulous doctrinal or non-doctrinal atmosphere into which it has tempted many. It did not lead him to dilute the doctrine of atonement as it led men like Erskine and Maurice. It did not tempt him to idealise and etherealise the whole of Christian doctrine as it tempted Dean Stanley. Leighton was a man of very exact, thorough, Calvinistic theology. In the development of doctrine he went quite as far, perhaps a little further than Calvinistic theologians of the present day, such as Cunningham and Hodge. If he surpassed them in the beauty of the practical structure which he reared on his theology, it should never be forgotten, and it were unmanly to deny, that his foundation was the same.

If any one doubts this, he has only to study his works. There he will find the plainest affirmations of the eternal decree and personal election of God; of the covenant of redemption as made with Christ; of a people whose names were written down from eternity given to Christ to be redeemed; of justification and acceptance by faith alone; of the imputation of guilt to Christ and the imputation of Christ's righteousness to the believer; of regeneration as wholly a product of grace; of personal assurance, of the invincibility of grace, and the final perseverance of all who have been called to the fellowship of God's

Son.[1] If this reference to the contents of his works be too wide, we are willing to stake our assertion on his commentary on a single verse—1 Peter ii. 24—"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." It is impossible to read that passage and not see that Leighton held in all its features the theology of the Reformers and Covenanters. He held it and he was held by it. True, he loved devout Romanists; he enjoyed the society of Jansenists. But he did not hold with them on disputed points; against the Jansenists he held firmly to the doctrines of imputation. Coleridge says very candidly but very truly, that in his age the Calvinism of Leighton made him unpopular with English high churchmen. Though not a presbyterian in worship and government, he was essentially a presbyterian in doctrine; and his affinities to Rutherfurd, Dickson, and Gillespie were far stronger and deeper than to Fairfoul, Sydeserf, or Sharp.

But if so, how came it that Coleridge was so captivated by Leighton? In his *Aids to Reflection*, as is well known, Coleridge culls many passages from his Commentary on Peter, and commends him as a prince among religious teachers. The largeness of his view, the clearness of his eye, the completeness and fine balance of his thoughts, the purity of his spirit, seem to have made a great impression on Coleridge, as well as the absence of certain offensive features by which some Calvinistic writings are marked. But the explanation is easy. Leighton's rare qualities enabled him to present a

[1] All these are in the Commentary on First Peter.

symmetrical theology,—a system not of raw bones and glaring features, but mellow, fragrant, full of grace and beauty. It is to be observed that in rude hands, Calvinism is very liable to be exaggerated and caricatured. Exaggerated it has sometimes been by its own friends, and remorselessly caricatured by its enemies. Leighton presented it in fine proportions; the Divine side and the human side in harmony; the theoretical balanced by the practical; the letter quickened by the spirit; the intellectual toned by the devotional. It seemed to Coleridge that so beautiful a structure could not be built on a Calvinistic base. If Leighton expressed the views of Calvin, it must have been in a sense of his own. Coleridge admits, for example, that Leighton taught the doctrine of imputed righteousness. But he is sure that the sense in which he held it must have been some non-Calvinistic sense. What that sense was, he candidly owns that he has never been able to discover. Little wonder! But this treatment of Leighton by Coleridge is very strange and very unworthy. One of his chief objects in the *Aids to Reflection* was to promote precision of thought and precision of language. Yet at the very time when he commends Leighton, and justly, as a writer of wonderful precision, he confesses himself unable to understand the sense in which he uses a well-known expression.[1]

Another erroneous tendency of which Leighton

[1] Coleridge shows himself a poor theologian; as when he affirms that the doctrine "that the claim to the finished work of Christ is conferred in baptism" has *ever been held* by all the Reformed Churches, including the Church of Scotland! See vol. i. pp. 236-7. —4th Edition.

steered clear is, the undue exaltation of the inner consciousness of man. In any attempt to secure for truth a due acceptance from men, two factors have to be considered, the authority from which it comes, and the faculties to which it is addressed. If the authority be a Divine authority, outside our minds, the duty of men is simply to bow to it. If once our minds recognise this claim—recognise the Divine authority by which the truth comes to us, we have no choice but to receive it. But our reception of it will be very different according as our inner consciousness welcomes it or recoils from it. Wherever you have a skilful religious teacher, he makes it his endeavour to secure from the inner consciousness as cordial a welcome as possible to the doctrines which he teaches. St. Paul made it his aim to "commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." And Leighton followed in his steps. It is one of the marked characteristics of his teaching that he so constantly commends it to the acceptance of his hearers. In favour of the truths he proclaims, he makes his appeal to whatever is sound in the intellect, reasonable in the habits, or genuine in the affections of men. Yet he does so without ever conveying the idea that the inner consciousness is the ultimate authority or judge of truth. No man could have been more loyal to the Scriptures as the ultimate authority—the authoritative utterance of the supreme judge and fountain of truth. No man adhered more rigidly "to the law and to the testimony;" yet no man ever sought more earnestly to find chords in the human spirit that would respond

to the message which he brought to them from God.

But this was something quite different from the tendency now so common, to exalt the inner consciousness to the place of supreme tribunal, and to turn the Scriptures and everything else into mere quarries from which reason is to make its selection. Here are the two extremes: the stiffly orthodox, deeming it enough that a truth is taught in Scripture, and demanding its reception on that all-sufficient ground, no matter how hard it is to digest; and the rationalist, protesting that it is absurd to try to do men good by forcing doctrines on them by sheer authority, and finding so much more agreeable a mode of influence in calling on themselves to choose the good and to refuse the evil. It is to be remarked that in discussing this question, an ambiguous use is often made of the word "authority," and that what is true enough of mere human authority is often falsely ascribed to that which is Divine. But between these extremes comes in the position of Leighton and all such men: that the ultimate authority and supreme judge of truth for man is God, speaking to him in the Scriptures; that the simple fact that God has there proclaimed it ought to secure for any doctrine the unqualified acceptance of all men; but that to secure for truth its fitting place and its due influence in the soul, it is desirable to remove prejudices, to appeal to whatever in the soul comes nearest to it, to establish for it a friendly relation to something which is there already, and thus to get it to move sweetly and

freely among the springs and motives of our being. It is on this middle ground only that we can maintain our position as Protestants, giving supreme honour to the authority of the Word, and yet giving due weight to those faculties of our inner nature without which men may be driven but cannot be drawn.

Among other ways by which Leighton accomplishes this object, one is the copious use of illustration. He has an active and almost poetical imagination, though its wings are clipped, and it is not allowed very daring flights. Illustration is an admirable way of discovering and giving effect to affinities between the truth of God and the mind of man. Thus he illustrates the prevalent neglect of Christ, although all the Divine attributes centre in Him, by the figure of a bordered picture or engraving, where men's eyes are drawn to the meadows and fountains and flowers exhibited in the border, while they may be overlooking the central piece which is the principal thing in the picture. To look to God through a medium of unpardoned sin is like looking at the heavens through red glass—everything seems dark and troubled. The sympathy which the members of Christ owe to one another is illustrated by the sympathetic action of the parts of the human body: "If there be but a thorn in the foot, the back boweth, the head stoopeth down, the eyes look, the hands reach to it, and endeavour its help and ease." The growing *up* of the church into Christ is illustrated by an ingenious figure, possibly suggested by the high blocks of building in our

own old town. "In times of peace the church may dilate more, and build, as it were, into breadth; but in trouble, it arises more in height; it is then built upwards, as in cities where men are straitened, they build usually higher than in the country." The duty to "honour all men" is thus enforced: "The Jews would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of paper in their way, but took it up; for possibly, said they, the name of God may be on it. . . . Trample not on any . . . the name of God may be written on that soul that thou treadest on; it may be a soul that Christ thought so much of as to give his precious blood for it: therefore despise it not."

We offer a concluding remark on Leighton's position in the literature of Scottish Theology. It is remarkable that though he never wrote for the press, he marks an era in the literary history of the Scottish pulpit. It was a complaint against Leighton, that like Hugh Binning and Andrew Gray, two eminent preachers who died very young, he discarded the old orthodox method of preaching, *i.e.* the formal divisions, and uses, and applications of various sorts, and was thus guilty of a daring "innovation." Though such a respectable and godly minister as David Dickson joined in this charge, at the present day we can only smile at it. The pulpit style of Leighton, Binning, and Gray indicates a great advance on their predecessors. Leighton's long residence in France and mastery of the French tongue, as well as his familiarity with Latin, Greek, and other languages, made his diction

more elegant, and his English style more free and flexible than that of any previous Scottish preacher. The influence of scholarship in refining and purifying was seen in him much more than in most of his contemporaries. This subjected him to the criticism of the narrow-minded, but it has served to perpetuate his influence. The uncouth style of most of the Presbyterian writers of the covenanting period makes their writings wellnigh unreadable. Samuel Rutherfurd's *Letters* is almost the only Scottish book of the period that has passed the ordeal of time, and it probably owes something to its being in the form of letters. The truth is, as has been pointed out elsewhere, the style of the Scottish preachers was formed out of three languages, Latin, Scotch, and English. Latin was the language of the universities, Scotch of conversation, and English of the press. It was not till the following century that Scotch preachers in general came to be quite at home in the pulpit in the use of the English tongue.[1]

Notwithstanding his presbyterian training and his episcopalian office, Leighton is one of the names that belong, beyond reasonable question, to the Church universal. All attempts to attach him to one system, and monopolise in its favour the glory of his name, are alike dishonest and discreditable. He belonged to a broad church in the best sense of that term. Most loyal to the Christian revelation, and most faithful in his attachment to the great vital truths of the Gospel, he was catholic in his sympathies and charitable in his

[1] *For the Work of the Ministry*, p. 48.

judgment; glad to find good in every system, and to recognise as brethren all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. His charity did not make him indifferent, nor his catholicism latitudinarian. His toleration was not the kind that rebukes the bitterness of theologians in that very spirit of bitterness which it affects to rebuke. His charity was not that which laments the divisions of Christendom in that scornful tone which only serves to increase them. His spirit was a healing spirit, though he fell on evil times and unhappy methods of conciliation. No man could have been more willing to make in his own person every sacrifice that could be called for in the interests of peace. No heart was ever more ruled by the brotherly spirit of Christ. Scotland has not had too many such men; let us hope that the attention which has been called to him this winter in various quarters will serve to draw many hearts to his example. No character could show more conclusively how one may be a member of the school of Calvin, and at the same time a scholar, a gentleman, and a saint.

RICHARD BAXTER.

By Rev. James Stalker, M.A.

RICHARD BAXTER.

THE name of Richard Baxter stands in this course of lectures for English Puritanism,—one of the most notable phases through which Evangelical religion has ever passed.

Puritanism was originally a dissent from some parts of the organisation which was imposed on the Church of England at the Reformation. Unlike the Reformation in Scotland, which was essentially a popular movement, the English Reformation was, to begin with, more an affair of politics than religion, and the new form given to the Church was determined rather by the policy of statesmen than the spiritual necessities of the people. But as the new doctrines spread and the open Bible did its work, the religious sentiment, growing purer and stronger, could not get expression in the forms provided for it by ecclesiastical compromises; the new wine had been put into old bottles, and, as its heat and force developed, it threatened to burst the bottles. At first a few voices were raised demanding a purification of the ceremonies and prayers of the Church

from the taint of Popery; and gradually the voices multiplied, till the demand became the general voice of England.

But Puritanism was much more than this; this was only its most superficial aspect. In its deepest nature it was a great revival of true religion, and is to be traced back in the last resort to the will and blessing of the Spirit of God. During the last quarter of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century the Wind which bloweth where it listeth was breathing over the face of England; and the souls in which religion was a reality, the homes where the children were trained in the fear of God, and the pulpits in which the Gospel was preached in purity and power, were daily multiplying.

One feature of the movement which turned out to be of immeasurable importance was the part played in it by the Bible. Never at any other period has the Word of God been searched with the same earnest faith and keen-eyed intelligence. It was still comparatively a new book to the English people; there was not the mass of other literature to compete with it for men's leisure which there is now; it was accepted without hesitation as divine; and all the strength of the English mind was put forth in mastering its view of the universe. The Bible in its turn reacted on the mind of the nation, communicating to it something of its own force and dignity. The reader who goes back among the sources of Puritan literature breathes a more potent atmosphere, and feels himself surrounded by minds more serious and masculine than he meets with

elsewhere. The Biblical view of the world expands and elevates all who receive it; and the great mass of Englishmen had then begun to read their Bibles.

This was the real origin of the political achievements of Puritanism, which have become so memorable. Political historians are wont to treat of Puritanism as an epoch in the progress of the democratic revolution, which is working at the present hour in every European State, and slowly causing the old order to give place to the new. The fundamental idea of the old order was that the world existed for the sake of the few, to whose pleasures and dignity the obscure multitudes were meant to minister. Many forces, some of them noble and some ignoble, have for centuries been crumbling this idea down; but it has never felt the attack of any enemy so formidable as Puritanism. As the masses of England read their Bibles, they discovered that they too were somewhat; their souls had the highest origin, and the poorest man among them was dear to God. Their belief in the distinctions which had made them look up to the wealthy and high-born as their natural superiors was shaken. The Bible gave them a new standard to measure things by; it seemed to say that it was character and not birth which made a man worthy of reverence. Was not the poorest man who loved God and led a holy life greater in the eyes of Heaven than any drinking, swearing cavalier? If a fair trial were made, might it not turn out that not the man of birth but the man of worth was the better man? The trial was made in right earnest; and on Marston

Moor and Worcester field the old system of things fell crashing to the ground; for the aristocracy of character beat the aristocracy of blood with their own weapons; and the vision rose before men's minds of an England in which honour and power should be the rewards of character alone, and glory to God in the highest the end of all men's endeavours.

Some may think that a better representative of this great movement than Baxter might have been chosen. Others might indeed have been easily found, for the time was prolific of great names. Cromwell himself might have been chosen, for the strongest throb in the irregular pulsations of that big heart was for the Evangel, and the vision which inspired his endeavours, though crossed and dimmed by the glare of ambition, was, from first to last, England for God and God for England. Milton might have been chosen, for the materials for the architecture of *Paradise Lost* —that vast structure of petrified music—were but the stones gathered out of the ruins of Puritanism. Or, if it was desirable that a religious movement should be represented by a divine rather than a layman, our choice might have fallen on either of two others: Owen was far greater than Baxter in mass of intellect and in his grasp of the Puritan conception of the universe, and Goodwin was his superior in pure genius. Yet upon the whole, perhaps the claim of Baxter's name to represent Puritanism might be successfully vindicated. He combined in himself some of the best qualities of these others, and he

surpassed them all in his hold upon what was the most characteristic thing in Puritanism—faith in the value of the individual soul and in the possibilities of the common mind of England, if saturated with the Word of God.

The child is father of the man; the ruling convictions of manhood are merely another form of the impressions which have been driven deepest into the mind in boyhood; and a great career is generally only the working out of a programme which has been sketched with the bold hand of youth. Baxter's career was prefigured in the events of his earliest years.

As soon as his eyes opened with intelligence on the world, they fell upon a small image of the great struggle which was going on in every parish of England. He was born in a Puritan home, his father being a substantial yeoman in Shropshire; one of his first experiences was the pain of being sneered at by his companions as a Puritan's son; and the differences of religious character among the neighbours formed the most prominent object in the spectacle of life on which his keen young eyes looked forth. "In the place where I first lived," he says, "and the country about, the people were of two sorts. The generality seemed to mind nothing seriously but the body and the world; they went to church, and could answer the pastor in responses, and thence to dinner, and then to play. They never prayed in their families; they read not the Scriptures or any good book or catechism; few of

them indeed could read, or had a Bible. Most were swearers, though they were not all equally gross. The other sort were such as had their consciences awakened to some regard for God and their everlasting state, and, according to the various measures of their understanding, did speak and live as serious in the Christian faith, and would inquire what was duty and what was sin, and how to please God and make sure of salvation, and make this their business and interest, as the rest did the world. They read the Scriptures, and such good books as the *Practice of Piety*, Dent's *Plain Man's Pathway*, and Dodd *on the Commandments*. They used to pray in their families and alone, some with the book, and some without. There were where I lived about the number of two or three families in twenty which by the rest were called Puritans, and derided as hypocrites and precisians that would take on them to be holy." Thus the boy grew up observing that godliness was a mark of reproach, but also of a real superiority which drew the sympathy of his conscience and aroused his better feelings. In after years the ideal which floated always before his mind, as the best work he could do for England, was to make men like his father and homes like that of his childhood.

But there was one feature in the case darker than all the rest. It was to be expected that the excellent of the land, if persecuted by the rabble of the profane and worldly, would at least enjoy the favour of the public guardians of morality and religion. But this was far from being the case. The Puritans at that time were nearly all conformists,

and the most regular attenders of the parish churches; but nothing was commoner than to hear jeers and tirades from the pulpit against themselves. The Church encouraged the breaking of the Sabbath, the sports by which the day was desecrated being regulated by a book which had the sanction of both Church and State. As Baxter's father was reading or praying on Sabbath afternoon, the ears of his household were constantly disturbed by the shouts of the revellers outside. "Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen and scarfs and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs, and, as soon as common prayer was read, hasten out presently to their play again." The state of the clergy in the neighbourhood was inconceivably low. The vicar of Baxter's parish was an old blind man, who never preached, but repeated the prayers by heart, and employed to read the lessons, one year a common labourer, another a tailor; and at last his own son, "the best stage-player and gamester in all the country," took orders, and supplied one of his two livings. Within a few miles around there were nearly a dozen clergymen of the same description. Between six and ten years of age Baxter was schooled by four successive curates of the parish, two of whom never preached, and the two who had the most learning of the four drank themselves to beggary, and then left the place. These memories never left his mind, and, when he became one of the leading ecclesiastics of the country, they determined his views and his policy. If in his young

years a man has seen a Church identified within the whole circle embraced by his knowledge with a low tone of morality, ministered to by a worldly and dissolute clergy, and by its lack of discipline encouraging the ungodly to shelter their sins beneath its protection, his subsequent views of it, if he grow up an earnest man, are not likely to be of a very friendly nature, or to be easily changed by the professions and arguments of its apologists; and, although Baxter was the most charitable of men, these early experiences wrought into him a conviction which could never be moved, that the system of diocesan episcopacy had in its very nature a tendency to laxity of morals in both clergy and people.

The religious example of his home was not lost on the sharp-witted lad, and at an early age he became the subject of decisive religious impressions. These were prolonged through years of anxiety, before he was able to rest in the peace of the Gospel, and in these painful years he acquired the materials for that analysis of the subtlest states of religious emotion in which he became so great a master. There was another feature of his conversion which had important issues in his after-life. There being no clergyman in the neighbourhood to whom he could confide his difficulties, he was thrown upon books, from which he derived great benefit. This inclined him ever afterwards to have recourse to these silent friends, rather than to living men, in times of need; it gave him a faith which anticipated the methods of our modern tract societies in the virtue of the distribution of literature as a means of doing good; and

it had something to do in making him the most prolific writer in the English language.

Soon after the event just referred to, his thoughts began to turn to the ministry as the work to which his life should be devoted. Once, indeed, he was in serious danger of being diverted from this purpose. Some relative or neighbour proposed to his family to get an introduction at Court and make a courtier of him. He actually did, for three months, wear the garb of a page in Whitehall; but the Puritan boy was scared with the Sabbath-breaking, the oaths, and theatrical entertainments of the Court; and, the death of his mother occurring at the time, he gladly embraced the opportunity of escaping back to his books.

The shadow of death deepened his desires after the sacred profession; and this shadow fell on his young spirit soon in a still more impressive form. He was attacked with an illness which threatened to take him out of this world. It was the beginning of a lifelong martyrdom of disease. During three-quarters of his life he believed himself to be constantly on the brink of the grave, and scarcely awoke one day without the thought that it might be his last. Whether he was really as ill as he supposed, or to what extent he may have been a victim of hypochondria, I cannot say. Such diseases as he believed himself suffering from seem scarcely reconcilable with the long age he lived to and the Herculean toils he bore. He gives in his autobiography accounts of his diseases and symptoms which alternately appal, disgust, and amuse. But whatever the

original evil may have been, his own attempts to cure himself and the prescriptions of the scores of doctors he consulted must have caused an amount of real suffering which may well be pleaded in excuse of some faults of character such as a rather petulant temper and occasional vehemence of denunciation. On the whole, however, the effect of these sufferings and fears was highly salutary. They gave a keen edge to his convictions; they quenched the ambition of literary and oratorical fame, and taught him to preach—according to his own oft-quoted phrase—as a dying man to dying men; they weakened his temptations, making the world appear to him, as he said, nothing better than a dead carcass; and above all, they bred in him such a jealous penury of time as enabled him to get through the work of a dozen men. When he entered the ministry it was with the conviction that he had at most but a few years to live, and with a consuming desire to be the means of saving a few souls before he died; and so powerful were the impressions of spiritual realities on his own mind, that he thought no heart could be so hard as to resist the onset of his attack.

Baxter's public life commenced in 1638, when he was three-and-twenty years of age. He became pastor of Kidderminster, the town with which his name is inseparably associated, in 1640, and remained there, except during a few years when he was acting as a chaplain in the Parliamentary army, till the fall of the Commonwealth, after which, till his death in 1691, he had no certain dwelling-place, but

was hunted hither and thither in the persecutions which the restored Stuarts inflicted on Nonconformity. Thus his active life extended over the most stirring period of English history, embracing the Civil War, the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Revolution.

It was a time in which no man of ability could keep out of politics and ecclesiastical controversy, and in these Baxter played a large rather than a great part.

He had not the gifts of a statesman; he lacked that pliability of mind which is essential to the leaders of the public, nor had he that sensitiveness to the indications of the Divine intention in events which, in a period of rapid change, is the highest quality of the Christian statesman. He was a rigid theorist, who yet was moved by strong and genial impulses, and sometimes he obeyed the one motive and sometimes the other.

The Civil War breaking out soon after his ministry commenced, he espoused the Parliamentary side, as it was the cause of the religious party, but was never quite sure whether this step was consistent with the proper theory of things. He was asked by Cromwell to accept the chaplaincy of the original regiment of Ironsides, but refused, and ever afterwards regretted his refusal. When he did appear on the scene as chaplain of Colonel Whalley's troop, Cromwell received him with coldness, and perhaps a touch of amused disdain, because Baxter, though appearing rather late in the day, had come with a very strong intention of impressing his own views on the

mind of the army and the course of events. This must be held to have coloured the very severe view taken by Baxter of the Protector's character. He regarded him as haughty and ambitious, ridiculed his high-flown piety, and believed him capable of using religion as a cover for selfish aims. "He would not dispute with me at all," he says, in describing an interview with him, "but poured himself out very fluently in the extolling of free grace, which was savoury to those that had right principles, though he had some misunderstanding of free grace himself. He was a man of excellent natural parts for affection and oratory, but not well seen in the principles of his religion; of a sanguine complexion, naturally of such a vivacity, hilarity, and alacrity as another man hath when he hath drunken a cup too much; but naturally also so far from humble thoughts of himself that it was his ruin." When the conduct of Cromwell began to shape itself towards a change in the form of government, Baxter denounced him in the army and to his own face as a usurper. Cromwell, on the other hand, treated him with great clemency, tolerating language from him which might have been expected to cost him his head. In truth, no contrast could be more complete than that between the attitudes of these two men. Cromwell, placed in a position where he was compelled to act, but crushed down with the responsibility of action on which the honour and the future of England would depend, and looking earnestly therefore to discern the Divine intention, whose instrument he desired to be, was soon carried by the

stream of things away from the old moorings and out of sight of the well-known landmarks, and felt that Providence had loosed him from many theories and even pledges which he had once expected always to bind him. Baxter, on the other hand, had fastened himself to a theory of the rights of kings and the duties of subjects, and, standing at his post, watched the tide of events drifting by with nothing but acrimonious criticism for those who were painfully endeavouring to understand the current. During the whole of the Commonwealth he continued to hold the same language towards Cromwell, although in his parish of Kidderminster he was enjoying the peace and prosperity which Cromwell was securing for him and the other earnest ministers of the country with superhuman toil and a breaking heart, and although he had himself to acknowledge that, through the Protector's endeavours for the purification of the Church and the revival of religion, "England was like to become a Land of Saints, a pattern of holiness to the world, and the unmatchable Paradise of the Earth."

When Richard Cromwell's feeble rule succeeded that of his great father, Baxter reasoned himself into the conviction that the son might be acknowledged as the lawful sovereign, although the father was a usurper, and, chancing at the time to publish a book, he dedicated it to the new Protector. But before many months were past, he was in London plotting for the King's return; he got a national thanksgiving proclaimed for Monk's success; he procured from Charles a proclamation against

debauchery and profanity, intended to pave the way for his acceptance among the religious party; and upon the Restoration taking place was appointed one of the royal chaplains—so eager was he in cutting the rod which was to smite his own back. The blows came soon and terribly. In a few months he was expelled from the Church, along with two thousand more of the most pious ministers in England; and for more than twenty years he was treated like an outlaw—dogged by spies, dragged before brutal judges, harassed by incessant fines and imprisonments—in the name of the man whom he had helped to set on the throne, while the golden visions which had shone before him during the sway of the usurper were quenched in the profanity and animalism of the new reign.

This is not a heroic record. But one word requires to be added to it in Baxter's vindication. Unsteady as was his political career, there was never one step of it dictated by a selfish motive; for he was the most self-denying and unselfish of men. He risked his life in the outspokenness of his opposition to Cromwell, and on the single occasion when he appeared as royal chaplain before the new King, he preached such a sermon of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come as the royal ears never probably listened to again. When Cromwell's Triers ejected the inefficient vicar of Kidderminster and Baxter was entitled to step into the vicarage, he refused to avail himself of his rights, leaving the degraded wretch in possession, while he continued to live on the curate's stipend of £80 a year; and

after his own ejectment he begged piteously to be permitted to minister to his beloved flock with no stipend at all. He refused the bishopric of Hereford, offered to him while the negotiations between the Nonconformist and Episcopal parties at the beginning of the new reign were still pending, his conscience not permitting him to accept the conditions on which it was offered, though others of his brethren accepted them without reproach; he preferred to accept five-and-twenty years of shame and suffering. Facts like these make us half ashamed to recall such a man's political mistakes, even though the lapse of time may have made them patent to every eye. What is the highest political wisdom to a stainless integrity and purity of heart like this?

Baxter's efforts as an ecclesiastic were not more successful than his political career, although he expended on them the strength of a giant and his failure was due as much to his virtues as his faults. During the period of the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth, the ecclesiastical air of England was torn with winds of opinion as numerous and violent as those which in Virgil's verse torment the air of the vast Æolian cave. Everything had suddenly been changed; the intoxication of liberty had gone to men's brains; a young, Titanic strength was moving in the mind of the country; and the temper of the time invested every theological fancy with supreme importance. All opinions had free course, and sects sprang up like mushrooms. This was the storm on which Baxter had to ride. He was the leading religious debater of the age. Every thought

and fancy of every sect was passed through his mind and weighed in the balances of his judgment; and, in the war carried on by the orthodox against the enemies who multiplied like a phantom army, the chief part of the artillery was supplied out of his single resources. He encountered Papists, Prelatists, Anabaptists, Quakers, Antinomians, Vanists, Seekers, and many other eccentrics whose very names have perished. Yet he never fought with the weapons of a mere ecclesiastical champion, but always with the generosity of a courteous knight. He used, indeed, in some measure the ferocious language which was exchanged on every side in the controversies of those times, and it is painful now to read some things he said against Owen, Goodwin, and others who have been since admitted among the saints of the Church universal. But no controversialist was ever readier to see and appreciate the arguments of an adversary. Indeed, those with whom he acted had constantly to complain that he saw too much good in the enemy; and it was scarcely considered a satisfactory compensation for this that he told his friends their faults in unmistakeable language with the same impartiality with which he recognised the virtues of opponents. While he selected something from the opinions of every party, he stood up for each and all of the miscellaneous mass of opinions which constituted his own creed as stiffly as any sectary for the shibboleth of his sect. It was sometimes alleged that among the parties of England the one to which Baxter belonged consisted of a single man, and even within his party there was not perfect harmony; a clever

pamphleteer published a discussion in Baxter's style, in which the argument on the one side was carried on by Richard, and that on the other by Baxter. In negotiation he was scarcely ever successful; he always stated his own views with fulness and clearness, but he failed to unite those with whom he acted or to conciliate opponents, and had not the art of getting business pushed through.

Brought up in the Church of England, he early joined the party in it that objected to the cross in baptism, kneeling at communion, and other rites which were thought to savour of Popery; and he came by and by to the conviction, as has been already mentioned, that the system of diocesan episcopacy was unscriptural and intolerable, because it laid on bishops a charge which no human being was able to fulfil, and involved that absence of effective church discipline to which he attributed most of the irreligion of the country. When, during the Civil War, the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn to by the Parliament and people, and Presbyterianism became for a time the form of national religion in England, he welcomed the change, and ever afterwards accounted this the best existing ecclesiastical system, and believed those who adhered to it to be the most pious and solid portion of the English people. Yet he was shy of calling himself a Presbyterian or by any other ecclesiastical name. He longed for a more comprehensive Church, which should include all the principal parties into which the religious world was divided—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists. His plan was to give to each minister

as much authority over his own congregation as would please the Independents, but to bring the ministers of districts and counties together in conference after the fashion of the presbyteries and synods of the Presbyterians, and at these meetings a kind of bishop was to preside as *primus inter pares* to please the Episcopalians. The state of flux in which all things were during the Commonwealth afforded ample opportunity for the discussion of such projects, and Baxter laboured by innumerable meetings, letters, pamphlets, and books to bring the parties together. When the King came back, he thought his great object was at last within his grasp, for Charles at first professed himself favourable to a union of all opinions. But, after months of anxious negotiation, Baxter found that the King's professions were only intended to last until he was firmly seated in the throne, and that the Episcopal party never intended to grant the smallest concession to the scruples of their opponents. He and his brethren had to go forth into the cold, and his fondly-cherished dreams of a great comprehensive national Church came to an end. Even after this, however, his charity impelled him to continue his efforts after comprehension by devising schemes of union among the sections of Nonconformity. But these projects met with little success, and his brethren had to complain that his tolerant way of speaking of Episcopacy, and his practice of occasionally worshipping and taking the communion in the National Church, weakened their position as an organised party outside the Establishment, and induced weak

persons to go back altogether into conformity because they could not appreciate the reasons spun by his subtle mind for his dubious course. Perhaps they were right; yet we cannot help loving the ideal soul, which, though forced to engage in a score of controversies, lived so far above them, and in an age of strife championed so chivalrously the cause of charity and peace.

What has been said will have suggested to every one that Baxter was not intended by nature for the noisy public arena into which the stress of circumstances forced him, but for the silent and fruitful labours of the study. Certainly, if he could have chosen his own lot, this would have been his choice, and, even as things were, his superhuman capacity for work enabled him to gratify his natural predilections in spite of the distractions of his busy life. He perhaps read more books than any other human being has ever done; and, though his scholarship was neither polished nor accurate, no mind, even in that age of intellectual giants, was so full a magazine of information as his. He was equally at home among the Fathers of the early Church, the schoolmen of a later age, and the Protestant theologians of Germany, Holland, France, and England. But his studies ranged far beyond the literature of his own profession, and included mathematics, physics, medicine, and, in the fullest measure, ethics, logic, and metaphysics. The extent of his own writings shows the marvellous range of his ideas. As one approaches the study of them,

one is reminded of Newton's remark about the universe, that all he could do was to pick up a few pebbles on the shore, while the ocean stretched away before him unknown and unexplored. Baxter published a hundred and sixty-eight distinct works, many of which were of enormous size.

Yet he had all this multifarious knowledge well in hand. As he said, he had a mind which abhorred confusion; it was a mind capable of both making the subtlest distinctions and wielding the most ponderous masses of thought with equal facility, and it organised all its acquirements from a centre of its own. It was not only encyclopædic, but philosophic too, with a strong instinct to think everything in one piece. Had Baxter been born under a happier star, he might have given the world a system of organised thought as vast and compact as that of Aquinas himself. As it was, he put together in his *Methodus*, written in Latin, a complete and highly original system of theology, and in his *Christian Directory*, written in English, a complete system of Ethics. Of the former I speak only from hearsay, but to any student of Ethics who may be wearied with the meagre fragments of psychology and æsthetics generally supplied by English writers under the name of Moral Philosophy, and may desire to see human life in its variety and meaning exhibited in a system which will surround him and rise above him like a firmament fretted with stars, I can confidently recommend the latter work.

Baxter was not, like some system-builders, a mere mechanical arranger of the dogmas of the Church.

He was a thinker to the very core of his nature, and could not but look at everything with his own eyes. In his very first book, *Aphorisms of Justification*, he wandered far from the beaten track, and all his life he continued to hold a number of views so peculiar that he would certainly have been numbered among the heretics had not the fervour of his zeal for men's salvation, and his transparent devotion to Christ, restrained the tongues of those who might have ruined him with that hateful name. He believed that in the heat of the controversy with Rome Protestants had been betrayed into an exaggerated doctrine of faith. He was not sure that before justification men were incapable of works which might be called good; and he was quite sure that those statements of Protestants must be false which implied that it made no difference in the eyes of God whether unjustified men were humane and upright, or degraded and criminal. His own doctrine of faith approached dangerously near to the Romish, as he included in this term not only a fiduciary act, but also love and works; and he did not hesitate to affirm in his Autobiography that the doctrinal differences between Papists and Protestants arose chiefly from misunderstandings and mistakes about words, and that the evil of Popery lay in its practical abuses—its tyranny, its idolatrous forms of worship, and its befriending of ignorance and vice. He could never quite assure himself about the Calvinistic doctrine of the perseverance of the saints; and in later life he wrote: "I am not so much inclined to pass a peremptory sentence of damnation upon all

that never heard of Christ, having some more reason than I knew of before to think that God's dealing with such is much unknown to us."

It will be observed that all these declinations from orthodoxy lean towards one quarter, and they are all to be explained by a certain habit of mind. In its gravest and intensest moments the religious mind feels itself to be utterly in the hands of God; gazing on the dazzling whiteness of His holiness, it sees every sin to be so horrible and every sinful character so black that it has no disposition to distinguish one sin from another or to mark the superiority of one man to another; it feels itself to be altogether as an unclean thing, and confesses that, if it is to be saved, its salvation must, from first to last, be the work of God. If it theologises in this mood, a system like Calvinism is the result, in which man is nothing and God everything: all that man can do or need do appears too trivial for attention in comparison with God's sovereign grace, which, having taken salvation in hand, carries it irresistibly through. But there are facts of human experience which hardly get justice in this mood. In a cooler mood there seems to be a great difference between one sin and another, and one man and another; a great deal seems to depend on our own obedience or disobedience; and the course of our salvation is observed to pursue anything but the even tenor which might be supposed to belong to a work which is wholly Divine. These two classes of facts are recognised in the Bible with equal frankness, but they have never received equal justice in theology. Perhaps

human theology is unequal to the task. It must always be one-sided. The Calvinistic system seizes upon the truest and profoundest side; and to it Baxter was attached with the best of his mind and the most sacred experiences of his life: he used even to say that he accepted without reserve the Assembly's Catechism and the Decrees of Dort. But his discursive mind saw and his fairness acknowledged the other side too; and his intellectual courage was too great to allow him to shrink even from the impossible task of reconciling both.

The truth is, Baxter united to the Evangelical spirit some of the characteristics of a Broad Churchman. There was a decided vein of scepticism in him, which was alien to his age and akin to the modern spirit. In youth he was assailed with shocking suggestions of unbelief, to which we probably owe his voluminous contributions to apologetic literature. He may be said to be the father of this species of literature in England. Of course his lines of argument are now antiquated, for no books grow so quickly old as those in this department; but there is still in these productions an interest and pathos which always belongs to any writing which shows a streak of blood from the writer's heart. His doubts did not abate with advancing years; he confesses that even in old age he was often full of such suggestions of scepticism as must have made him an infidel, if he had not had the experience of God's grace for a lifetime to look back upon; this was the only anchor which kept its grip in all storms. It is an easy thing to make such

confessions now-a-days; many a swaggering fellow wears them as a feather in his cap. But it was different in such an age and in such a man. There is not in literature anything more touching than the pages of his Autobiography, in which he thus lays bare his heart, with the noble words: "I am not so foolish as to pretend my certainty to be greater than it is merely because it is a dishonour to be less certain." It is a strange sight in that age of faith to see the man who had long been the foremost champion of the orthodox acknowledging that they were "all still in the dark." Such modesty and candour, joined with the profoundest godliness and most self-denying zeal, may be a sign to an age like our own, in which many, while resting all their own hopes and their hopes for the world, as he did, in Christ crucified, yet think that some mistakes may have been made in the past, and that God has still much light to give mankind in the future.

There is something painful in the thought that so much of Baxter's toil of brain and pen—those vast speculations, those schemes for union—should have descended into utter oblivion. He lives in the memory of the world merely as the pastor of Kidderminster and the author of two or three books of popular theology, though he says that his pastoral work was a mere recreation in comparison with his other labours, and almost apologises for publishing the plain and simple treatises by which he is remembered. Yet perhaps he could not have done the work which is remembered if he had not also done

that which is forgotten. His simplest treatise grew out of the soil enriched by his vast studies; the sinewy strength which the Kidderminster people felt in his most extemporate harangues was acquired in controversies of which they knew nothing; his own people listened to him with a deeper respect because his was a name which filled all England.

Kidderminster was in many respects a favourable sphere for ministerial work. He had been led by his first efforts in preaching to desire a parish whose inhabitants were ignorant of the Gospel, so that he might sow on virgin soil; and Kidderminster, in this respect, entirely corresponded with his wishes. It contained a rude and ignorant population, whose spiritual training had been entirely neglected.

It was a town of about 3000 inhabitants, which a man of Baxter's size could thoroughly fill. He and his assistants were the only ministers, so that he could take possession in a way which the religious divisions of our time do not permit to any minister. The inhabitants were well-to-do weavers, in whose shops any movement which stirred head or heart spread with great rapidity. They gave him some rough usage at first; but as soon as they were assured of his unselfish desire for their good, they rallied to him with enthusiasm, and it was not long before his influence was felt in every house of the town. He acquired for them also a profound respect, and, Tory though he was, their qualities led him to form the opinion that "freeholders and tradesmen are the strength of religion and civility in the land,

and gentlemen and beggars and servile tenants are the strength of iniquity."

His preaching soon told on these shrewd and independent minds. They so crowded the capacious parish church that five galleries had to be put into it during his incumbency. He had a powerful voice and a moving style of oratory; his words were plain and pithy, and he addressed himself to the broad sympathies and common-sense of his hearers, though now and then, he confesses, he intentionally preached clean over their heads, "that they might be kept humble, and still perceive their ignorance, and be willing to keep in a learning state."

But it was not chiefly by his preaching that he achieved the results which make the record of his pastorate one of the brightest pages in the history of the sacred office. He early became convinced that the minds of the majority were not reached by preaching and required to be addressed in a more direct manner; a man is affected by a few earnest words about salvation spoken to himself alone, who will listen to sermons for a lifetime without applying them to his own case; a perplexed soul is likely to get more satisfaction from a quarter of an hour's talk with a minister than from listening to a whole year's sermons. Under the influence of these convictions Baxter invented the plan of operations which he called catechising. He devoted seven hours a week to it. His parishioners came to his house, family by family, and to each family he devoted about an hour's time, hearing them repeat a catechism he had put into their hands, and exhorting them to

cultivate domestic piety. Besides, he took each individual apart, questioned him closely as to his religious state, and urged him tenderly and earnestly to immediate decision. In short, he anticipated the methods pursued in our day in the inquiry-meetings connected with revivals. In Kidderminster there was no revival; but the objects at which a revival aims were reached in a still more satisfactory way. It was rarely that a family left his door without being affected to tears. He had reason to believe that a third of the grown-up inhabitants of the place were converted, and the fruits among the young were even more abundant. Family worship was set up in the homes of the people; when he first went there, there was only about one family in a street that worshipped God, but, when he left, "there were some streets where there was not past one family in the side of the street that did not so." Large prayer-meetings were organised, in which his parishioners repeated to each other the previous Sunday's sermons and prayed for their minister's success; and "some of them became so able in prayer that very few ministers did match them in order and fulness and apt expressions, and holy oratory with fervency."

The blessing spread beyond Kidderminster. Some one has said that God gives bishops to the Church whether she makes use of them or not; and, without the name, Baxter became the bishop of the county in which he lived. The neighbouring ministers courted his society, attracted by his fame, his earnestness, and the hope of learning the secret of his success.

He met with them once a month in friendly conference and encouraged them to introduce discipline into their congregations and begin the catechising. He diffused his pet ideas still more widely by means of the printed page, especially in his *Reformed Pastor* —perhaps the very best of all his books. This work was written to advocate his hobby of catechising, which is explained in minute detail. But it is, besides, an incomparable treatise on every part of pastoral duty, exhibiting with rare wisdom the needs of the people and the difficulties, the encouragements, and the qualifications of the minister, while over every page there spreads a glow of enthusiasm for the salvation of men and of love to the Saviour whose contagion cannot be resisted even by the dullest reader. It is, in fact, an unconscious portrait of the author himself, which is worthy to hang in that gallery of the imagination in which mankind preserves its memorials of the very noblest spirits of all time.

The close intercourse which Baxter held with the families of his congregation, and the acquaintance which his catechising gave him with every phase of religious experience, qualified him for his work as a popular writer. Here again he was an inventor and pioneer. "Rich beyond all Protestant rivalry," says Sir James Stephen, "in sacred literature, the Church of England, from the days of Parker to those of Laud, had scarcely produced any one considerable work of popular instruction. The reigns of Whitgift, Bancroft, and Laud were unmolested by cares so rude as those of evangelising the artisans and peasantry. Jewell

and Bull, Hall and Donne, Hooker and Taylor, lived and wrote for their peers and for future ages, but not for the commonalty of their own." Baxter's productions in this species of literature are of great extent and variety; but the main body of them forms a series written upon a definite plan, which was suggested to him by his friend, Archbishop Usher. It was to consist of separate books for persons in all the chief religious states,—for careless sinners, for inquirers, for young Christians, for weak Christians, for strong Christians, for advanced Christians, for backsliders. Baxter nearly, if not altogether, carried out this extensive design, though the only one of these books which still maintains its place among the living is the first of the series—the *Call to the Unconverted.* So popular was this remarkable piece in his own day that 20,000 copies were sold in the year of publication, and it has maintained a steady popularity ever since. He knew of many entire families that had been converted through it, and when we reflect to how many persons it has since been made a blessing, there gathers round the work a sacredness which is grander far than Greek or Roman fame.

These writings cannot be called models of style; and yet, perhaps, they are models of the species of literature to which they belong. They were written *currente calamo* and sent off to the printer with scarcely a correction. The style is far too diffuse for the modern reader, accustomed to get his knowledge supplied in small, well-packed parcels. But their author cultivated this style of deliberate purpose.

His own natural style was of the most condensed order; "but," he says, "I considered that I speak to plain, unlearned men that cannot find our meaning in too narrow a room, and that use to overlook the fulness of significant words. As they must be long in thinking, so must we be long in speaking; or else our words fall short of the mark, and die before they can produce the desired effect, so great is the distance between these men's ears and their brains." Within these wide and rugged banks, however, there is always flowing a copious stream of thought. In spite of diffuseness, too, there are scattered over the pages, at intervals not too great, pithy and epigrammatic sayings which ring in the memory like proverbs, strokes of humour, bright metaphors, and passages of unconscious eloquence. In his best books, such as the *Reformed Pastor*, these gems can be gathered in handfuls. But the prime characteristic of his style is its earnestness. He began every book with the thought that he might die before finishing it; he therefore goes straight to the point, reasoning of sin and salvation, life and death, heaven and hell, as one who has immediate business with the reader, and will not let him go till it is finished, and heaping up appeals, questions, exclamations—anything to secure the attention and arouse the conscience. As one reads, the awfulness of eternity envelops the heart, and the great white throne rises before the eye of the mind.

The greatest of all these popular treatises is, of course, the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*. Most readers, I imagine, take it to be the product of mellow

and somewhat exhausted age. On the contrary, it was his first book but one. It is often the case that the first book of a voluminous author is the best. The first crop taken from the mind has the lushness of long, unmolested growth; the grass is soft and sprinkled with the gay flowers of spring; but when the field has been often mowed, the crop gets hard and stumpy.

Whilst serving as army chaplain, Baxter was suddenly overtaken by one of his fits of illness, in which he lost nearly a gallon of blood. He was removed to the house of his friend, Sir Thomas Rous, and lay there for months in expectation of immediate dissolution. His thoughts naturally turned towards that land into which he seemed about to pass, and to give steadiness to his reflections he began to write them down. His notes rapidly multiplied till they swelled into a bulky volume. This was the way in which this masterpiece came into existence. Like the few best books in the world, it was not made, but grew. Its origin reminds us of Bunyan's quaint account of the growth of the *Pilgrim's Progress*:—

"I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode; I only thought to make
I knew not what; nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbour; no, not I;
I did it mine own self to gratify.

. . . . .

Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white;
For, having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled, it came; and so I penned

> It down; until at last it came to be,
> For length and breadth, the bigness which you see."

The *Saints' Rest* is professedly a book on heaven, and says much which is true and affecting on this sublime theme. But in reality it is a long dirge on the suffering and vanity of human life. Heaven comes in only as the foil to this. It is, in fact, a picture of Baxter's own mind, when he was sick in body and sicker still in soul. We are made acquainted in it with the pains which racked him and the weakness which made him toss on his bed, wishing in the night-time that it was morning, and in the day-time that it was evening. We hear in it the murderous roar of civil strife, and see a man, unfitted for the hardships of war, accompanying his regiment from place to place, sickening at the sights of blood and carnage, and torn with the wounds of his native country. We hear the loud shrill voices of religious fanatics rising in debate upon the tented field or echoing in sacred edifices, and see a son of peace, with a heart yearning for fellowship and love, wandering lonely among the tents of Meshech. Heaven is to be the place of deliverance from all these evils. The young reader, across whose heart the shadows of disappointment have never yet fallen, opens the book and wonders where its charm can lie. But those who labour and are heavy-laden, who have accompanied their dearest to the gates of the unknown country and said the bitter farewell, those who have buried the impossible ambitions and hopeless hopes of youth, those who have found out

how difficult it is to know the most momentous things and how trivial are the things we know, those who have long endured the loathsome insistence of temptation and besetting sin—all these feel in the book the touch of a brother's hand and the throb of a heart which understands them. As long as the world is full of tears, and men still look for the star of hope to rise above it, this book may perhaps endure.

Many of us can remember where we first set eyes on the *Saints' Rest.* Perhaps it was on a little shelf against a cottage wall, where it stood side by side with such reverend companions as the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War*, the *Fourfold State* and the *Practical View.* The bindings were of black cloth, and the edges of the leaves were brown and dingy ; but we shall never again look on any books with the awful wonder with which we looked on these; nor shall any other figures ever appear to us so venerable and lovable as those which we saw bending over their opened pages.

Puritanism did not die in the seventeenth century. It passed indeed through a terrible eclipse. Rarely has it fallen to the lot of mortals to go through an agony such as Baxter and the other representatives of Puritanism had to endure after the Restoration. It was not that they had in their own persons to bear persecution and indignity, though these were hard enough. But the cause of God, on which they had staked their all, fell in ruins to the ground. Two thousand ministers were ejected from their

parishes; and the inefficient and debauched, who had been deprived on account of their unfitness for the sacred office, trooped back to their places in hundreds. To these hirelings were surrendered the souls for which the ejected ministers would have given their own. Under the patronage of a court in which sin walked naked without shame, every form of vice and irreligion grew rampant in the land. The gloom deepened down from year to year, and through it they walked forward to their unhonoured graves.

Yet Puritanism did not die. Even in England it still lived on, though withdrawn from the public eye. But on the other side of the Atlantic it had won a spacious home, and was laying the foundations of a new world. In Scotland, too, it found an asylum by and by, and the guest brought gifts which enriched the entertainer. As I think of the worthies of the last generation who fed their minds on books like the *Saints' Rest*—the men and women of simple worth, of shrewd mother-wit, of intelligence nourished from the Bible, of sterling character and profound Christian experience, whom many of us have known in country villages; the men and women in larger centres of population who upheld the cause of Christ with magnanimity, with princely liberality, with unflinching devotion to principle, with eloquence and wisdom and manly force—as I recall their grave yet cheerful faces, I sometimes imagine to myself a scene in which these figures are seated; and with them sit other figures in the strange garb of the seventeenth century; Cromwell is there with some of his expounding officers and troopers, and Bunyan

with his laughing blue eyes, and those poor women he heard talking in the sun one day in Bedford so sweetly of a world of which he knew nothing that he resolved to seek to find it too; and Owen is there; Goodwin too, and Baxter; and Milton with his learned brow does not disdain the humble gathering; and it seems to me they all get on well together, the difference of time makes no difference at all; and Cromwell's savoury talk of free grace, and Bunyan's sallies of sober gaiety, and Goodwin's quotations of Scripture, and Baxter's moving harangue, ay, and Milton's difficult strain, are equally native and intelligible to them all.

No, Puritanism did not die, and will not die. The Restoration of the Stuarts rolled back the true progress of England for more than a hundred years. Perhaps the tide of the nation's life has not yet, at the end of two hundred years, touched again the high-water mark of the Puritan period. But, at all events, the movements which, in the last hundred years, have stirred the heart of the nation most deeply and quickened most beneficially its vital energy have been recurrences to portions of the Puritan ideal. We shall not get back Puritanism in its seventeenth-century form; it is not desirable that we should, for there were in it many elements of human error, and England has since won many precious possessions of which the Puritans never dreamed, but which must be carried into the future form of the nation's life. But the Puritan's clear vision—that the real strength and greatness of a nation are exactly in proportion to the number of

true men it contains; that the character of the individual and the purity of the home are the foundations of the common weal, all besides being only paint and bunting in comparison; and that the individual can only realise and vindicate his own worth when he knows himself as the child of God and the heir of eternity, and the family keep its purity when passion is held in check by the voice of conscience and the law of God—this is the eternal law of human progress; and if this land, which has been able in the past to inspire our heroes with love so deep and hopes so noble, is in the future to be of any worth to the world and worthy of the enthusiastic devotion of her sons, it will chiefly be because God continues to raise up men filled in some measure with the self-denial and awful zeal of Baxter, to live for the salvation of the souls of their brethren and lay the foundations of the domestic and social life of the people deep in the principles of that Gospel which is the wisdom and the power of God.

ZINZENDORF.

By the Rev. Professor Binnie, D.D.

ZINZENDORF.

THERE are good reasons why the name of Count Zinzendorf should be mentioned with honour in the Evangelical Succession. It would not be going too far to affirm that he did more than any other man to redeem the Eighteenth Century from the reproach of barrenness, in relation to evangelical teaching and work.

In the first place, he preached the gospel himself with remarkable simplicity and power, to an age which greatly needed it—an age which needed to be called off from unprofitable controversies that were wasting its vital energies, and to be roused to open its heart to the message of reconciliation through Christ. This evangelical message Zinzendorf not only preached, in person, to men of all ranks in half the countries of Europe, and amongst the colonists, especially the German colonists, of Georgia and Pennsylvania, but he sent it out to the heathen also for whom no man cared, in the West Indies, in Greenland, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Ceylon and Hindustan. This he would himself, I believe, have reckoned the greatest service in which

the Saviour employed him. He was a great Evangelist and Missionary.

He was, moreover, in the best sense of the word, a great Churchman. We see in him the same remarkable combination of evangelistic and organising power which the sixteenth century witnessed in Calvin and Knox, and which, appearing again last century in John Wesley, did so much to perpetuate the benefits of the religious awakening which that great Evangelist was enabled to bring about in the English-speaking nations on either side of the Atlantic. Zinzendorf and Wesley, you will bear in mind, were contemporaries, the former having been born in 1700, the latter in 1703. They both had the sagacity to perceive that the age which they were doing so much to bring back to God required something more than the awakening word. They deeply felt that—as Bunyan says—

> Saints' fellowship, if it be managed well,
> Keeps them awake.

They saw that provision must be made for this fellowship—this communion of saints—as well as for the preaching of the word,—that souls awakened by the preaching must be gathered into well-ordered societies, in the bosom of which the new life may be cherished, and where its energies may have free play in active Christian work. It was Zinzendorf who showed the way in this direction, although Wesley followed close in his steps. Others before them had felt that the Lutheran and Anglican Churches laboured under fatal defects in this respect. It was they who, better than any of the men of their

age, succeeded in framing a polity fitted to supply what was wanted. Wesley was the founder of Methodism, Zinzendorf was the founder of the modern Moravian Church; and, as I said, it was Zinzendorf who led the way. We shall afterwards see that the service thus performed was one by which all the churches, especially those of Great Britain and America, have largely profited.

Let me try, then, to introduce to your acquaintance the distinguished German to whom our Lord has vouchsafed so eminent a place in the Evangelical Succession. The facts of his life are by no means so generally known in this country, as to render an attempt of this sort unnecessary.

Nicholas Lewis, Count of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, was born in Dresden on the 26th of May 1700. The years of his life ran parallel with the first sixty years of the century. He was of noble descent by both parents. The Zinzendorfs belonged originally to Austria, where they occupied a high place in the aristocracy for many generations. When the Reformation came, they took their stand among those of the Austrian nobles who embraced the Reformed faith. What was more; they remained faithful to the truth all through the evil times which followed. When the majority of the Protestant nobles, yielding to the pressure of the Imperial Court and the Jesuits, fell away from the Gospel, the Zinzendorfs not only cleaved to it, but, in the fourth generation, became exiles from their native land for its sake. It was the grandfather of our Count Zinzendorf who, in this practical fashion, confessed

the Lord Jesus Christ. Crossing over into Saxony he settled at Berthelsdorf in Upper Lusatia, an estate situated about thirty miles from Dresden as the crow flies, and not far from the Bohemian frontier. Among the influences which went to form the mind of Zinzendorf one of the most powerful, we need not doubt, was contributed by his descent from men who chose to suffer the loss of all things rather than deny Christ. It is certain that his hereditary connection with Austrian Protestantism predisposed him, when he came of age, to look with sympathy on the Moravian refugees who threw themselves on his protection, and made it matter of conscience with him to interpose for their defence.

Influence of a more direct sort Zinzendorf's father was not permitted to exercise upon him, for he died when the child was only six months old. His mother, who was also a Lusatian and of noble rank, was a person of rare accomplishment and unfeigned piety. She lived to a great age; yet neither was she permitted to do much in the way of moulding her son's character. Having contracted a second marriage, with a Prussian General, she removed to Berlin, and the custody of the child devolved on her mother, the Baroness Gersdorf. I do not know that the child was so much a loser by this as one might have feared. For the old baroness was an all-accomplished lady, especially in music and poetry. She was also a sincere and warm-hearted Christian, rich in faith and good works. An attached member of the Lutheran Church of Saxony, she belonged to that party in the Church who, while cleaving

affectionately to the doctrine of the Augsburg Confession, desired to see the government of the Church put into a more creditable condition, so that it might more worthily answer to the idea of a "community of the faithful." These "Pietists" (as they were called) were, in the German Church, very much what the Puritans were in the English Church. Their most distinguished leader was Spener of Berlin; and Spener had no warmer friends anywhere than the Zinzendorfs and Gersdorfs of Lusatia. When our Count Zinzendorf was baptized, Spener travelled all the way from Berlin to Dresden to be godfather to the child, and as long as he lived he was a welcome guest in the old baroness's mansion-house of Great Hennersdorf, as often as he could find time to pay a visit to Lusatia. The Pietists, as I said, were the Puritans of Germany; and Zinzendorf's infancy was passed within a circle in which Pietism of the strictest sort prevailed.

The child thus brought up in the nurture and admonition of Christ gave early evidence of having been accepted by Him. From his infancy he was noted for tenderness of conscience, for the pleasure he took in prayer and the Word of God, and for a habit he had of speaking familiarly to Christ as a companion very near although invisible. There can be no doubt that the saving change in his heart took place while he was yet in unconscious infancy. This was a sort of experience for which certain of his Pietist friends, when it came to their knowledge some years afterwards, were so little prepared, that they were offended at it. Finding conversion and

repentance insisted upon in Scripture, they leaped to the conclusion that, unless a man can remember to have gone through a series of well-defined stages of contrition and conversion, he cannot have entered on the life of faith at all. Zinzendorf frankly admitted that he had no recollection of having gone through the stages described. As far back as his memory reached, he had been conscious of loving God and of fearing to sin; it had been pleasant to him to think of Christ as near, and to pray to Him. So they concluded, and were not afraid to affirm, that in their judgment he was an unconverted man.

When the Count reached his tenth year, his uncle Zinzendorf, who was his legal guardian, judged it was time for the boy to quit the nursery. So he was sent to Halle, to board with Professor Francke, and to attend the Paedagogium. By this time Spener was dead, and Francke was the most trusted leader of the Pietists. Under the influence of this distinguished Professor, Halle had become the seat of an unprecedented and most wonderful activity in every kind of Christian beneficence. In his famous Orphan House, Francke had showed astonished Christendom, for the first time, what faith could do in the way of rearing and sustaining vast charitable institutions by free-will offerings alone. In the same spirit, his friend Baron Canstein had established and set in motion at Halle the great Bible Society which still flourishes and bears his name. He had thus shown the way in the great enterprise of Bible circulation, which was to be taken up and prosecuted on a still larger scale eighty years

later, by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Nor were the necessities of the heathen forgotten. It was amongst the Pietists of Halle that the Danish government found the Missionaries whom it had lately begun to send out to evangelise its heathen subjects in Greenland and the East Indies. The letters of the missionaries, and an occasional visit from one or other of them, kept the brethren at Halle acquainted with the progress of the work; and Francke was careful to see that the boys in the Paedagogium had their share of the benefit. It is known that a deep impression was thus made on some of them. Our Zinzendorf and young de Watteville—a fellow-pupil from Switzerland, with whom he here contracted a friendship which lasted through life—were so much affected by what they saw and heard, that they entered into a covenant of some sort before God, devoting themselves to the conversion of the heathen, particularly the more degraded heathen for whom no man cared. A man of the world, overhearing the vow of the two warm-hearted boys, might probably have derided it as a passing fancy: nevertheless it was registered in heaven, and bore fruit in due time. In both cases the saying came good, that the boy is father of the man.

To uncle Zinzendorf the rumours which reached him from Halle regarding his young kinsman were not altogether pleasing. He had no desire to see him grow up a zealous Pietist. So when the Count was sixteen, and it was determined that he should enter the University, he was sent to Wittenberg, where, at this time, Pietism was in bad odour, and the more

rigid sort of Lutheran orthodoxy was dominant. Here it was hoped that he would throw off the tastes with which Halle had infected him. With the same view an interdict was put on his desire to study Theology, and he was enjoined to apply himself rather to the study of the Law, and the acquisition of the accomplishments deemed proper to his rank. These commands of his uncle were to him exceedingly unwelcome; but he had a strong sense of the submission due in such cases, and rendered entire and punctilious obedience.

The college course ended, he set out on his travels to see the world, as every young noble was expected to do. First he visited Holland, where he resided for some months and perfected himself in Dutch and English. French he had acquired before. Passing forward to France, he resided for some time in Paris, where he received a flattering reception at the Court, and became acquainted with quite a large number of the leading men of France, both among the nobility and the higher clergy. One rather unfortunate result of these travels stuck to him through life, and is only too familiar to the readers of his books. He made it a rule, he tells us, both in speaking and writing, to use the word or phrase which happened first to occur to him, whatever its origin, if only it expressed his meaning exactly. In many cases, a very good rule; but in the case of Zinzendorf, who knew and spoke familiarly so many foreign languages, and had paid little attention to his mother tongue, the result has been that his sermons and books exhibit an unsightly conglomer-

ate of French and English, and Dutch and Latin, in a setting of very indifferent German.

In other and more important respects, the Count got nothing but good from his travels. In every place—at Paris and Versailles as well as at Utrecht and Amsterdam—he frankly confessed Christ and kept himself unspotted from the world. Nothing that he saw was able to shake the desire he still cherished in his heart to serve Christ in the gospel ministry. On his coming of age, which was shortly after his return home, he signified this desire to his friends. They protested against it, earnestly and with one voice;—not only his uncle Zinzendorf and other friends of a rather worldly temper, but his mother also, his grandmother, his aunt, and indeed all whom he had learned most deeply to love and reverence. A Count of the German Empire turning parson! such a thing had never been heard of in all Germany! It would be an outrage on all the proprieties. The thought of it was insufferable, and must be abandoned. The young Count must make up his mind to settle at Dresden, and accept office under the Saxon Government as his fathers had done before him. It was a bitter disappointment, but, as we have seen, he had a high conception of the obedience incumbent on youth. So he waived his desire, accepted a civil appointment of some kind at Dresden, and married a lady of suitable rank. However, he was careful to choose for his Countess one who was in full sympathy with his religious views and aspirations, and who, after their marriage, showed herself as cordially intent as he was himself in doing all

the good in their power, to the cause of Christ, both in the Saxon capital and among the country people on their estate in Upper Lusatia.

The marriage of the Count took place in the autumn of 1722—which you will remember was the 23d year of his life. The year is a memorable one for another reason. It was in the early summer of this 1722 that certain strangers from the east made their appearance at Berthelsdorf, whose arrival, all unlooked for as it was, proved a turning-point in the life of the Count, and deserves to be reckoned an epoch in modern Church history. The strangers were a company of Moravian Protestants, who had just made their way across the Austrian frontier in quest of some resting-place in Saxony, where they might be beyond the reach of the Hapsburgs and the Jesuits. The leader of the band was a man of iron resolution, Christian David, a carpenter to trade, and a native of Moravia. Unlike the generality of the refugees, he had been brought up in the Church of Rome; but, having travelled into Saxony as a journeyman, he had chanced to hear a sermon by the Lutheran pastor of Görlitz, which was the means of his conversion, at once to Protestantism and to God. On his return home, he diligently taught his neighbours the truth by which he had been saved. The word thus preached led to an extensive awakening in Moravia, especially among certain families who were descended from the persecuted Protestants of a former generation, and who still in secret rejected the errors and spurned the tyranny of Rome.

I wish I had time to turn aside at this point and

tell the story of the ancient Slavonian Churches of whom these Moravian Protestants were the relics. It is an old story, going away back to the ninth century and the evangelisation of Central Europe, by missionaries belonging to the Greek Church of those days. It is a story adorned with famous names, like those of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and with brilliant exploits, like those of blind Ziska and his Hussites in the century before the Reformation. Notwithstanding the sea of tribulations through which they and their countrymen had passed, certain evangelical churches of Moravia and Bohemia, confederated under the title of the Unity of the Brethren (*Unitas Fratrum*), survived till the sixteenth century and reckoned their adherents by thousands; one can well understand that it would be with a sense of unspeakable relief that these churches, which had watched all through the darkness of the papal night, hailed the dawn of the brighter day which arose on Europe in the sixteenth century, and that they drank in with avidity the tidings which began to reach them about 1520 regarding the great reformatory movement in the West, under Luther and Calvin. The right hand of fellowship which they eagerly held out to the Reformers was, after some hesitation on Luther's part, cordially grasped. This gleam of sunshine was unhappily followed ere long by darker days than the long-oppressed churches had ever seen before. The Jesuits, now in the first ardour of their cruel zeal, offered their service to the Imperial Government for the suppression of the liberties of the Bohemian

nation, and, at the same time, for the suppression of the evangelical faith in Bohemia and Moravia. After untold horrors, protracted through several generations, the hateful task was, to all appearance, accomplished. At the dawn of the eighteenth century, when Zinzendorf was in his cradle at Great Hennersdorf, it seemed as if the triumph of the Hapsburgs and of Rome was complete. The Church of the United Brethren was no longer to be seen. The ancient tree was utterly cast down and seemed to have perished. Yet there was life in its root. There were individuals and whole families, especially in the remoter parts of Moravia, who still in secret cherished the evangelical faith of their fathers, and remembered the scriptural polity of the ancient Unity. It was a band of these evangelical Moravians whom Christian David led across the frontier in 1722, and who, hearing of the piety of the young Lord of Berthelsdorf, begged permission to settle on his domains.

At the time of their arrival Zinzendorf was in Dresden. Besides, to tell the truth, he had been, till this time, very much in the dark regarding the history of his evangelical neighbours on the other side of the border. However, Mr. Rothe, the minister of the parish of Berthelsdorf, who was a man after Zinzendorf's heart, thought well of the strangers, warmly supported their proposal, and induced the Count to suffer a tract of woodland to be marked off for them to establish themselves upon. This was the origin of Herrnhut, the first-born of all the Moravian communities. A stone is pointed out

which marks the spot where, on the 17th of June 1722, Christian David cut down the first tree on what is now the site of the little town, and uttered as he did so the prophetic words, "Here at length hath the sparrow found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts." An adjoining eminence bore the name of the *Hutberg*, The Watch Hill,—a name suggestive of old border raids and of anxious watchers stationed to give warning of the enemy's approach. (The eminence is only six miles from the Bohemian frontier.) Giving a new turn to the old name, the refugees called their settlement *Herrnhut*, that is, The Lord's Watch. "God grant," said they, "that on this hill, which men call The Watch Hill, a town may be reared which may not only abide *under* the Lord's watch (*unter des Herrn Hut*), but be the habitation of men who shall stand on the Lord's Watch (*auf des Herrn Hut*), never keeping silence before him day or night." The settlement was intended to serve as a city of refuge, where fugitives from Bohemia and Moravia might find shelter from the persecutor, and where they might serve God without fear, according to the customs of their fathers. How attractive it was to the oppressed is proved by the fact that, at the end of five years, Herrnhut had already grown into a village of thirty houses, with 300 inhabitants, of whom as many as two-thirds were refugees.

It has already been remarked that the settlement of these Christian Confessors on his domain was a turning-point in the life of Zinzendorf. From this

time to the close of his life, he identified himself with them so entirely that his biography is, in effect, the history of Herrnhut and the Moravians. His intention at first was sufficiently unambitious. He meant to give to the settlers the protection and guidance competent to him as lord of Berthelsdorf, and also to labour among them in Christ as a sort of lay-assistant to his friend Rothe, the minister of the parish. Rothe and he were both cordially attached to the national Lutheran Church, and nothing was further from their thoughts than the setting up of a rival church in the parish. John Wesley was not more anxious to retain his people in the communion of the Church of England, than Zinzendorf was to keep the Herrnhuters within the Lutheran fold. It was his intention and earnest desire that their relation to Mr. Rothe and the parish church should in no respect differ from that of the native parishioners. But many months had not passed before he found that the strangers were men with a mind of their own; men of strong convictions, hardened by the long discipline through which they had passed, and not at all disposed to let themselves be moulded like clay, even by the hand of their generous protector. They declined to be simply absorbed into the Lutheran Church. The Unitas Fratrum had been famous in Europe long before Luther was born, and to the Unitas they were resolved still to adhere. To be sure, their fathers had, at the time of the Reformation, declared their assent to the Lutheran doctrine; but this they had done with certain distinctly expressed reservations relating to points of very

considerable importance—the doctrine of the Lord's Supper among the rest, respecting which they agreed rather with Wyclif and the Reformed Churches than with Luther. Besides—and on this they laid special stress—Luther, although he had so nobly vindicated the doctrine of justification by grace through faith, had been quite baffled in his endeavour to give to the evangelical Church a scriptural *polity*. The Lutheran Churches, that of Saxony not less than the others, were an unsifted mass of believers and open unbelievers. Church discipline was unknown. To the Refugees this seemed strange and indeed intolerable. The Bohemians had not only practised church discipline, but had declared it to be, in their judgment, one of the notes of a true Church.[1] This was a matter which Zinzendorf, of all men, could not deny to be of great moment. He was a Pietist. And what was Pietism but an attempt to supplement the work of Luther by organising societies for prayer, Christian fellowship, and mutual oversight within the national church? This object the Unitas Fratrum had provided for, in a more scriptural and orderly fashion, long before. Its scriptural polity was one of its most valued possessions, and to that polity its children felt themselves bound in conscience to

[1] See the *Confessio Bohemica* of A.D. 1535, Art. xi. in Niemeyer's *Collectio Confessionum*, p. 836; and compare the similar declaration by our own Reformers in the Scots Confession of 1560, chap. 18. The high place which both of these Confessions give to Church Discipline is not the only point about which—to judge from the Bohemian Confession—there was a remarkable coincidence of opinion between the Scottish Church and the ancient Churches of Moravia and Bohemia.

adhere. They were willing to entertain any suggestions which Zinzendorf might offer for its improvement. But they could not consent to abandon it.

Those arguments were unanswerable. Accordingly, Zinzendorf set to work, along with the leading Refugees, and gradually framed a Constitution, or body of "Statutes," which may be described as the ancient polity of the Bohemian and Moravian Unity, modified to suit the altered circumstances of the brethren at Herrnhut. The 12th of May is still observed by the Moravians throughout the world, as one of their solemn Memorial Days, in commemoration of the adoption of the new code of Statutes on May 12th, 1727.

This Moravian polity cannot be reckoned as belonging to any one of the three leading forms of church-government, while it has affinities with every one of them. There is a remarkable absence of clericalism; for, indeed, it was not till 1731—four years after the adoption of the Statutes—that the brethren sought any kind of ordination for their spiritual teachers. (The Sacraments were administered to them by the Lutheran pastor of the parish.) In this respect, they may perhaps be regarded as in sympathy with ultra-Congregationalism. On the other hand, they have, ever since 1735, had an order of ministers called Bishops, who claim to derive their orders from the ancient Slavonian Church, and who alone are entitled to ordain to the ministry. In this respect, they claim kindred with the Episcopalians. However, a Moravian bishop has, in that character, no jurisdiction what-

soever. He is subject to the authority of the Elders' Conference like every other member of the community. Even in imparting ordination he must be guided by their instructions. He can only ordain those who have been previously approved by the Conference, and who are presented by them for the purpose. This Elders' Conference is a body elected triennially, and includes the workers who are of chief note in the community, whether they happen to be in the holy ministry or not. To this body, under Christ, the supreme government of the Church belongs. In this respect the polity approaches most nearly to Presbyterianism.

I shall have to say something, afterwards, regarding the share of work which fell to Zinzendorf in this Church system, so long as he lived. For the present, it is enough to remark that, after having served the brethren for some years as a sort of lay evangelist and pastor, he in 1734 applied for and received from approved Lutheran divines an official certificate of soundness in the faith, and thereupon entered on the exercise of the holy ministry. Three years later he was ordained Bishop of the Unitas Fratrum. We have just seen that, in the ancient Unity, there was a line of bishops who claimed succession from the Greek missionaries of the ninth century. The last survivor of this line, in Moravia, was the famous Comenius, who, after witnessing the overthrow of the Church in 1620, died in exile. In the hope that God might, one day, raise up again the church of his fathers and suffer its ancient polity to be re-established, he imparted Episcopal ordination

to his son-in-law Jablonsky, and he in turn imparted it to his son, the court chaplain of King Frederick I. at Berlin. The thought occurred to Zinzendorf: "Comenius's dream has come true. The ancient Unity has been raised up again. The Moravians are free to govern themselves by their own Statutes. Why not restore to them the bishops they used to have? There may be little need for bishops in Germany: but in England and the English Colonies it is otherwise. Many good people there fancy that without Episcopal orders no man can be a true minister of Christ." Accordingly, at the Count's request and with the permission of the king of Prussia, Jablonsky ordained first David Nitschmann and then Count Zinzendorf himself Bishops of the Unitas Fratrum. From this time to the end of his life, the Count constantly subscribed himself the *Ordinarius of the Unity.*

The statement now submitted regarding the Moravian polity requires to be supplemented at more points than one, or justice will not be done to Zinzendorf's views and feelings in the matter. The Count knew well that the possession of the best Church polity that ever was framed will not, by itself, make the society which rejoices in it a true Church of Christ. The essential thing is that it should be a company of Christ's true people. If Zinzendorf thought the adoption of the Statutes in 1727 worthy of commemoration, much more did he judge worthy of such commemoration the remarkable awakening with which the community was visited that same year. The story of the Communion at Berthelsdorf on the 13th of August

1727 reminds the Scottish reader of the story of the Communion at the Kirk of Shotts in 1630; and Zinzendorf was accustomed to regard it as the spiritual birthday of the renovated Unity.

Another point at which our statement about the Moravian polity requires to be supplemented relates to the many singular Usages of one kind or another —it might be too much to call them *ordinances*— which were introduced at Herrnhut, and have ever since distinguished the Moravians. Zinzendorf believed that the meagre services and usages of the Lutheran Church might be supplemented, with great advantage both to Christian fellowship and Christian work. His labours in this field are worthy of special attention. Of the usages set up by him at Herrnhut, some were simply a revival of practices belonging to the immemorial traditions of the ancient Unity, others are due to the restless ingenuity of Zinzendorf. Several, of both kinds, have failed to stand the test of time, and have been long disused. I understand that the Moravians do not now practise the sacred Washing of one another's Feet, or the Kiss of Charity before the Communion which prevailed among them at one time. Nor do they now maintain in their communities the service which (in allusion at once to Isaiah lxii. 6, 7, and the dear name of their chief seat) they fondly called *des Herrn Hut*, the Lord's Watch—an uninterrupted ministration of prayer and praise, maintained, by means of relays, night and day continually. In the same category of obsolete customs we might perhaps include also the sacred use of the Lot, which, coming

down from the ancient Unity, was greatly favoured by Zinzendorf. Whenever he himself, or the community under his oversight, were in doubt which of two or three possible courses they ought to follow, the matter was at once referred, with solemn prayer, to the Divine decision by the Lot. I am aware that this custom has never been formally set aside; but it is not now in vogue as it used to be. However, if some of the original customs of Herrnhut have been laid aside, the greater part remain in use to this day; and of these quite a surprising number have passed over, or are in process of passing over, from the Moravians into the other Churches, especially in this country and America. It was the Moravians who first compiled those calendars of Daily Texts, or "Watchwords for every day in the year," which are in such general use now everywhere. They took great delight in noting remarkable coincidences between the events of every day and the appointed Watchword for the day. The very last piece of work Zinzendorf performed before he died was the arrangement of the Watchwords for 1761. Praise Meetings,—"the Question Drawer,"—simultaneous "Silent Prayer,"—I need not describe these to an Edinburgh auditory; I believe they all come from Zinzendorf. To him also is due the modern practice of making so much use of hymn-singing in conducting evangelistic and other religious meetings. This practice, inherited from Bohemia, was carried by the Count to an objectionable length; for he not only wrote and delivered to be sung in the congregation new hymns without

number, but he occasionally extemporised hymns in the pulpit, giving them out to be sung verse by verse as they were composed! The pen of the Countess also was enlisted in the same service. The result, although not so disastrous as might have been expected, was anything but satisfactory. A few of Zinzendorf's hymns have been accepted by the evangelical Churches, besides one at least (a very fine one) by the Countess. The great majority of them sank at once into oblivion.

There is yet another feature in the Moravian polity to which I must ask your careful attention. For, besides being new and characteristic, it has moulded the whole life of the Moravian community. I refer to the distribution of the people into Choirs or Bands. The author of this arrangement also was Zinzendorf; and in his judgment it was the backbone of the whole Moravian system. The design of it was, in one word, Fellowship. He wanted the Herrnhuters not only to "abide in the apostles' doctrine," but also "in fellowship." The idea is a thoroughly Scriptural one. It is undoubtedly the will of Christ that his spiritual body, being fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth, according to the working in due measure of each several part, should increase and build itself up in love (Eph. iv. 16). Zinzendorf, like his Pietist teachers, mourned over the want, in the Lutheran Church, of anything reasonably answering to this conception of Christian fellowship. A Lutheran congregation was (and to this day is) no more knit together than a heap of sand. In

order to supply what was wanting, the Count distributed the community into what he called *Choirs*. The girls, the young unmarried women, the married women, the widows—each of these classes was constituted into a separate choir, which was placed under the oversight of a woman of approved character, and, as nearly as might be, of the same age and condition in life as the members. The males were, in like manner, divided into choirs of boys, of unmarried men, of married men, and of widowers. The several choirs held meetings by themselves, several times every week. Even the little children were gathered into a choir, and met frequently for religious exercises suited to their age. To this day the people, when they assemble for public worship in the meeting-house at Herrnhut, are arranged according to their several choirs, and each is distinguished by some little variety of dress. Even in the burial-ground on the Hutberg, the same arrangement prevails. This choir-system, I repeat, moulds the whole life of a Moravian community. Excepting (I presume) the married people and their young children, the Herrnhuters generally lodge each in his or her respective choir-house, in a kind of Christian Communism,—a Communism, however in which no tolerance is given to idlers. The industry of the Herrnhuters is proverbial.

There is much in this system which we may safely pass from without further notice. It is too artificial, and interferes too seriously with God's own institution of the Family, to command or deserve imitation. The one point in it which I would single out as deserv-

ing your attention is this, namely, that every superintendent of a Choir is expected to keep up a thorough acquaintance with the character, conduct, and varying experiences of every one of the members, and the members on their part are expected to edify one another continually. It is in this way that provision is made for church discipline, as well as for much else that belongs to Christian fellowship. This feature of Zinzendorf's system, strange as it may look at first, will be found to have been influential far beyond the bounds of the Moravian unity. Soon after John Wesley entered on his apostolic course, he happened to hear of Zinzendorf's work, and he travelled all the way to Herrnhut to see it. His sagacious eye discerned in the choirs a sort of institution which might be turned to excellent account for supplying the wants of his English converts. Immediately after his return he began to gather his people into those *Class-meetings* which have ever since been the characteristic feature of the Methodist polity. There can be no doubt that for this feature of his system, as well as for his first clear knowledge of Justification by Faith, the father of English Methodism was indebted to Zinzendorf and his Moravians. There can be as little doubt (I will add) that Wesley's Class-meetings are a great *improvement* on the Moravian Choirs.

You are not to suppose that the movement at Herrnhut, which I have been trying to describe, was suffered to go forward during all these years without challenge. Such a movement never yet failed to encounter opposition. The Austrian

government was displeased to see an asylum opened, at its very door, where its oppressed subjects could maintain themselves in honourable independence, without forfeiting their religious liberties; and it did not fail, you may be sure, to make its displeasure known at the Saxon Court. The king of Saxony was Augustus the Strong, a sensualist, who could not be expected to have any liking for Zinzendorf's work, or any disposition to resist the hostile urgency of his powerful neighbour. So the Herrnhuters saw themselves watched on every side, by unfriendly eyes, anxious to discover anything that might be made a handle of, for their destruction. Royal Commissioners were sent out from Dresden, at different times, to make inquisition into the ongoings at Herrnhut. Little as his enemies thought it, this was the very thing Zinzendorf desired. The more light the better for him. So the king's Commissioners were received with open arms. The Count soon satisfied them that his people adhered firmly to the doctrine of the Lutheran Church, and that they were among the best subjects the king had—a law-abiding people, industrious, peaceable, prosperous. To uproot Herrnhut would be to impoverish the kingdom. The Commissioners were faithful enough to report accordingly. In the face of such reports, what could the king do? Herrnhut had to be left alone; or at least the molestation attempted had to confine itself to two points. New hindrances were put in the way of refugees from the Imperial states, the result being that within twenty years, the stream of emigration ceased, and

Herrnhut became less and less a community of foreigners. The other piece of molestation was directed against the person of Zinzendorf. In 1736 he was summarily banished from Saxony by royal decree, and was never after permitted to reside in it till near the close of his life. For twenty of his best years he was an exile from his native country for Christ's sake.

This vexatious banishment was meant to bind Zinzendorf's hands, but it only set them free for more extensive work. Meant for evil, it was overruled for good. The Count, on his part, accepted it without a murmur, regarding it as an intimation from Christ that he must break up new ground in some other place. Accordingly, setting out with his family and a band of Christian workers, he established himself in the Wetterau, near Frankfort on-the-Maine, in the midst of an ignorant and lawless population. Here, with the sanction of the local authorities, he proceeded to collect and organise a new Moravian community, on the model of the one he had left at Herrnhut. God so blessed the enterprise that the neighbourhood began immediately to wear a new face—moral reformation bringing material prosperity in its train. But the fair prospect was soon overcast. Those were the days in which every petty prince in Germany was an absolute sovereign in his little domain. The prince of the domain in the Wetterau who had given the new settlement its charter having died, his successor thought to make money by imposing on it more onerous conditions. His greed overreached itself;

for Zinzendorf quietly transferred the establishment to Neuwied on the Rhine, where it has flourished now for more than 140 years—a source of much blessing to Rhenish Prussia. As for the Count himself, he never henceforth settled down anywhere. In company with his itinerant band of workers, sometimes as many as fifty in number, he moved about continually. At one time they are seen in Holland, at another time in the Baltic provinces of Russia; now they are at work in Geneva and Neuchâtel, now in England, and again beyond the Atlantic in Georgia and Pennsylvania. England in particular offered attractions to the Count. He visited it often, and so protracted were the sojourns of the "Pilgrim Church" on this side of the Channel, that a spacious old mansion-house in London was purchased for their use, and for some years London was the centre from which the operations of the Moravian Church throughout the world were conducted.

In sketching the Moravian polity, I mentioned that the supreme direction of affairs is vested in the General Elders' Conference. I must now explain that so long as Zinzendorf lived, this part of the scheme was in abeyance. During the thirty-eight years which elapsed from the midsummer day on which the Refugees settled on his estate, till he finished his course in the midst of them and their children at Herrnhut, the supreme direction of the affairs of the Moravian Church devolved entirely on him. His relation to the Moravians exhibited, in this respect, a perfect parallel to the undivided government

which Wesley exercised over the Methodist societies so long as he lived—with this only difference, that Zinzendorf was very restless under the heavy load of responsibility thus laid upon him, and made many attempts to have it transferred to the chosen representatives of the community. These attempts were all abortive. Zinzendorf had been the father of his people from the beginning, and so long as they could have him for their leader and counsellor they would have no other. There were many reasons for this. For one thing, he was the landlord and host of the Church. The establishments at Herrnhut, in the Wetterau, at London, were reared at great expense; the travelling charges of the brethren in their perpetual journeyings by land and sea were necessarily heavy; and it was always the Count who had to find the money. He was but a sorry financier himself; but the Countess was skilful and exact in all money matters; and husband and wife were of one mind in consecrating their patrimony to the service of Christ. This could not fail to give great weight to Zinzendorf in the counsels of the brethren. His undisputed sway among them rested chiefly, however, on deeper and more strictly personal grounds. Like his great contemporary, the Founder of Methodism, he was a born leader of men. He had an inexhaustible fertility of resource. His presence of mind never failed him; and he could guide the ship amidst the most troubled waters. Above all, he was a discerner of spirits, quick to appreciate men's true character and gifts, so as to be able to assign to each the post in which he could be most useful. It is to be

remembered, besides, that he was a great preacher. I have spoken of the awkward and unattractive style in which his books are written. It is plain that nothing of the sort marred the effectiveness of his spoken discourses. He was an eloquent and most persuasive preacher, and spiritual power attended his preaching everywhere. He was the spiritual father of very many of those over whom his rule extended. I need not say how much this must have fortified his authority.

The effect of all other sources of influence was, in Zinzendorf's case, greatly heightened by a certain air of combined dignity and graciousness which distinguished him. It has often been remarked of John Wesley, that although there was not in England a man more ready to stoop to the lowest offices of kindness, he was at the same time so true to himself as a gentleman, and as a Fellow of Oxford, that no one could well use liberties with him. This seems to have been still more remarkably true of Zinzendorf. He too was ready to become the servant of all men for Christ's sake. Yet there was that about him which effectually repelled rudeness. He conversed with kings and nobles without embarrassment. There was something so commanding in his appearance, that when he walked the streets of London or Amsterdam, passers-by would instinctively give place to him, and would ask who the distinguished-looking stranger might be. At home amongst his own people, strenuous assertions of his authority were not needed. Men kept silence when he spoke, and readily yielded obedience to his injunctions.

Perhaps it would have been better for the Count if the obedience yielded to him by his people had been sometimes less unquestioning. For he was not always wise. His warm and fertile imagination, if it was of excellent service to him as the opener of new paths, and as a sacred poet and preacher, betrayed him occasionally into grave indiscretions. A certain tinge of Antinomianism he inherited from his Lutheran masters, and it lost nothing in his hands. He had a fanciful theory about the relation of the Divine Persons in the Trinity which led him to look upon the Son alone as the proper object of trust and prayer, to the exclusion of the Father. An unhappy tendency in this direction has all along existed in the Lutheran Church, and is seen in the disproportionate number of the hymns that are addressed directly and exclusively to Christ. The evil found place in a very aggravated form in the sermons and hymns and prayers of Zinzendorf. These are grave faults; and yet they are not, by any means, the only points in which he laid himself open to censure. It would not be difficult (if one had a mind for it) to gather an unsavoury anthology of citations from his writings. Certain of his Lutheran contemporaries have done this sufficiently. He is not to be justified. Yet it is only fair to remember, on the other hand,—*first*, that many of the objectionable utterances quoted from him were no sooner pointed out than he perceived and acknowledged the errors into which he had fallen, and took steps to have them corrected; and, *secondly*, that the general strain of his teaching was not only

unobjectionable, but eminently scriptural. Like Richard Baxter—and even more than Baxter—he liked to keep to the great central articles. The sinful and lost state of all men, the Deity of Christ, the expiation of sin by Christ's blood, justification by grace through faith, regeneration by the Holy Spirit—these were his favourite topics; and he so preached them that thousands were moved to repent and believe.

I have left to the end that department of Zinzendorf's work in which the dream of his boyhood was fulfilled, and which has done more than anything else to make his name known in all the Christian Churches. I refer to his labours in relation to Missions to the Heathen.

The circumstances which led him to embark in this new enterprise are worth recording. In the year 1731—nine years after the founding of Herrnhut—the Count paid a visit to Copenhagen, where he was received at Court by the pious king, Christian VI., and was invested with the honourable order of the Danebrog. It is believed that he had some thoughts, at this time, of applying for some kind of office under the Danish Government; for he was still a layman. It is certain that he was thinking of anything but beginning a mission to the heathen. The Danes had, some years before, sent out a mission to Greenland; and at the time of the Count's visit, the Christian people of Copenhagen were much cast down by the unfavourable tidings they had been receiving, which seemed to show that the self-denying labours of Egede and his brethren were utterly

fruitless, and that the Mission might as well be given up. These faint-hearted counsels, coming to the Count's ear, revived his early interest in the conversion of the heathen. While his mind was occupied with the subject, certain Herrnhuters who had accompanied him to Copenhagen chanced to fall in with a negro-servant from St. Thomas, who was on a visit to Europe with his Danish master and had some acquaintance with the truth. Speaking to them of the cruel bondage to which his coloured brethren were subject in the West Indies, he made mention of a dear sister of his own, a slave in St. Thomas, who greatly desired to hear the truth about the Saviour, and would (he was assured) embrace it gladly. This, thought Zinzendorf, ought to be reported at Herrnhut. We have been considering what we ought to do for the glory of Him who has done so much for us. Possibly this negro's story may be a finger-post indicating to us an open door. Accordingly, the negro-servant, with his master's consent, paid a visit to Herrnhut soon after Zinzendorf's return home. On hearing his story, two of the brethren, independently of each other, offered themselves as missionaries to the negroes. The stranger did not conceal from them the difficulties and perils they might have to encounter. "The poor negroes," he said, "are not only groaning under hard bondage, but are living in heathen darkness and abominable wickedness, having no knowledge of God and Christ." He expressed his firm persuasion that many would turn to God, if only the gospel were preached to them. At the same time,

he thought it right to forewarn intending missionaries that the difficulty of gaining access to the negroes was so great that it might be found insuperable, *except by the missionaries becoming slaves themselves.* Their toil was so unremitting that he feared the only opportunity for teaching them might be when they were at work in the fields. This dismal prospect, far from deterring the two brethren, only inflamed their desire to carry to fellow-creatures so sorely oppressed the good tidings of the grace of God. The unfavourable intelligence from Greenland duly reported by the Count, had, in like manner, the effect of moving other two of the Moravians to offer themselves as missionaries to that inhospitable region.

The brethren who, in such a spirit of self-denial, offered themselves for the foreign field were unlettered and untravelled men—unable, it might be presumed, to gauge with any accuracy the perils into which they were throwing themselves; and Zinzendorf clearly foresaw that, in the end, the responsibility for sending them out, or suffering them to go out, would be laid upon him. Accordingly he was in no haste to accept their offer. The business was hung up for more than a twelvemonth; and in the meanwhile he took care to have the brethren much about him, so that he might get a perfect knowledge of their gifts and their faith. The result was that at the year's end they were accepted. The 21st of August is annually celebrated by the Moravians in memory of the fact that, on that autumnal day, in the year 1732, Leonard Dober and David Nitsch-

mann set forth from Herrnhut for the island of St. Thomas, the brave pioneers of the Moravian missions. Five months afterwards they were followed by the two brethren who had devoted themselves to the Greenland mission. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; and I am very sure that none of the wayfarers who encountered them on the highway by which they travelled to Denmark saw anything in their aspect to awaken a presentiment of the great results which were to be brought about by the labours of these Moravians in the heathen field. The four pioneers were all plain labouring men, unlettered artisans. And their provision for the way was of the scantiest. All that the brethren at Herrnhut paid to the first two in sending them forth was nine shillings a piece. Zinzendorf added something out of his private purse, but it was meant only to carry them as far as Copenhagen. It was confidently expected that Christian friends in that city would procure for them a passage to St. Thomas. Once landed there, the stout-hearted evangelists did not doubt that they should be able to maintain themselves; for they were skilful artisans, able and willing to work for their bread. Experience had not yet taught the Moravians (what they, and all the Churches, have learned since) that Europeans cannot with impunity undertake manual labour within the tropics, however well it may suit them at home.

I must not forget that my subject is Count Zinzendorf, not the history of the Moravian missions. Accordingly, I will not trace the history further, but

will simply add that other stations were soon occupied, in addition to Greenland and St. Thomas —some of them on conditions which were not at all satisfactory to the Count. It was not long till tidings began to come home of terrible sufferings endured by the missionaries, issuing in sickness and many deaths. And now the Count was made to feel the weight of the responsibility he had undertaken. He was loudly blamed. "He had sent out to deadly climates simple men who did not know the hazards they were running, but trusted implicitly to his superior intelligence. It was a shame for a man in his position, and with his knowledge of the world, to thrust out poor men and women to certain death. Would he touch with one of his own fingers this grievous burden he was laying on the poor people?" Zinzendorf was not the man to sit still under such reproaches. For, in truth, there was not in the whole community a braver or more self-denying spirit than himself. He made up his mind to visit the West Indies in person, that he might both ascertain for himself the circumstances of the brethren, and might share their reproach and danger. Setting sail from the Texel in December of 1738, he landed at St. Thomas on the 29th of January 1739. He was just in time. Meeting a negro on the shore, he asked him "Where are the missionaries?" "They are in the jail," was the reply. "How long have they been there?" "For three months." "How have the negroes been doing in their absence?" "Oh sir," said the negro, "they are doing very well. There has been a great

awakening among them. The missionaries are shut up in jail, but their bonds are preaching."[1]

There was not a man living better fitted than Zinzendorf for striking in to good purpose in an emergency of this kind. Going straight to the Governor, he made such representations to him that the prison-doors were opened forthwith. With the slave-owners he had a tougher battle to fight. They had reasons of their own for regarding the missionaries with mingled hatred and fear. But they too discovered that it might be dangerous for them to maltreat missionaries backed by a person like Zinzendorf—a man of high rank, a shrewd resolute man, who knew the world better than they did, who could exercise great influencc with the home government, and had the ear of thousands in all parts of Europe. So they were fain to curb their malignity. On inquiring further into the progress of the work, Zinzendorf found that the missionaries had not been labouring in vain. Of the negroes, as many as 900—the greater number of them males—could be already reckoned as earnest inquirers. The Count remained in the island for about three weeks, preaching to the slaves, advising with the missionaries respecting the best methods for carrying forward the work, and doing his best to secure fair treatment in the time to come for the brethren and the converts. He made provision also for the purchase of a piece of ground and the erection of a Mission House.

After the lapse of a few years, Zinzendorf crossed

[1] Spangenberg: *Leben Zinzendorfs*, p. 1163.

the ocean again. This time it was to Georgia, where his people had been already at work for some years under the superintendence of Spangenberg. I cannot relate the story of this journey further than to say that, so far as the Indians were concerned (whom Zinzendorf had hoped to evangelise) it was a failure. In other respects, however, it was eminently successful. Institutions on the model of Herrnhut were established in several places, for the benefit especially of the German settlers in America, already very numerous. The seed thus sown has prospered remarkably; insomuch that at the present time the Moravians belonging to the United States of America outnumber the total membership of the Moravian communities in all the countries of the European Continent.

Thus Zinzendorf's life passed away in a perpetual round of toilsome labours. During many years these were embittered by innumerable attacks to which he was subjected from the most opposite quarters. What was a still greater trial; he saw evils of various kinds springing up among his people themselves—evils from which the members of his own family were not exempt, and it cost him much toil and the most careful exercise of his authority to bring the people back to sobriety of mind. The death of his son, after he had begun to be of service in the work, was a heavy blow. It was followed soon after by the death of the Countess; and no sooner was she gone than the finances of the community got into confusion, involving him in endless embarrassment. Here let me mention, in

passing, as a proof of the high sense of duty which animated the Moravians, that although at the Count's death they found themselves in debt to the amount of £200,000—for which he had become security—they never thought of repudiating the debt. Enormous as it was in proportion to their ability, they bravely resolved to clear it off. It cost them a forty years' struggle, but the debt was paid at length to the last penny. It is no marvel that under so great a burden of labour and conflict Zinzendorf's health, never very robust, began to give way; and frequent attacks of illness gave warning to his friends that he might very soon be called away.

It was in the year 1760 that his call at length came. The circumstances were just such as we may suppose he would have desired had he allowed himself to have a wish on the subject. Although for some little time confined to bed, he was able to attend to the most pressing business of the Church to the end. He had the pleasure of seeing at his bedside several of his oldest and dearest friends. Chief among these was Frederick de Watteville, who has been mentioned already as having been his bosom friend ever since they met as boys in the Paedagogium at Halle, and entered into the Covenant together to serve Christ in the gospel. There were present, besides, some aged survivors of the band of refugees who were the original settlers at Herrnhut. To them he poured out his heart with peculiar affection. "Oh brethren!" he said, "did it ever enter into your minds in those first days that the Lord would do for us such great things as our eyes

have seen—so many communities of our people established; so many children born to God in the several Christian denominations; so many converted from among the heathen! As regards these last, I looked only for a few first-fruits, and already the converts are reckoned by thousands." His own family too was about him—his daughters and their step-mother, the excellent Moravian Helper whom Zinzendorf had married after their mother's death. The Countess (I ought to have explained before) belonged to the noble house of the Reusses—a family which continues to befriend Herrnhut to the present day. The Count Reuss of Zinzendorf's later life was Henry XXVIII. He too was present in the sick-chamber. So also was John de Watteville, Zinzendorf's son-in-law, a young relative of the life-long friend before mentioned; and to him he said, "I am going away to the Saviour. I am ready. I give myself up to my Lord's will, and He is content with me. If it is not His pleasure to make use of me further, I am ready to depart. Nothing else stands in my way."

Having thus taken leave of his friends with comfortable words, Count Zinzendorf fell asleep, in their presence, on the 9th of May 1760. His grave is pointed out to visitors in the burying-ground of the Brethren on the Watch Hill of Herrnhut, where it is surrounded by the graves of his people, in their several choirs.

Note.—Zinzendorf has been remarkably fortunate in his Biographers. Two of his most intimate

friends wrote copious and accurate accounts of his life and labours, viz. :—

Spangenberg: *Leben des Herrn Nicolaus Ludwig Grafen von Zinzendorf und Pottendorf:* 1773. (8 volumes.)

Von Schrautenbach: *der Graf von Zinzendorf und die Brüdergemeine seiner Zeit.* 2d Ed. 1871. (Pp. 404.)

Spangenberg was, for many years, the Count's principal coadjutor, and succeeded to much of his commanding influence in the community. He had free access to the Count's private papers and the denominational archives. His book (which fills 2257 pages) is therefore the most authoritative, as it is certainly the most copious, repertory of information. (There is an English abridgement, in one volume, by Latrobe; but it is quite unsatisfactory.) —Baron Schrautenbach was educated among the Moravians, and, although much younger than the Count, enjoyed much of his intimacy. There is a vein of original reflection in his work that reminds one of Isaac Taylor. It is to him that we owe the most vivid portraits extant of the Count and his friends.

I fear it must be admitted that these Biographies do not make up in liveliness of style for their formidable bulk, and that they are not likely to attract any save patient students of church history. All other readers may pass at once to a more recent work by an accomplished Swiss author, of Neuchâtel, *Le Comte de Zinzendorf par Felix Bovet.* (3d Ed. Paris, 1865. Pp. 508.) This is, in every respect,

an admirable Biography, full of matter, imbued with a fine Christian spirit, and sparkling all over with a rare felicity of style.

Those who want a trustworthy notice of the Count and his work, in shorter compass, will find the Article ZINZENDORF in Herzog's *Encyclopædia* full and valuable.

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